

THE INDEPENDENT

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SATURDAY 22 JUNE 1996

WEATHER: Sunshine and showers

50p



It's heart and sole: The right boot of Alan Shearer, the top scorer in Euro 96, pictured on the eve of today's match against Spain at Wembley Photograph: David Ashdown

Venables: the womanising drunken rat

STEVE BOGGAN
Chief Reporter

Venables, the man in charge of England's assault on the Spanish, was yesterday branded a drunken, womanising traitor and a managerial disaster. Instead of leading his men into battle against the Spanish, there is evidence that he would rather swig rum and stay in bed all day with his wife. And, even worse, records show tendency to deny his own attackers treatment for their injuries and to surrender at the first sign of failure.

The revelations are sure to put a dampener on the euphoria being enjoyed by England fans in advance of today's Euro 96 quarter-final encounter with Spain at Wembley. With tickets sold out the news that Venables once ran away from the Spaniards will cast a shadow over an otherwise happy and peaceful competition.

But fans should not take the news too badly. The Venables in question - General Robert, not Terry - died 300 years ago and the defeat has long since been forgotten by most Englishmen.

The general was the last man bearing that name to lead the English into battle against the Spanish. His story was dusted off yesterday by Dr Rob Stradling, reader in history at the University of Wales in Cardiff. "There is an awful lot of dreadful anti-Spanish hysteria and jingoism in the media at the moment," he said. "So the English would do well to learn a lesson from history and not be over confident."

General Venables's miseries began in 1655 when Oliver Cromwell decided to take on the Spanish in the Caribbean.

While negotiating peace with Spain, he secretly sent a fleet of more than 30 ships and 8,000 men to take Hispaniola - now Haiti and the Dominican Republic - from the Spanish.

In charge of land forces was Venables. But he failed to lead his men into battle against the Spanish garrison, preferring instead to spend each day in bed with his new wife. After twice being defeated by the Spanish at Santa Domingo, Venables sailed for Jamaica, leaving thousands of men to die. At the time, the island had only a tiny settlement unwanted by the Spanish.

Venables took it unopposed, returning to England to claim a hollow victory.

"The London press chose to overlook the humiliation of Santa Domingo, but greeted the Jamaican farce as a 'great and wonderful victory'," said Dr Stradling. However, Cromwell was furious and had Venables locked up in the Tower of London for a month before being cashiered from the army.

"Even though I'm a Welshman, I want England to win, but it would be nice if the media would cut out the xenophobia," said Dr Stradling. "They could learn a thing or two about over confidence from General Venables. I hope his namesake can do better."

Evidence suggests those sentiments are echoed by the whole country. Four thousand spare tickets for today's game were snapped up within two hours of going on sale on Thursday. Only 2,000 of the sell-out 76,000 crowd are expected to be Spanish.

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fig leaf for Major

By
and

John Major, naked as Mr. Major, was yesterday the centre of the Florence's out with a diplo the "mad cow".

The face-saver, European Union Minister, will allow the Minister to go to Commons on Monday to deal on the British beef to non-EU countries such as South Africa.

But it leaves Mr Major's exposed, sources in Florence said yesterday that the blank on beef exports was ill "when 50 million Brits allowed to eat it". They demanded an immediate end to the ban.

Instead, the deal that emerged 12 hours later specified that if any country wanted to buy British beef "exclusively for its domestic market", the application would first have to be vetted and sanctioned by the Commission. A Commission source dismissed the deal as nothing more than "a piece of paper".

Asked by Channel Four News whether the deal was not a figleaf, Mr Major said last night: "I dare say there are lots of people who would like to hide the fact that we've solved this". He later told BBC's *Newsnight*: "Leaving this problem to fester and roll on would be the worst thing we could possibly have done for relations between the UK and our European partners."

There seemed to be no end to the trials and tribulations of Mr Major, who has allegedly been threatened with resignation by the Europe Minister David Davis.

In northern France, effigies of the Prime Minister were burned and a boatload of British tourists was blockaded by French farmers who took to the streets to protest against the damage done to the French beef industry by Britain's BSE crisis.

There is a double irony in yesterday's deal, with the Conservative Party's Europhiles and sceptics uniting behind plans to hand over supervision of a new single market in beef to the Brussels Commission. At the same time the Government is appealing to the much-criticised European Court of Justice to wipe out the ban on all beef exports.

The concession, agreed by the heads of government yesterday, along with agreement on an overall framework for a phased lifting of European Union sanctions against British beef, was welcomed by Malcolm Rifkind, the Foreign Secretary. He said: "Our policy of non-cooperation now ceases."

Mr Rifkind added that he was particularly pleased there would be a case-by-case examination of non-EU export applications, and that judgements would be made "only and exclusively on the basis of public health and objective scientific criteria".

But Dick Spring, the Irish Foreign Minister, said: "My conclusion is that it is extremely unlikely beef would be exported for the EU." Fr. said yesterday's "does not mean a full embargo in whole or in part".

A Commission source said: "In practice, this declaration means nothing."

Exports were theoretically possible but improbable, Mr Rifkind said earlier: "I entirely accept it doesn't mean that we are guaranteed to get exports to third countries." But there had been no cover at all before yesterday's fig-leaf was provided.



for South Africa, or anywhere else, unless they could be approved for consumption in France and Germany.

Mr Rifkind said people who had been told this were misinformed. However, shortly afterwards, a British source could be seen listening to a press briefing in which a Commission

The row over whether Mr Davies had threatened to resign provided light relief in Florence. Reports of his threat to quit were rejected by everyone from the Prime Minister down as "rubbish", "silly", "rum" and "nonsense", but all refused to deny Mr Davies had written a resignation letter.

One British source became so exasperated by journalists' questions about the letter that he rounded on his tormenters and called them "a bunch of clapped-out reporters".

Mr Davies belatedly arrived in Florence yesterday, to add his weight to the British negotiating team on issues related to the Inter-Governmental Conference on the future shape of Europe. But he steered well clear of the press corps.

The Foreign Secretary said of the resignation threat: "It is absolute rubbish. The minister in question has made it absolutely clear it's absolute rubbish. He has been working extremely closely with me throughout the last month on this beef question... and he is as delighted as I am as to the outcome."

But Mr Rifkind, too, refused to answer the question, as to whether Mr Davies had written and submitted a resignation letter in the first place.

Although Mr Major will portray the Florence deal as a final settlement, other EU leaders saw it simply as a mechanism to end the British campaign of disruption.

Furthermore, there were strong signs yesterday that the EU will now move to prevent any country launching a campaign of disruption again.

Jean Luc Dehaene, the Belgian Prime Minister, said the EU must now find "mechanisms" to sanction countries which engage in British-style blocking tactics. He proposed that the powers of any member state to use the veto should be reduced, or that such countries should lose EU funding.

The conflict looks likely to erupt again as early as next week, when EU agriculture ministers meet again in Luxembourg to examine Britain's efforts to implement its BSE eradication plan.

Britain's best hope for a far-reaching settlement lies with the European Court of Justice, a body which the Government believes is too powerful, but which is now considering Britain's legal challenge to the ban. A decision on Britain's preliminary application for a temporary suspension of the ban "in whole or in part" is expected within days.

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SIGNIFICANT SHORTS

Education School governors who act as a buffer between teachers and the local authority have been criticised by the Education Secretary, John Gummer. He said they were "not doing their job" and that they were "not taking any responsibility for the schools they run".

Health A study by the Health Research Board has found that the health of people in the north of England is generally poorer than in the south. The study found that people in the north have a higher rate of heart disease, cancer and other chronic illnesses.

Environment The National Union of Teachers (NUT) has announced that it will be taking industrial action against the government's plan to introduce a new curriculum. The union says that the plan will "undermine the quality of education" and that it will be "a major setback for the teaching profession".

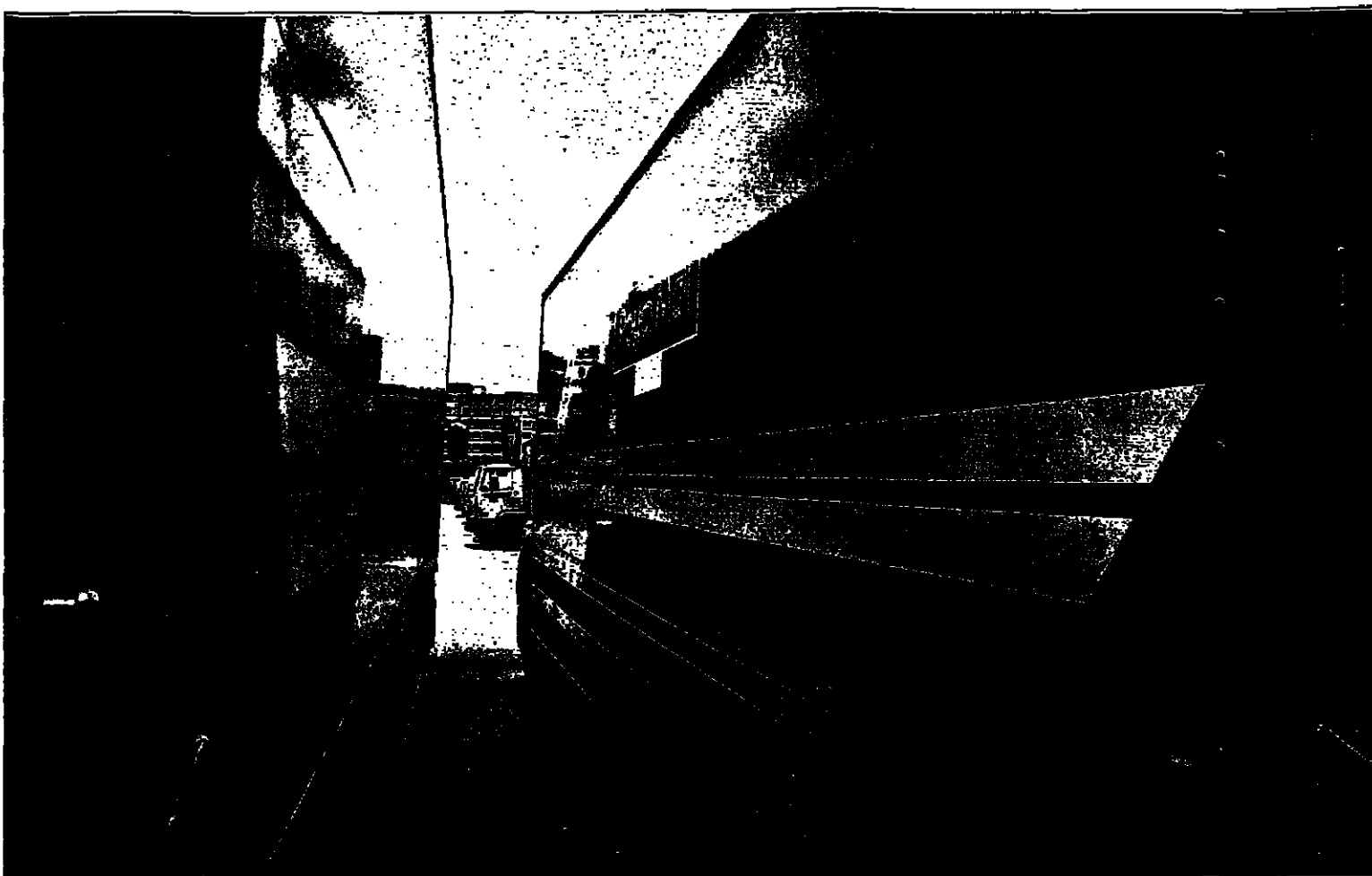
Overtime to clear mail backlog

Barrie Clement
Labour Editor

Postal workers will be paid overtime today to clear the backlog after the first national mail strike in nearly a decade. While yesterday's walkout was supported by the overwhelming majority of the 134,000 staff, some deliveries were made in the West Country, southern England, rural Scotland and North Wales. Most of the 1,500 delivery offices and 85 sorting offices, however, were at a standstill.

Talks resume on Monday in an attempt to avert a second 24-hour strike starting at noon next Thursday.

Alan Johnson, joint general secretary of the Communication Workers' Union, said his members had underlined their determination to resist a pay and productivity package. The union is deeply suspicious about the introduction of teamworking. A spokesman for Royal Mail described the action as senseless. "Management has bent over backwards to try to get a resolution to this dispute, but our patience is not inexhaustible."



Going nowhere: Vans parked at Mount Pleasant sorting office in London yesterday during the postal workers' 24-hour strike. Photograph: Edward Sykes

Asylum benefit move attacked

Heather Mills
Home Affairs Correspondent

The Court of Appeal delivered a withering condemnation of the Government's "uncivilised" and "inhumane" treatment of asylum seekers yesterday, when it outlawed the withdrawal of their welfare benefits.

Many would-be refugees were left "in a destitute state" by the move, said Lord Justice Simon Brown. "So basic were the human rights issues at stake," he said, that they were illustrated in a 200-year-old poor law court ruling that a "poor foreigner" was entitled to state "relief to save them from starving".

Backbenchers were yesterday grumbling about this latest judicial blow to Government policy - the second time that the courts have caught ministers out for trying to save themselves money by pushing through major changes affecting the rights of thousands of people without full recourse to Parliament. The first was when it tried to introduce a cheaper scheme to compensate the victims of crime.

Court of Appeal rules denial of welfare is 'uncivilised' and could lead to starvation of genuine refugees

The ruling that the denial of asylum seekers' welfare benefits to exist and pursue their claim in the UK - that it could literally starve them back to the countries they had fled - came days after a report revealed that hundreds were now dependent upon food parcels, charity and emergency shelters. Many were now sleeping on the streets. One pregnant woman who fled the Cameroon recently lost her baby in the eighth month of her pregnancy - she had been relying upon food parcels from a refugee charity for her and her unborn child's survival.

The judgment - by a two to one majority - is a devastating blow to Peter Lilley, the Secretary of State for Social Security, who now faces having to pay millions of pounds in back-benefits to up to 8,000 asylum-seekers refused housing, tax and income support.

The court ruled he overstepped his powers by introducing regulatory, rather than statutory, changes last February. It is also a major setback to the Government's attempt to use the benefit system to deter a growing number of bogus asylum-seekers coming to the UK.

Ministers have already claiming the recent drop - by nearly a half - in numbers seeking refugee status could be attributed to the denial of benefit. However, refugee groups maintain the numbers of applications simply rises and falls in relation to the changing conflicts around the world.

Roger Evans, the social security minister, said yesterday that the Government would press ahead with the benefit changes - designed to save

£200m - despite the ruling. They were necessary, he maintained, to stop bogus claims for refugee status from economic migrants who simply wanted to take advantage of Britain's welfare state. More than 90 per cent of asylum applications were currently found to be false.

Ministers have two choices - to appeal to the House of Lords or to amend the Immigration and Asylum Bill currently passing through Parliament, to put the changes on a legal footing. But both have pitfalls.

Even if victorious before the Law Lords, the Government may well lose ultimately lose before human rights judges in Europe and if it amends the current Bill, that could be seen to contradict 1993 asylum legislation.

But according to the Court of Appeal yesterday, any move to remove all state help, even

through primary legislation, would amount to a "sorry state of affairs".

It cited the other EU countries which are providing benefits in kind, such as hostels and meal vouchers. Lord Justice Simon Brown said: "Parliament cannot have intended a significant number of asylum-seekers to be impaled on the horns of so intolerable a dilemma: the need to either abandon their claims to refugee status or, alternatively, to maintain them at best they can but in a state of utter destitution".

The verdict was hailed as a historic victory by campaigners who sought to challenge the regulations through the courts. "We feel it was no exaggeration to say Peter Lilley was attempting to starve asylum-seekers out of the country," said Joint Council for the Welfare of Immigrants director Claude Moraes.

The Government yesterday halted security cameras in schools, high streets and shopping centres and the fatal stabbing last night in London.

The award was made under national CCTV competition, which was won by local authorities and industrial estates, of which

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Labour face plan delay in Scotland

John Rentoul
Political Correspondent

A Labour government may have to delay the creation of a Scottish parliament until after it has held a referendum in Scotland, an influential research body will claim next week.

If Tony Blair becomes Prime Minister, he should also abolish the post of Secretary of State for Scotland and consider cutting the number of Scottish MPs, says a report to be published on Tuesday.

Academics and former civil servants in the independent Constitution Unit broadly support Labour and Liberal Democrat plans for devolving power to Scotland, but point to inconsistencies which threaten to undermine public support.

The unit suggests that a Labour government would have to hold a referendum in Scotland before attempting to get the legislation through the House of Commons. This would involve some slippage in Labour's promise to set up a Scottish parliament within a year of taking office.

The unit argues that "there are only two possible answers" to the "West Lothian Question", famously posed by Tam Dalyell, the then MP for West Lothian in the 1970s, which was why Scottish MPs in the Commons should be allowed to vote on English issues such as health and education, when such issues in Scotland were the responsibility of a Scottish parliament.

One was to cut the number of Scottish MPs, the other was to allow Scottish MPs to vote on some matters but not on others.

Weather forecast

NOON FORECAST

High 11 is almost stationary and is slowly falling. It will deepen rapidly as it sweeps north. Low 6.

WORLD WEATHER

See inside for details of weather conditions in other parts of the world.

ACROSS

1. Thick (5)
2. Poll (8)
3. Firearm (5)
4. False (8)
5. Happen (5)
6. Unusual (5)
7. Counting frame (6)
8. Untruth (3)
9. Burn with hot liquid (5)
10. Occurring every two years (8)
11. Unsatisfied person (5)
12. Bold (8)
13. Religious song (5)

DOWN

1. Thick (5)
2. Polluted (3,2)
3. Sober (5)
4. Cheerful (6)
5. Outdoor garment (8)
6. Branch of mathematics (8)
7. Elegant (8)
8. London street (4,4)
9. Idiot (3)
10. Fish (3)
11. In the same place (6)
12. Speak in a surly manner (5)
13. Roman river (5)
14. Explosion (5)

Solutions to yesterday's Crossword:

Across: 1. Cracker, 5. Tower (Kratona), 8. Ad-lib, 9. Cardiac, 10. Perfumery, 12. Tor, 13. Piazza, 14. Steak, 17. Tor, 18. Euripides, 20. Weak, 21. Ouse, 23. Yield, 24. Natural, Down: 1. Cramp, 2. Awl, 3. Kibbutz, 4. Rocker, 5. Bandy, 6. Waistband, 7. Rickets, 11. Ready-made, 13. Pathway, 15. Topmost, 16. Breton, 18. Emerald, 19. Sicel, 22. Sir.

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NOTES

سكنا من الأصل

BSE crisis: Police and demonstrators clash in wave of anti-British protests over collapse of cattle prices as Florence summit seeks to end row

French take fury over beef on to streets

MARY DEJEVSKY
Paris

A wave of anti-British demonstrations swept France yesterday as farmers protested about the collapse in the beef market.

The demonstrations, called by the country's major farming organisation, the FNSEA, to demand better compensation for French livestock farmers, had been timed to coincide with the EU summit in Florence.

With agreement in sight on ending the embargo on British beef, however, the demonstrations turned into rabid expressions of resentment against the British government, which French farmers blame for starting the crisis, and against British farmers, whose practices they blame for the spreading "mad cow" disease.

In Strasbourg, a large effigy of John Major was burned on a huge bonfire in front of the European parliament building, at the Channel port of Calais, a Brittany Ferries ship, the *Normandie*, was prevented from docking on Thursday night by hundreds of farmers blocking its ramps with lorries. Passengers disembarked after a 13 hour delay when riot police removed the protesters by force; and in Le Mans, where piles of hay and rubber tyres were set alight, six people were hurt when police used teargas and hoses to disperse protesters.

The protests erupted the length and breadth of France, from Brittany and the northern regions, where most of France's 20 declared cases of BSE have

been diagnosed, through the agricultural areas of the West and South-west to and the Massif Central. In Dijon, police used tear gas against farmers trying to parade their prized Charolais cows to the town hall.

In Paris, farmers waving banners damning Britain and claiming that their cows were fed "only on grass", brought a dozen Friesians up the Seine on a barge labelled "Noah's Ark". In President Chirac's home region of the Centre, protesters decked out town halls and road signs in black.

The FNSEA decided to proceed with the planned demonstrations despite the French government's announcement of an improved compensation package earlier in the week. Farmers say that the price of 160 francs offered for each unsaleable cow is far below the previous market price and are demanding 1,500 francs.

Officially, France admits to a 25 per cent fall in beef sales since the BSE crisis began in March, but shopkeepers report a decline of 40 per cent and more, despite a government-sponsored labelling scheme to identify French-produced meat. Traders specialising in offal have been particularly affected.

The return of consumer confidence observed in Britain after the first month of the crisis did not extend to France. Reports a week ago that French farmers bought potentially contaminated British feed, even after it had been banned in Britain, prompted a further fall in meat sales.



Burnt at the stake: French farmers set light to an effigy of John Major outside the European Parliament in Strasbourg

Major given just enough to claim victory

SARAH HELM
Florence

Yesterday, the European Union provided John Major with the cover he needed to claim victory in the beef war. It consists of an Italian presidency declaration, tagged on to the framework agreement on easing the beef ban, which will allow him to claim that European leaders have bowed to his demands for a speedy end to the ban on exports to countries outside Europe.

As the Florence summit began yesterday it became clear to all the EU members that the proposed framework was such a humiliating document for Britain that it would be impossible for Mr Major to sell it to his Eurosceptic critics back home. The framework, drawn up by the European Commission, contained no guarantees on lifting the ban but rather extracted new concessions from Mr Major on slaughter and eradication. Furthermore, it contained no offer to allow for exports outside the EU, which had been one of the Government's key demands.

Britain's attack on the ban has always focused most powerfully on the worldwide ban. Barring the entry of British beef to the EU was deemed to be "wholly wrong" and probably illegal; but extending the ban was deemed to be "wholly wrong" and "wholly illegal".

The Government argued that the commission had no powers to enforce the third-country ban because internal market and public-health rules only apply within the EU.

The commission has always feared it was on weak legal grounds on the "worldwide" aspects of the ban but believed there was a danger that the beef could be re-exported to the EU.

In its framework document the commission said exports to third countries could only resume in "parallel" with the phased decisions to allow beef clear of bovine spongiform encephalopathy (BSE) back into the EU. France has argued that making an exception for beef destined to third countries was "unethical", suggesting that they should eat beef the EU would not consume.

The idea of a compromise on third countries came from Italy, which as current EU president wanted to broker a deal. It proposed a formula which, despite appearances, was unlikely to increase Britain's hopes of sending beef to third countries one jot.

The three-line statement said that should a non-EU country wish to import British beef "for its own domestic market" its request "will be examined by the Commission... within the overall framework after consulting the appropriate scientific and veterinary committees".

If, for example, South Africa wishes to apply to import British beef again it can do so. However, the commission will decide its response on the same basis as the lifting of the ban to the EU. Furthermore, the decision on such an application would have to be agreed by a qualified majority vote in the EU's standing veterinary committee, which means member states can reject all such applications.

But even this formula was rejected by Britain's 14 partners. Jacques Chirac, the French President, and Helmut Kohl, the German Chancellor, feared accusations from their own consumers of a political cave-in to Britain. The result yesterday was that the proposal was simply presented as a separate Italian "declaration", with virtually no force. The drawing of Mr Ma-

Resignation threat of the party's loyalest bowyer boy

DONALD MACINTYRE
Chief Political Commentator

David Davis always seemed loyal to the point of brutality. One reason why reports of his resignation threat have caused such shock waves in the Tory party is that since John Major took office in 1990 Mr Davis has carefully cultivated a reputation as the Government's bowyer boy, the party's unflinching bone cruncher.

As the European whip during the Maastricht Bill's long hot summer in 1994, Mr Davis played a key role in finally delivering the vote for the Prime Minister. He was the Euro-sceptics' equivalent of his one-time chum, colleague and mentor Tristan Garel-Jones. They did not agree in their view of Europe; but it seemed that, as highly intelligent and articulate politicians with a thuggish edge, they were as one in never letting their views get in the way of the job of propping up the administration. He was a tireless lieutenant of Mr Major's in the 1990 leadership contest, and even more assiduous in the one last year.

Mr Davis has denied the resignation threat more than once since it was first reported last month, as he continued to do so yesterday. But with neither Mr Davis nor Downing Street explicitly denying he wrote a letter to Mr Major, it looks as though he was indeed making some kind of trouble. Mr Davis would be politically astute enough to know that if he did threaten to resign in writing and was then bought off with the promise of Douglas Hogg's job at the Ministry of Agriculture,

public exposure of the threat could well render it ineffective. Can Mr Major really now be seen to yield to blackmail by bringing Mr Davis into the Cabinet in a summer reshuffle? Mr Davis's appointment in 1994 to the same European Minister of State job that Garel-Jones had had in the Foreign

key post, one of the two or three senior posts below cabinet level, and at the centre of the action. He stood in for Malcolm Rifkind at Cabinet when the Foreign Secretary was away; as British representative on the EU "Reflection Group" mapping out the agenda for the Inter-Governmental Conference he

cal brain and an impressive academic record at grammar school, Warwick University and both London and Harvard's Business School. He makes a lot of time for insightful chats with journalists. And he is an assiduous networker across a surprisingly broad political spectrum for a man of the right.

He isn't without his critics: one ministerial veteran of tough international negotiations says, in a phrase of diplomatese, that he is not as respected as he should be abroad as an "interlocuteur valable". Another intellectual Tory said dismissively yesterday: "I've never had that high opinion of him. I've always thought he would do better on the dealing floor."

But it still looked as Davis triumphantly celebrated the Major leadership victory he had helped to create last year, that he had the ball at his feet. It now seems, though, that almost from that point something went wrong. He was disappointed that he was not rewarded after the leadership with a Cabinet job; more unusually he seems to have told colleagues so.

There may well have been real political issues at stake: it's probable that Davis thought the policy of non-co-operation, for which he argued, should have been brought in earlier. He would almost certainly have liked John Major to rule out a single currency. And he would not have been alone in despairing of the conduct of the Ministry of Agriculture in the beef crisis - or in thinking he might have made a better fist of it than Douglas Hogg. But he is also ambitious. In politics, never neglect the human factor.



Davis: Delivered the vote for Major on 1994 Maastricht Bill

Office was pivotal. Because he came from their ranks, he was for the Euro-sceptics a reassuring presence in what they saw as the all-too-pliable FCO.

He told colleagues that part of his job at the Florence EU summit would be to try and stiffen the resolve of Mr Major and Malcolm Rifkind to hold out for the best possible deal - beyond the summit if necessary. It is a

was a one-man awkward squad, diluting the centralism of his colleagues whenever he could. Scarcely a man racked with self-doubt, he is said to have claimed some of the credit for the proposal to commit a future Cabinet to a referendum and for the intellectual conversion of Mr Rifkind against a single currency. With a formidable gift of the gab he has an acute politi-

The green, green grass of home



A grass roof maintained by a family of rabbits will form the ecological centrepiece of a "solar house" which a builder hopes to make his home.

Peter Cuming, a former planning inspector, was led towards his design by his local council's environmental guidelines, which recommend grass roofs for improved insulation. Camden Council, in north London, also frowns on the use of lawnmowers, thus inspiring the idea of using rabbits to crop the roof.

Mr Cuming, 55, said: "I am responding to the good advice from the London Borough of Camden's unitary plan."

However, the plan is far from a gimmick. A metre-depth of

soil beneath the grass will be used to retain the heat of the house, reducing energy costs. Aside from rabbits bringing the risk of noise pollution to a minimum, they will share the roof with photo cells, which will generate half of the electricity needs of the house.

Mr Cuming hoped that the house, which will be built in Kenilworth if given the go-ahead, will also be able to recycle the heat from its bath water and be so well insulated that bills would be negligible.

"It's really like a small power station," said Mr Cuming. "The benefits are immediate. We will be saving two tonnes of carbon dioxide going into the air. The process will be odour-

less, silent and non-polluting." He first had the idea of putting renewable energy to domestic use 13 years ago when he lived in Nepal.

"I lived in a house that had solar panels high in the Himalayas with no cost to anyone. It generated power during the day, then it was stored in car batteries by night," he said.

"It's not just *Tomorrow's World*, it's around the corner."

Mr Cuming estimated the cost of the 400sq-ft-roof, including rabbits, at £20-25,000 which he said could be reclaimed over a period of 20 years.

The application for planning permission will go before Camden Council next week.

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JACK DANIEL'S TENNESSEE WHISKEY

news

Cult hits lure public back to the big screen

LOUISE JURY

A sharp 35 per cent rise in attendances at the start of this year confirms that the British public is returning to the cinema.

The spectacular success of the home-grown hits *Train-spotting*, based on the cult Irvine Welsh novel, and *Emma Thompson's Sense and Sensibility* was highlighted by the film industry as a key factor in this revival.

The figures provided yesterday by the Office for National Statistics showed 32.2 million

June, when cut-price tickets marking the 100th anniversary of the cinema attracted 1 million people.

Tony Slaughter, of the British Film Institute, said they were delighted at the figures and looked forward to 150 million admissions in the near future as the film industry adapted to please the market. "There are now better films, they are better marketed and we are delighted that there is a higher UK presence among them," he said.

The re-emergence of the family film had helped, with movies like *Jumanji*, *Toy Story* and *Babe* being specially targeted at younger viewers.

Mr Slaughter said: "In the Eighties, family films were not where the market was, but now the film-makers have realised it is very important to get a younger audience."

There had also been more investment in cinemas, as companies like Virgin opened modern multiplexes with top facilities. David Cole, of Rank Organisation, which owns 75 Odeon cinemas nationwide, said: "The films have been strong this quarter and there has been a noticeable upsurge."

Sense and Sensibility, Thompson's production of the Jane Austen novel, starring a big-name British cast that included Hugh Grant, seems to have encouraged people back to the cinema. "It brought a lot of people out of hiding and hopefully they will re-establish a cinema-going habit," Mr Cole said.

Cinema attendance reached its lowest point in 1984, but has since gone up by more than 300 per cent, pushing the turnover in Britain's 470 cinemas to more than £100m in the last year.

Mr Cole said a summer of blockbusters, including Walt Disney's version of the *Hunchback of Notre Dame* and *Independence Day*, a special-effects spectacular, starring Bill Pullman and Jeff Goldblum, should enable the trend to continue.



Lost symbol: Children substituting a heart for the phallus on a recreation at Hampstead of the Cerne Abbas Giant (below) in aid of heart research. Main photograph: Edward Sykes

Something missing on giant's big day

REBECCA FOWLER

Where there was once a large appendage, there is now a heart. The most celebrated detail of the famously well-endowed Cerne Abbas Giant was prominent only by its absence yesterday, when more than 1,000 children recreated the chalk image in north-west London.

They gathered in Hamp-

stead to form the shape of the 180-ft chalk warrior, the disputed prehistoric symbol of fertility. But the notable omission was his 26th phallus, which has increased by 7ft over the centuries.

Instead, the children added the shape of a heart for the launch of the Heart of Britain appeal, a campaign to raise £1.5m for heart and lung research at the Royal Brompton

Hospital in west London. The decision to celebrate the giant comes at a controversial time. He was believed to be 1,800 years old, but historians have challenged his authenticity and suggested he was a 17th-century fraud.

While traditionalists insist the landmark in Dorset is genuine, the experts who have challenged it say the giant was

created by pranksters, to annoy local puritans.

But the giant has apparently always looked kindly on children, and couples who wish to conceive them. The 6th Marquess of Bath and his second wife visited him in 1958, after months of trying to start a family. The Marchioness soon conceived, and the named the child Syvry Cerne.



Labour abandons promises on strikers' rights

JOHN RENTOUL and BARRIE CLEMENT

The Labour Party faces a storm of criticism from its big union affiliates after abandoning commitments on employment rights and adopting further swathes of Conservative legislation.

Labour has ditched its pledges to liberalise the laws on secondary strike action and to give strikers the right to re-

instatement - as well as abandoning its pledge to protect workers from unfair dismissal from "day one" of starting a job.

The party seemed to be moving towards a policy which would give protection after a year's employment rather than the present two years. Under previous Labour governments the period was six months, but Tony Blair is known to be sensitive to business concerns

about increased legal burdens. A key policy paper published today also proposes keeping laws on strike ballots which insist that there must be seven days' notice of stoppages; that the action must take place within 28 days of the vote and that unions must give the names of all strikers to employers. Such provisions have come under severe criticism from the International Labour Organisation, part of the United Nations.

The new document, *Building Prosperity*, published by David Blunkett, Labour's education and employment spokesman, proposes no change to the present situation, which is that workers are not allowed to strike - or picket - in support of another group of workers unless they work for the same employer.

The document drops the promise of protection from unfair dismissal from "day one" of starting a new job given by the late John Smith to the TUC in 1993. Instead it says only that it will review the "whole question of the procedures of industrial tribunals", in order to see how they can be speeded up. The document promises only to extend protection from unfair dismissal to strikers engaging in lawful industrial

action. This replaces a previous commitment to give strikers the right to their jobs back, or to be compensated. Unions registered their satisfaction at the document's promise that union recognition would be granted where a majority of the workforce vote for it. There will also be legislation to stop victimisation of union members, and to end age discrimination.

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There's a great deal going on

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news

Tory rift: Selection row over rebel MP George Gardiner has split a constituency on geographic lines

Not that a stranger could discern any difference. They look the same, they talk the same, they send their children to private schools and live in similar gracious, well-appointed



The candidate: Gardiner

houses, complete with croquet lawn and tennis court whichever side they fall.

But it is all there. Grander, indepen-



The critic: Fraser

dently-minded more right wing Eurosceptics are outside the M25. Left wing, Major loyalists within.

CHRIS BLACKHURST
Westminster Correspondent

A tip for any would-be resident of the Reigate area in Surrey: live south of the M25. Anything north of the motorway which divides this well-heeled constituency in two, is definitely out. There is a better sort of person south of the soon-to-be eight-lane monstrosity, in places like Merstham and the genteel villages around Reigate proper. The sort of person who will, next Friday evening, cast their vote for Sir George Gardiner, the local maverick Conservative MP.

The audience of party activists which assembles in the hall of Reigate Grammar School (co-ed, independent, naturally) to decide Sir George's future will split firmly in two. There will be those from south of the motorway and those from the north, from the commuter-land of Walton, Tadworth, Chipstead and Banstead.

Support for Sir George tends to split along similar lines. His friends and allies tend to live at on the smarter side, beyond the M25: his opponents hail from the pushier, less leafy, a bit nearer horrible London, side.

Not that a stranger could discern any difference. Whichever side they fall, they all look the same, talk the same, send their children to private schools and live in similarly gracious, well-appointed houses, with croquet lawns and tennis courts. But the divide is there, all right: grander, independently-minded, more right-wing Eurosceptics outside the M25; left-wing, Major loyalists within it.

"The Reigate branch is for George, and Merstham is 100 per cent loyal," said Daniel Kee, Merstham resident, vice-president of the constituency association, and a Gardiner man. "But there is talk that Walton, Tadworth, Chipstead, Banstead and north of the M25 are not his supporters," acknowledged Major-General Michael Steele, association chairman.

In truth, Mr Gardiner's membership is split down the middle with the result too close to call, and the major-general



Quintessential Surrey: Infighting over the reselection of MP Gardiner is summed up by an appropriately named home

Photograph: Tony Buckingham

conveys deep dismay at the threat of Sir George to resign and force a by-election if the vote goes against him. "That would be the last thing we would want in the association, the party, or, you could argue, the country."

That is not to say, though, that Sir George should think his threat is enough to carry the day. Quite the reverse. For a start, says Major-General Steele, starkly, it is inconceivable that the Tories would lose a by-election, and then the association would come together

in true blue fashion, M25 or not. Yet if anyone causes a by-election and the Government to lose its majority of just one, it will be Sir George. The man himself is unbowed. He maintains that talk at Westminster of him not daring to resign, of caring to lose out financially, misses the point; this is a matter of principle. "Are you," he says, "sent to Westminster as a lobbyist or to exercise your own judgment on matters of national importance?"

If he loses the vote because some people in his constitu-

cy do not like his Euroscepticism and his opposition to the Prime Minister in last year's leadership challenge, so be it. Yet, the issues go deeper and are to do with his personality. He is not a small-talk, cocktail party man - that is, he is actually aloof and arrogant.

Angela Fraser, one of his most outspoken critics, said: "He wanted to know about his problems in the constituency. I said I would not enjoy telling him. He insisted - and he didn't like it." Mrs Fraser says the criticisms are "many and varied"

and "boil down to his nature".

Nothing illustrates his behaviour more perfectly, she contends, than last year's leadership contest when he polled local senior members asking how he should vote, sent round the result (55% in favour of John Major), then went on TV arguing for John Redwood.

Sir George is unabashed; the poll was "consultative, not binding," he said. He cannot see why people should feel angry their views were ignored or why they should think him high-handed for sending round the results

and then doing the opposite.

"If George gets defeated, he'll apply for the Chiltern Hundreds and cause a by-election, which would be disastrous," said Mr Kee.

Mrs Fraser added: "It's a two-edged sword, we don't want a by-election but equally we can't have a pistol to our heads."

One clincher as the members vote next Friday might be where Sir George himself chooses to live. It's not south of the M25 and not even on the north side, but outside the boundary altogether - in less smart Dorking.

Anglicans delight in prayers on the Internet

ANDREW BROWN
Religious Affairs Correspondent

Anglicans around the world have been criticising drafts of a series of early morning prayers for BBC Radio 4 which have been circulated over the Internet.

Roger Steer, a writer living in Crediton, Devon, who broadcasts regularly on *Prayer for the Day* on Radio 4 at 6.25am, has circulated drafts of three prayers around an Anglican mailing list on the Internet, and had responses from Mexico, Australia, Canada, and the US.

However, only one reader, a Yorkshire mathematician, suggested changes: Sallie Basham pointed out two *doubles entendres* in his second prayer about the 17th century poet and priest, George Herbert. These were excised before the prayers were submitted to the BBC, which will broadcast them in mid-August.

The Anglican mailing list has about 800 members around the world, most of whom delight in the exercise of their opinions. It is only a small part of the religious scene in cyberspace, which is very active: at the last count the word "God" appeared more than 1.4 million times on the World Wide Web. Almost every religious grouping from worshippers of Tibetan deities to Benedictine monks has its own special interest mailing list to exchange comments with fellow believers.

The international Anglican list is one of the most active. Up to 100 messages a day greet the members when they read their e-mail, and these can cover every topic under the sun. As well as perennial favourites such as homosexuality, the priesthood, and the authority of the Bible, the list members have in the last couple of weeks discussed Latin grammar, English football, and recipes for anointing oil, as used by the Russian Orthodox patriarchate in Moscow.

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IRA gang caught making bombs

ALAN MURDOCH
Dublin

Two senior IRA members arrested when Irish police raided a weapons factory at a farm in Co Laois this week were caught assembling mortar bombs, say Garda sources.

The men are believed to include a senior IRA quartermaster, aged 53, who was arrested in 1987 on board the arms ship the *Eksund* while carrying Libyan weapons and explosives to Ireland, and later served a jail term in France. A fitter, married with six children and living in Tallaght, south-west Dublin, he was a key intermediary with Libya in securing arms consignments for the IRA. He was also held in Ireland in 1976 after a large arms find in Kildare.

Another arrested man, thought to be a senior IRA logistics expert and bomb-maker, owns a south Dublin engineering firm and lives in the affluent suburb of Foxrock. A south Dublin factory premises was being searched yesterday.

Last night, seven people were being questioned in Dublin and Portlaoise under Ireland's anti-terrorism legislation.

The Laois raid happened late on Thursday at a farm a mile from Clonsilla. It followed four days surveillance by a specialist anti-terrorist squad. One of the three men present produced a gun but was disarmed and no shots were fired.

The find, one of the most important breakthroughs by the Irish police in recent years, followed a tip-off received when the Garda appealed for information following the IRA killing of special branch guards, Jerry McCabe, and the wounding of a colleague in the abortive robbery of an Adare postal truck two weeks ago.

Gardaí, who will disclose the

Clonsilla haul when forensic experts have finished examining the farm, confirmed that they had found substantial amounts of explosives, timers and electrical components used in mortars. It was unclear if the mortars were destined for use in an attack in Northern Ireland or in Britain.

When the Garda last year raided the same Clonsilla farm, they found nothing, but several smaller caches of arms have been discovered in the Laois area in recent years.

John Bruton, the Taoiseach, in Florence for the EU summit, congratulated the Garda on the find. He said the question of whether Sinn Féin supported "armed struggle" was "a practical matter of life and death". He warned that manufacture of arms was "inconsistent with promises not to use force or the threat of force", a reference to Sinn Féin's acceptance of the Mitchell principles.

The Garda discovery came as a senior Scotland Yard officer gave a pessimistic view of the peace process in an address to an international policing conference in Dublin Castle, that was attended by representatives of 27 forces from around the world.

Assistant Commissioner David Veness, who since 1991 has been in charge of Metropolitan Police specialist crime squads, said: "Domestically, we are resigned to the long-term threat of the Provisional IRA. We regard ceasefires as periods of terrorist preparation."

The cost of the IRA's bombing of Manchester could be as much as £500m, civic leaders said yesterday. The full extent of the damage emerged as store owners in the Arndale centre were told that checks for asbestos had to be carried out before they re-gained access to their premises.

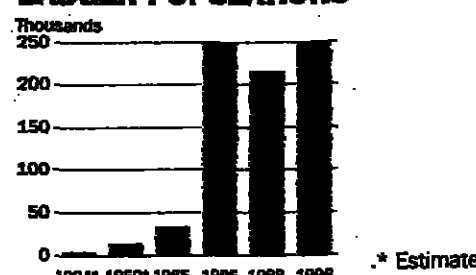
Mysterious creature that can eat 200 worms in a night



TEN CURIOUS FACTS ABOUT BADGERS

- 1 Badgers live in groups of around 6 adults in underground setts
- 2 Until this century, it was believed that badgers' left legs were longer than their right, so that they could run along furrows of fields
- 3 The annual mortality rate is 30 per cent
- 4 47,000 badgers are killed on the roads each year
- 5 Prior to the protection of badger setts in 1992, a government report suggested 10,000 setts a year were being dug up
- 6 Some hand-reared badgers enjoy swimming
- 7 25 tonnes (50 cars) can be dug out to make one sett
- 8 1 badger can eat 200 worms in a night
- 9 Some badgers are ginger
- 10 In the summer heat, some badgers come out and sun themselves

BADGER POPULATIONS



Badgers facing threat of holocaust

NICHOLAS SCHOON
and COLIN BROWN

A sharply increased cull of badgers is being urged on the Ministry of Agriculture because of a rise in cases of tuberculosis in cattle.

One Tory MP has warned Douglas Hogg, the Minister of Agriculture, that "a holocaust of badgers" would be politically impossible because of the outcry it would cause.

Mr Hogg, under fire over the beef crisis, will be holding meetings with Ministry of Agriculture experts and study fresh evidence of the rise in TB before the end of the month. The ministry has been killing badgers in the West Country for more than 20 years in an effort to control tuberculosis in cattle but has come nowhere near eradicating the disease.

Latest unpublished figures show that 316 cattle herds came down with TB last year in West England, with most of those attributed to badgers passing on the disease. There were 133 herd breakdowns in the rest of the country, none attributed to badgers.

The rise has been especially marked in Hereford and Worcester, which previously had little of the disease. Mr Hogg told the House of Commons Select Committee on Agriculture this week: "I am totally convinced we have a major reservoir of entrenched TB in badgers that is causing many, not all, the problems in cattle."

But Edward Leigh, Tory MP for Gainsborough and Horncastle said: "It is politically impossible for you to order a holocaust of badgers. We will get 1,000 letters a week."

The National Farmers' Union wants Mr Hogg to crack down on badgers but has little confidence he will do so. "With BSE, he needs this like a hole in the head," said council member Hugh Oliver-Bellasis, who wrote the union's latest report on TB and badgers.

He believes the badger population is out of balance because it copes well with modern farming, and argues that those areas with the highest badger population densities should have a 10 per cent cull. "It is a problem which is causing farmers real

hardship, not just through TB but the damage to crops they and their digging cause."

The ministry used to gas badgers in their setts, but that practice was phased out. Today they are eliminated by luring them into traps baited with peanuts, then shooting them.

About 1,500 are culled each year - far fewer than are killed on the roads. Some animal rights activists have taken to releasing the trapped badgers from their cages in the night, before the men from the ministry come with their pistols.

Under the current control policy, all badgers found on a cattle farm where there has been a tuberculosis outbreak are trapped and killed - provided the ministry experts believe the

badgers are to blame. But many farms are also involved in an trial of another control method.

In this, badgers on farms next to one where cattle TB breaks out are also trapped - then given a blood test for TB. The test takes about two hours. If they are free of the disease, they are released, but if they are found to have TB, then every badger in the set they come from is trapped and killed. Work on developing a badger vaccine which can be administered in the wild is continuing.

Mr Hogg told the committee there were difficulties in extending the cull. "I could well see a case for saying before you went down a more rigorous cull policy you wish to take further scientific evidence," he said.

24-hour video library finds a niche

NICOLE VEASH
and CHARLES ARTHUR

It looks like a cash dispenser: a couple of slots and a television screen in a side street in Islington, north London. But this hole-in-the-wall is different. It dispenses videos and CD-Roms.

The dispenser, the first in Britain, will operate 24 hours a day, seven days a week, and allow members to choose from up to 520 of the latest video releases or 910 CD-Roms, and also to book and return them.

Video club members get a smart card which they can charge up. Videos can be picked by a simple menu system displayed on the video screen, which allows the user to browse by movie title, plot type (thriller, comedy and so on), actor or director. When a video is selected, it is retrieved by the machine and ejected in a plain cover from a slot by the screen.

The design comes from Italy, where it was launched seven years ago. There are 4,000 machines there, and the videos' plain cover plays an important part, said Massimo Pini, director of Cinemat UK. "The video market in Italy is much more about hard-core porn. It's better if there isn't a gaudy cover."

To stop children getting access to films rated above PG, the smart card contains a code indicating what categories of film the user can take out - though there is no way of preventing children using an adult's card.

Thomas Oronti, of Cinemat UK, said: "The video market is picking up again as the novelty of satellite television has worn off. These machines allow people to choose the film they want to watch any time of the day or night."

Rob Mead, news editor of *ITV* magazine, said "Anything that breaks down the video rental monopoly and broadens people's access to videos is a good thing."

"The problem is that pay-for-view on satellite may kill it dead because people will be able to download any film they want without moving from their armchair."



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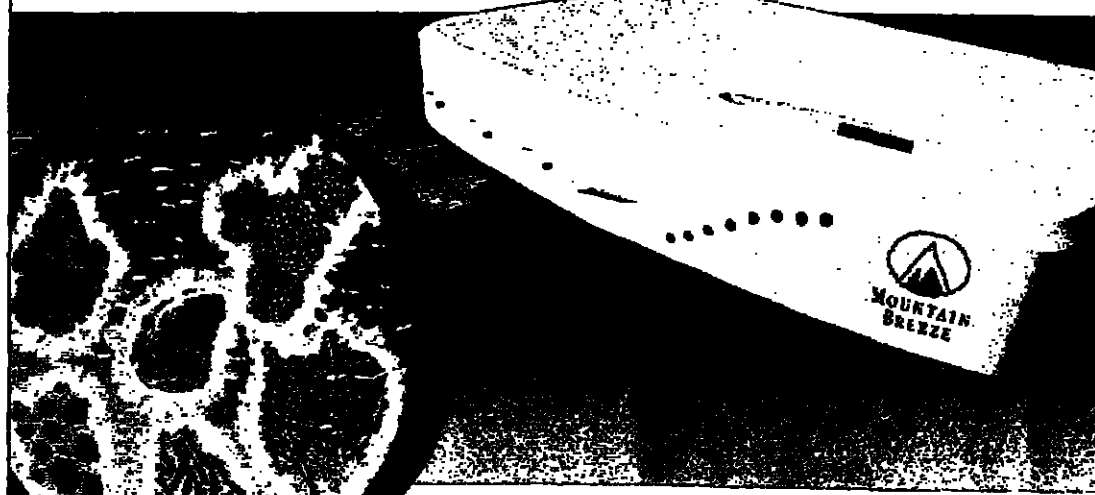
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arts news

edited by David Lister

Army war on museum cuts

MARIANNE MACDONALD
and CHRIS PHILP

Budget cuts and a management consultancy review have raised fears in curators that they are seeing the beginning of the end for the country's army museums, which include the world's best collection of tanks in Dorset, the outstanding collection of military helicopters at Andover and the Guard's Museum next to Buckingham Palace.

The Ministry of Defence is to cut almost 13 per cent from its funding of army museums from 1995 and has hired Deloitte & Touche to find ways of "improving" their appeal. The consultants have been instructed to

find ways of "broadening the sources of finance for all 66 regimental and corps museums of the Army in mainland Britain", a statement said.

But the museums believe the purpose is to identify further areas for cuts. Antony Makepeace-Warne, secretary of the Army Museums Ogilby Trust, said: "The MoD has contracted a consultancy to examine all army museums and establish how further savings might be achieved."

"We can just about cope with the 1998 cut, but further cuts will cause enormous damage. They are looking at opportunities for the merging of museums and at the more borderline ones probably having to fold."

Britain has 140 army museums in total, ranging from the Tank Museum at Bovington, Dorset, and the Museum of Army Aviation near Andover to small showcases such as the Black Watch Museum at Balhousie Castle, Perth, documenting the history of one of Scotland's most famous infantry regiments.

More than 60 museum trustees met in London to authorise the Ogilby Trust to draw up their battle plan. They believe that the MoD is morally bound to continue its funding.

"About 15 years ago people were actively encouraged by the MoD to form regimental museums and the costs of staff were underwritten by the MoD," Mr

Makepeace-Warne said. "Because of that a lot of people formed museums in good faith. Fifteen years later the MoD says it's going to stop and all these guys are left stranded."

The 1998 cut will save £214,426 for the ministry, while the total operating cost of the 70 museums it funds directly was £1.59m last year.

Captain David Horn, curator of the Guard's Museum which attracts 30,000 visitors a year, said: "We're very concerned - it is inevitable that many regimental museums will have to close... MoD funding is vital to our survival."

Major Bowes-Crick of the Royal Fusiliers, whose museum

is in Tower of London, said: "We have no idea who will face these cuts. There is simply no certainty about which museums will have their funding reduced."

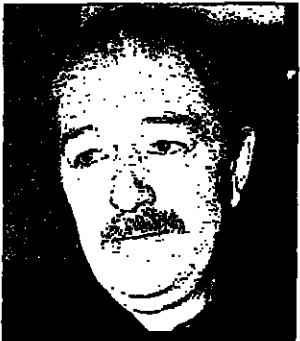
But Colonel Robin Gamble, head of museums at the MoD, said the review was intended to improve marketability, although he could not rule out the possibility of closures or mergers.

"The public which goes to museums now is not the same as the public of history. Through the Fifties and Sixties people who had fought in the war or done national service went to museums to revel in their memories. Now we have a much reduced concept of what defence is," he said.

Gambon poised for transfer to Broadway

An update on the actor Michael Gambon and the proposed transfer of David Hare's *Skyflight* to Broadway. After talking to the National Theatre, we reported in Wednesday's paper that American Equity had refused to allow Michael Gambon to recreate his role in *Skyflight* because he did not have sufficient star status. In fact Equity has not yet made its decision and, as we explained, he would be permitted to play the part in that event under the exchange scheme. We did not, of course, wish to suggest that Mr Gambon is not a star.

Deborah Warner must feel baffled, as do I, that her thrilling National Theatre pro-



Gambon: Skyflight star

duction of *Richard the Second*, with the inspired casting of Fiona Shaw as the king, failed to win any awards in Britain. But the dream team of Warner and

Artspeople
with David Lister

Forced smiles all round can be expected at the party being thrown by the BBC World Service programme *Outlook* next month. Chief guests are John Birt, Director-General of the BBC, and John Tusa, head of the Barbican Centre, former head of the World Service and outspoken and eloquent critic of John Birt.

Shaw have at last some laurels to rest on. Though ignored by their own country's prizegivers, they have scooped the prestigious French critics' award for



Warner: Belated rewards

best foreign production. I only hope it does not mean that Ms Warner, who has spent rather a lot of time in Paris recently, intends to follow in the footsteps

of Peter Brook and take permanent French leave.

Virginia Bottomley, Secretary of State for Heritage, has a bullish new lobbyist to contend with, and one whose face will be familiar to her. Stewart Steven, the former editor of the *London Evening Standard*, has been elected chairman of the National Campaign for the Arts advisory council. Their first meeting could be a psychologically testing one for them both. Where once Mrs Bottomley was all charm, flattery and offers of gin and tonics, now it will be a quick five minutes and referral to a civil servant. On second thoughts, perhaps it will only be Mr Steven who is psychologically tested.



Royal role: Peter Coleman-Wright of the English National Opera in Hans Werner Henze's opera *The Prince of Homburg*, which opens today in London. Photograph: Laurie Lewis

Council threat to Aids show on health grounds

CHRIS PHILP

A live exhibition of Aids patients, designed to show the public that patients with the condition should not be reviled, was yesterday threatened with closure by Islington council.

The council says that a sealed vial of HIV-infected blood that is part of the display at a new gallery in Smithfield, east London, poses a risk to public health. Environmental health officers told exhibition staff that the blood should be placed under lock and key or the event would be shut down.

Health authority workers who advised the council confirmed yesterday that the risk

posed by the blood in the sealed container was minimal. The show, "Don't Be Scared", involves a number of Aids patients and encourages visitors to talk to and touch the patients.

Jibby Beane, the curator of the gallery, claimed there was no health risk from the blood. She said: "There is a guard who stands next to the artists and the blood throughout the day. The visitors, staff and artists are all satisfied that there is absolutely no risk." She added, "It is sad that the council are displaying precisely the sort of ignorance that this exhibition is designed to combat. The display is very positive, and very beautiful."

A spokesman for Islington

council last night said: "We will follow the advice of the Health Authority. They have advised us that a risk exists, and we will investigate further any reported breaches. The council are not prepared to take risks, no matter how small."

A spokeswoman at Camden and Islington Health Authority confirmed that they had advised the Council that there was a limited risk "The danger to public health may be very small, but the risk is just not worth taking," she said.

The man behind the exhibition, the millionaire commercial director Tony Kaye, is said to be deeply unhappy that the display has been altered.

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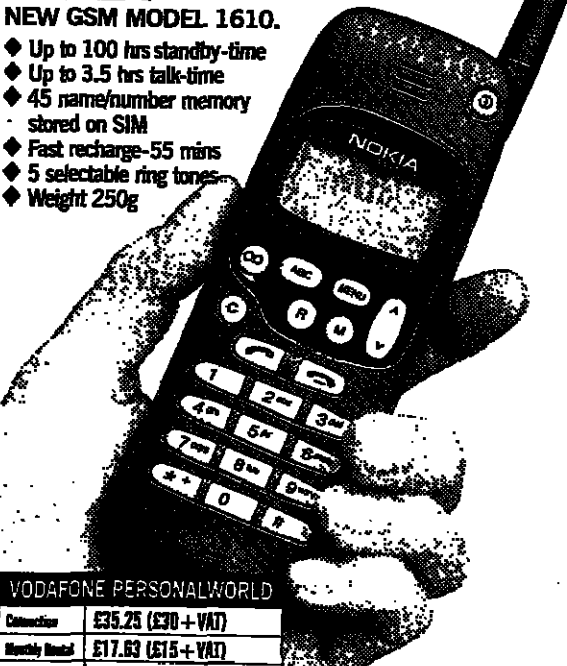
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Moscow's new security boss denies coup

HELEN WOMACK
Moscow
and agencies

Russia's new security supremo, Alexander Lebed, yesterday withdrew accusations that a group of generals had planned to put pressure on President Boris Yeltsin to stop the sacking of Defence Minister Pavel Grachev. Speaking to the State Duma (lower house), Gen Lebed played down the affair which he himself had made public on Tuesday, the day of Gen Grachev's dismissal.

Gen Lebed told the Duma that Gen Grachev's press secretary, Yelena Agapova, had tried to organise a campaign of telegrams from military units to the president to keep the minister in his job. He had intervened. "I sent a telegram to units in the Moscow military district ... telling them to stay calm and get on with training. There was a half-joking recommendation to the generals not to waste official funds on telegrams of condolence."

On Tuesday, Gen Lebed caused a sensation by telling a news conference he had forestalled a "GKChP-3" - suggesting a repetition of the attempted military coup in Moscow of 1991. He then described it as not a coup but as an attempt to put pressure on Mr Yeltsin by having the troops on alert, and insisted that several generals, whom he named as involved, should resign.

But yesterday Gen Lebed made no mention of these allegations, saying that the affair - still under investigation by military prosecutors - had "no future in court".

The acting defence minister, General Mikhail Kolesnikov, wrote to the Duma to deny reports that Gen Lebed's intervention on Tuesday had interfered with command and control over the armed forces.

General Viktor Barynin, acting chief of general staff, told the Duma there had been no attempt to organise a coup. He said that only Mr Yeltsin, as commander-in-chief, had the right to put units on alert.

Gen Lebed, a reserve paratrooper general, was named secretary of Mr Yeltsin's Security Council on Tuesday after coming third in the first round of the presidential election.

While MPs were still excited by the drama, ordinary Russians, if they thought about it at all, were taking it in their stride. The general view in the Russian media was that from all the manoeuvring since Sunday's vote, Mr Yeltsin had emerged stronger than his Communist opponent, Gennady Zyuganov, and, barring mistakes, stood a good chance in the two-man run-off next month.

"People will be much more inclined to vote for Yeltsin now," said Nina Derbina, a pensioner who, despite her anger over the war in Chechnya, had supported Mr Yeltsin in the first round because she regarded Communism as the greater evil. "We all hated Kozhakov and those cronies who were such a bad influence on our President."

In its editorial, the daily *Moscow Times* said: "Yeltsin's house has been cleaned. For the first time in the election campaign, there is cause for hope - voters are not just being given a choice between evils."

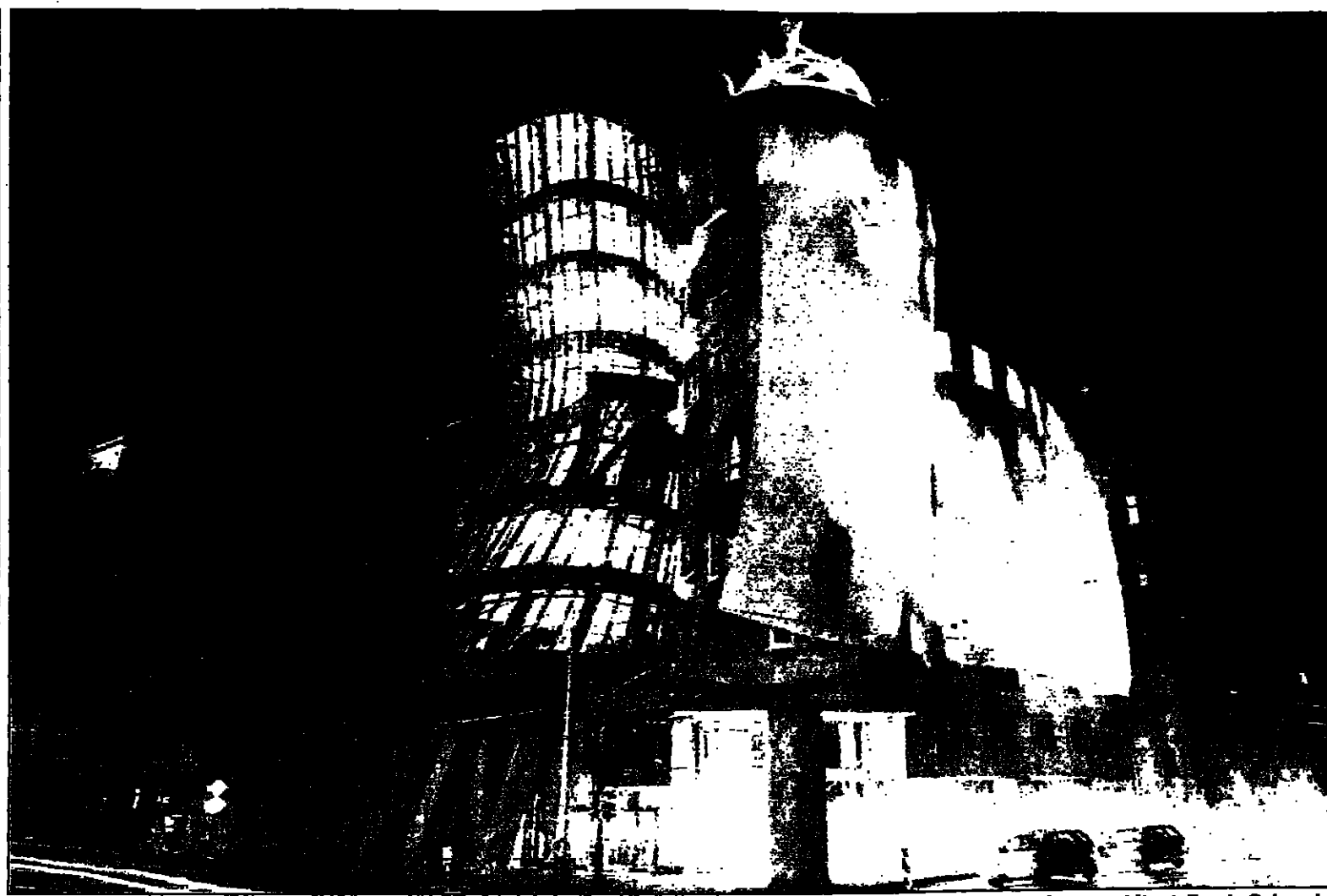
The sackings seemed to have left the Communists reeling. Mr Zyuganov said they illustrated the dangerous rifts in the team around the President, but he did not make sufficient political capital out of the affair to woo the new voters he needs in addition to the constituency of mainly elderly people on whose support he can always rely.

Mr Yeltsin, on the other hand, is making inroads to the

electorates of the other candidates who stood on 16 June. A large proportion of Gen Lebed's supporters are now likely to vote for Mr Yeltsin, though some may believe their hero has sold out to the Kremlin and so they will vote Communist.

Grigory Yavlinsky, head of the liberal Yabloko Party, expressed satisfaction with the dismissals. It is probable that Yabloko will throw its weight behind Mr Yeltsin at its Congress today and tomorrow.

The danger for Mr Yeltsin is that his supporters might become complacent. For the President to win, it is essential that the turn-out does not drop below 63 per cent. Which is why the second round has been set for 3 July, a Wednesday to overcome the "Dacha factor" - absenteeism caused by Russians spending summer weekends at their country cottages.



Top notch: The Rasin Building in Prague lit up for its opening yesterday. The building, designed by the American architect Frank Gehry, is popularly known as the Fred and Ginger building because it is said to resemble the dancing duo. Photograph: Sean Gallup/Reuter

Pisa has the tower, Rome the Coliseum. But Verona has it all



Germans to be free at last to shop on Saturday afternoon

IMRE KARACS
Bonn

Saturdays will never be the same again and some Germans fear the very fabric of society is about to be ripped apart by a radical decision to allow shops to open at the customer's convenience. The Bundestag yesterday voted to extend shopping hours to 8pm on weekdays and a daring 4pm on Saturdays, overturning a 40-year law which ensured that shop assistants got home at a decent time.

In practice, that meant that they closed the tills at 6.15pm on all weekdays but Thursday, and the last customer would be ejected at 2pm on Saturdays. On the Sabbath, only petrol stations have been allowed to sell goods, but not fresh milk or fresh bread. Sundays will remain holy even under the new regime, though bakers are to be given special dispensation for three hours in the morning.

Debate about the law which made working people's life a misery had been raging for years, and it is not over yet. The reforms are backed by the governing coalition and vehemently opposed by everybody else. MPs belonging to the left, fearful for shopworkers' quality of life, voted against the amend-

ment, which scraped through by the narrowest of majorities.

Next month it will go to the opposition-dominated upper chamber, the Bundesrat, where it will almost certainly be rejected. Then the government will need an absolute majority in the Bundestag - half the total number of MPs plus one - to confirm the Bill's passage. In yesterday's vote, the governing coalition was five short of that, because of the defection of one Christian Democrat and the abstention of another three.

The government is keen to liberalise Germany's stunted retail sector in order to help create jobs and boost consumer spending at a time of recession. More than 100,000 new people would have to be hired by stores, but the unions argue that many of these would be "Macjobs" - underpaid work with no security.

The unions have found their natural allies among the shopkeeper class who have grown rich, rude and lazy in the sellers' market that is Germany. The corner-shop owners are the backbone of Helmut Kohl's Christian Democratic party. Conservative MPs are aware that offending them, which these reforms surely will, would exact severe retribution at the polls.

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international

China resorts to production-line executions



Bending the law: Police parade alleged criminals at a 'public arrest session' in Peking. Sentencing rallies attract crowds up to 200,000

As the war on crime hots up, people are arrested, tried and shot within days, writes **Teresa Poole**

Peking — Zhang Guoqi this week secured a gruesome place in China's judicial records. He was the man named by Sheng Liangang, the President of the Peking Higher People's Court, to show how widely the death penalty is being implemented during China's most far-reaching anti-crime crackdown for more than a decade.

Zhang was no model citizen. He was the head of a gang of muggers who threatened their victims with knives in 14 attacks over three months in Peking. But Mr Sheng admitted "there were no severe injuries or deaths in the robberies" and the total haul was just over £100.

At a recent rally in Pinggu County, Zhang, nevertheless, was sentenced to death. "The death penalty can apply to those malefactors who commit serious crimes, not only to those who cause somebody's death," said Mr Sheng.

China is in the grip of the national "Yan Da" (Strike Hard) campaign against crime, launched at the end of April. Since then, tens of thousands of people have been arrested and

people have been arrested and, according to Amnesty International, there have been more than 700 executions – a total which is likely to be an underestimate. Amnesty's tally of executions for the whole of 1995 was 2,500.

"Strike Hard" has received saturation coverage in the me-

dia, with alleged criminals paraded in public against details of horrific crimes. According to Mr Sheng, between 3 May and 10 June, the courts held 56 public sentencing rallies in Peking, attended by 200,000 people. The campaign has widespread public support. Ordinary Chinese, many of whom grew up in a rigidly controlled police state, are angry about the increase in crime and stunned by the savage murders, rapes and robberies now being publicised.

As the Chinese Communist Party prepares to celebrate the 75th anniversary of its foundation on 1 July, an anti-crime blitz is a populist move. The last such campaign was in 1983 when, according to unconfirmed estimates, the execution toll may have been 10,000.

In a country where legal procedures are weighted against the accused, such crackdowns end in "production-line" justice, under which people are arrested, tried and even shot within days. In the first seven weeks, Mr Sheng said the Peking court dealt with 1,633 cases involving 2,495 criminals.

Even some legal experts have spoken out against the wave of executions. Last week, three jurists put their names to a commentary in the *Legal Daily* newspaper. "Resolving cases quickly and seriously does not mean that one can neglect legal procedures ... Severe punishment

facing the death penalty. Some 68 offences in China warrant the death sentence. "Defendants have no warning of their trials in advance, so cannot arrange a lawyer. They have no copy of the indictment," she said. This legislation is, in fact, due to be repealed next January.

The claims being put forward by the Chinese police of their astonishing success rates since the start of "Strike Hard" lack credibility. In the same way that national campaigns to improve the Chinese harvest always yield record crop figures, the provinces are doing their best to outdo each other in the war against crime.

Authorities in the south-eastern province of Guangdong said they had "cracked" 3,850 crimes and "smashed" 843 criminal gangs in just two days last month. In Guangxi province, police in 10 days claimed to have uncovered 2,297 criminal cases, crushed 158 criminal gangs and detained 5,940 suspects. In a three-day blitz in Shanghai, 1,500 people were arrested.

Many people are being arrested for old, previously unsolved crimes. Others, already in prison, presumably on suspended death sentences, are being taken out of jail and shot.

This does not worry the Chinese, who are concentrating on how to protect themselves. At a security door shop in southwest Peking, heavy metal grille doors costing about £60 each are selling at a rate of up to 30 a week. Xuanwu appears an ordinary district but in a five-day period of "Yan Da", police said they uncovered 43 serious crimes and six murders.

Shu Meiyan, who was looking after the door shop, said: "One old lady said she did not like the doors, because it was like a prison. But one morning she came back from shopping and found two people robbing the family's apartment."

The family is now the proud owner of a security door and a mortice lock.

DOG DAYS

Good, bad and dangerous to know on a lead

This is the time of year when French newspapers tempt their readers to a little mental exer-

cise by repeating the philosophy questions from the annual school-leaving examination, the Baccalauréat. In playfully grappling with concepts such as freedom and rights, the French mind can reach untold heights of sophistication. But it also has a far simpler side, no better illustrated than in the small, but highly important, matter of dogs. Here, subtle philosophical distinctions go out of the window; dogs come in three sorts: good, bad and dangerous.

Good dogs are the sort that were on parade last weekend in glorious summer weather on the Longchamps racecourse. The French national dog show

is a infinitely more relaxed occasion than its British equivalent, Crufts. There is the same deadly rivalry between the owners of champions. But there is a great deal more space for "walkies" in between times, a ramshackle spontaneity that has the standard poodles running round the show ring in less than perfect formation, and a flick of Gallic irony that means that none of it is tak-

There is moreover a recognition that those attending a dog show may well have dogs of their own and will not want to leave them at home. Beasts of distinctly questionable pedigree are thus to be seen walking nonchalantly among the show dogs, lending an air of *égalité* to proceedings.

It also gives rise to announcements such as this: "In view of the exceptionally high temperature, you should not have left your dog in a closed car. Where any dog seems to be showing signs of distress, the car windows will be smashed." Good dogs, with pedigree or without, are looked after.

Bad dogs, on the other hand, are a nuisance and are finding themselves increasingly unwelcome in "nice" society. The French eye distinguishes good and bad dogs instantaneously. Bad dogs are usually big, unkempt and restrained, if at all, on lengths of string. Invariably, these bad dogs hunt in packs, come from out of town and are accompanied by groups of 10 individuals of similar appearance who engage in the practice

Mary Dejevsky



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UN wipes out Iraqi germ warfare factory

Iran will be asked only to

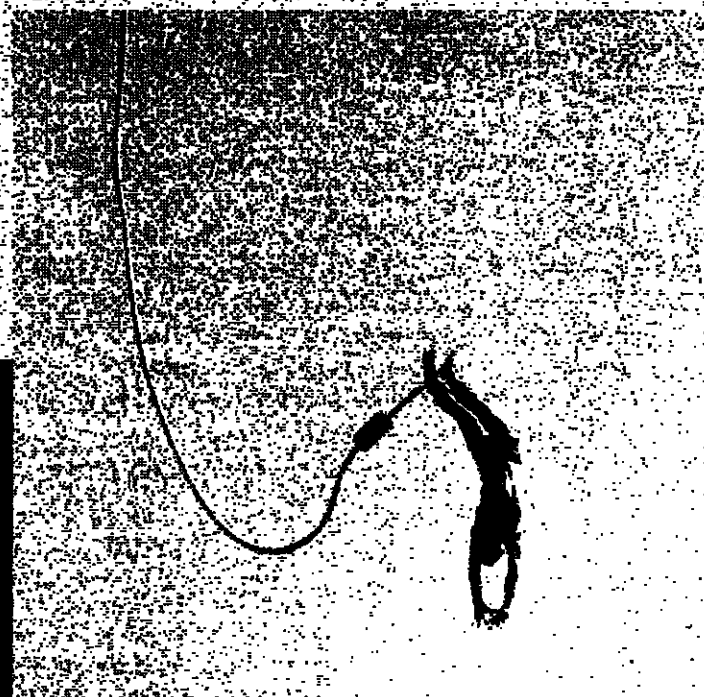
The communiqué embodies equally deceptive words. The "just and lasting peace" must continue to be based on UN resolutions 242, 338 and 425, which were the basis of the US-organised 1991 Madrid peace conference and which call for Israeli withdrawal from occupied Arab land in return for peace. This was the American deal, and it is this which the new Israeli government now intends to set aside. Syria wished to call for a halt to "normalisation" between Arab states, and it was Kirov Museum - America's own

The "deep concern" over Turkey's new military alliance with Israel was generally accepted because - although Syria is threatened by Israeli F-16s flying in Turkish airspace - all the Arab Mediterranean nations, including Egypt, have been angered by the pact. "We wish to have the best of relations

There were undertakings and principles and signed documents between the Arabs and Israelis which must be respected, he said. The enlarging of settlements on occupied Palestinian land would be "not only an obstacle to peace but also an illegal act." As for the future of Jerusalem, the return of refugees, Jewish settlements and Israeli withdrawal from Arab land, these were the most important issues for Arabs. They are also the very issues Mr Netanyahu has said he will not discuss in his "no-precondition" talks with Arab leaders. And still Amr Moussa believes the "peace process" is alive.



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The Italian government declared a state of emergency yesterday in the northwestern corner of Tuscany, where flash floods have transformed mountain valleys into terrifying rivers of mud, killing at least 12 people and forcing a mass search for two dozen others.

In the Versilia valley, in the foothills of the Apennines north of Lucca, rescuers backed up by 18 helicopters continued to pick their way through the wreckage of villages and built landmarks river waters had pulverized. Damage: One five-year-old child was killed, missing in the devastated village of Carrubo was feared washed away dead on the coast of Portofino more than 200 miles away.

Almost 20 inches of rain fell on the area in just four hours on Wednesday, catching locals and meteorological experts completely off guard in a rugged, relatively sparsely populated corner of the country. As government ministers inspected the damage yesterday, some villages were still cut off from drinking water or utilities, their inhabitants plucked to safety by air. On the coast, the rains cut off both the main Genoa-Fire railway and the Via Aurelia, one of the area's main transport routes. Neither was expected to reopen until early next week. It was the worst flood to hit Italy since November 1964, when 59 people died in Piedmont in the north-west. *Andrew Gumpel, Rome*

The Pope arrived in Luther's homeland yesterday for what promises to be an awkward three-day trip, rekindling debate about homosexuality, celibacy and other hot issues in the Church. Last year more than 5 million German Catholics signed a petition calling for the ordination of women, an end to priestly celibacy and a lifting of the ban on birth control. The German Chancellor, Helmut Kohl, a practising Catholic, recently wrote to the Pope asking him to reconsider his views on contraception.

In Berlin, where the Pope will celebrate mass tomorrow at the Olympic stadium, opponents are planning to stage other events. The centre of attraction of a gay summer festival will be the election of a gay pope. A gay black lesbian - a marriage service for 500 same-sex couples, and a gay transgenderite, *Luise Kueper, Bonn*

The widow of the slain Chechen rebel leader Dzhokhar Dudayev, was being sought by Russian security agents after disappearing from outside Moscow 10 days ago, a news report said yesterday. The Federal Security Service had summoned Alla Dudayeva to a hearing in its Moscow headquarters on Thursday, but she failed to appear, the *Izvestia* newspaper reported. Her nephew Usman Ferzulin said yesterday that Dudayeva was safe in hiding in another Russian city, the Interfax news agency reported. He would not disclose which city. *Moscow, AP*

Archives on France's wartime Vichy regime which have hitherto been closed are likely to be opened in the coming months, abandoning a rule declaring them closed for 60 years after 1944. A report on the state of all France's national archives by one of the country's leading legal specialists, Guy Braibant, recommends that the 60-year rule for "special archives" be reduced by 10 years, and the normal 30-year rule for all other documents be reduced by five years. If, as expected, the report is approved by the government, the sensitive Vichy archives could be available to scholars as soon as is practicable. Documents classified secret for reasons of national defence will continue to be subject to special provisions. *Mary Delany, Paris*

Albania's ruling Democratic Party won 122 seats, or more than 87 per cent of parliament, in a two-round general election on 26 May and 2 June, the state-run Radio Tirana said yesterday, quoting official final results.

The Central Electoral Commission (CEC), which organised the polls, said the conservative Democrats of President Sali Berisha won 122 seats in the 140-member parliament. *Reuters, Tirana.*

A man whose condom ruptured during paid sex with a prostitute in Thailand had his damages suit rejected by a Japanese court, which ruled he should not have slept with a prostitute if he was worried about Aids. The man was demanding 3 million yen (\$27,700) in damages from a condom-maker because of the danger of exposure to the HIV virus.

The incident occurred when he was having sex with a prostitute in Thailand in January 1994; the woman was later found to have Aids. Since then, the man has had 13 Aids tests but has not tested HIV positive. *Reuters, Tokyo*

Major fumbles while England find the net

There have been three wonderful things about Euro 96. The football has been enjoyable, England have played better than most of us suspected possible, and - greatest joy of all - rival bands of supporters have been colourful and passionate, but not belligerent. When Scotland played the Netherlands at Villa Park, it was difficult, from a distance, to know which supporters were which: Scotsmen wore orange and tartan; Dutchmen wore kilts. Even the predicted mayhem between English and Scottish fans last Saturday came to nothing. There was intense patriotism on all sides of Wembley Stadium, but also mutual respect and affection. After England defeated the Netherlands on Tuesday, the Dutch supporters were desolate - for five minutes, then they joined the ecstatic England fans in belting out rival choruses from the soccer songbook.

Compare this to the hollow and cynical nationalism, and now even violence, exhibited in the other great Euro-contest of the summer of '96: the European Union beef war.

The Government foolishly tried to turn a crisis of its own making into an Us vs Them battle with our EU partners. John Major's policy of non-cooperation has proved predictably mistaken. The row over Europe's ban on British beef was a standard European dispute, with rights and wrongs on both sides, and the usual mind-bending intermingling of technical and political issues. It could only ever be solved by arriving at a conventional European compromise. By raising the stakes so high, for domestic political gain, Mr Major angered our allies as well as our opponents in the quarrel. Rather than quietening his Euro-sceptic right wing, he excited their hunger for the kind of bloody

showdown with Brussels that might lead to UK withdrawal. He unleashed (unwittingly) an outpouring of brainless nationalism and xenophobia in the tabloid press, which has started and offended public opinion across Europe.

And all for what? Mr Major will have his framework agreement, which is, to be fair, all he asked for. It looks to be a sensible and measured document, which recognises that British beef can only regain its markets in Europe when public opinion is reassured - whatever the scientific rights and wrongs - that it comes from cows free of BSE. The British policy of non-cooperation has doubtless concentrated minds in Europe. But European resistance has also concentrated minds in Whitehall. The present proposal for eradicating BSE and identification of BSE-free meat, under the ultimate control of EU experts, is precisely what our European partners have been demanding for months (in the case of Germany). In other words, all of this could have been agreed by humility and co-operation, rather than arrogance and confrontation. It is also a classically European solution to a problem that would have proved far less tractable if the EU had not existed. What will the Government now do about the 40-odd other countries refusing to buy our meat?

Unfortunately for Mr Major, his belligerent approach led Euro-sceptic media and politicians to ignore his words and set the bar for success much higher than he did. He is being accused of selling out, not for throwing several thousand more cows on the bonfire, but because he failed to achieve objectives set by the Euro-sceptic right, rather than by himself. In truth, the Euro-sceptics cared nothing for the intricacies of the



beef dispute in the first place. Like the trouble-makers on the terraces of old, they just wanted a push-up with Europe.

It is depressing that the only European hooliganism of recent days has been connected not to football but to politics - French farmers obstructed a cross-Channel ferry full of British holidaymakers that was due to dock near Caen in Normandy. There is no excuse for the British farmers' behaviour. To a minor extent, the British Government is culpable, for stoking up feelings in the beef war. But the real culprit is successive French governments, which have not merely tolerated but actively encouraged a kind of low-level rural terrorism on the part of their farmers, designed to bolster their own national aims in Brussels. However pro-European our sentiments, we cannot go on allowing French farmers to behave like licensed louts.

The French farmers, the Euro-sceptics and the British tabloids have one thing in common: they confuse patriotism and nationalism. This is an important distinction, made most memorably by George Orwell in his essay *The Lion and the Unicorn*. True patriotism is love of country, pride in national culture, attachment to national symbols and - yes - support for the nation's sporting teams. It is based on affection and attachment, even love. It is content and confident in its own judgements. It does not demand an aggressive or dismissive attitude toward the patriotism of others. It is precisely encapsulated by the sporting behaviour of many soccer fans during Euro 96: exhibiting an almost mockable passion for your team but also a passionate love for the game, even in defeat. Nationalism, by contrast, is an unhealthy pre-

occupation with supposed national superiority and uniqueness. It is characterised by vanity, self-satisfaction and narrow-minded hostility. It frequently manifests itself in aggressive attitudes toward supposed rivals. It is rooted partly in national pride, but mostly in jealousy and envy, which are themselves partly born of an essential weakness and insecurity of character. In the modern world, it often refuses to face up to its distinction between the outward symbols of nation, sovereignty and the real challenges for democratic resolution of political and economic problems.

The root argument of sovereignty in the European Union is a threat, ultimately, to Britishness. That fear is misplaced: it confuses political status with what is really important about being British (if there was ever such a monolithic British character, as opposed to Scots or English or Cornish or Welsh in the first place).

There is a final irony about this comparison between Euro 96 and the Euro-sceptical beef war. England and Scotland were driven into a single union nearly 800 years ago. Today, England will play against a national team, Spain, which is actually drawn from a bundle of Spanish regions that have distinct differences and identities, yet Spaniards will all cheer their team equally. England, by contrast, will field a team drawn from only one part of the United Kingdom, the part we call England.

What can we conclude? Simply this: when it comes to European competition, Mr Major and his team only know how to find the back of their own net, while Gazza and the lads have finally worked out how to find the one at the other end.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Nothing will change for thousands of victims of child abuse

Sir: I am following with interest your reports of the cover-up of alleged abuse in children's homes in Wales.

I was in care from the age of nine months, with Shropshire County Council. My treatment was far from caring. I was placed in various foster homes, finally going to a family whose nearest neighbours were a quarter of a mile away. I was subjected to sexual, physical and mental abuse at their hands for 12 years. My placement was virtually unsupervised, with scant visits from a representative of the council children's department. My sister was parted from me and yet she was only fostered 10 miles or so from me. No contact was arranged for us.

My suffering has been enormous. Two years ago, my doctor put me in touch with my local victim-support counsellor, who, fortunately for me, is experienced in sexual-abuse work, and to a certain extent she has helped me to come to terms with my life in middle age.

There are thousands of us out there trying to make sense of it all, victims of our "caring" Social Services Department. I truly feel nothing will ever change. Name and address supplied

Sir: Everything Judith Timms says in her letter (17 June) about the ineffective nature of the Section 26 complaints procedure in cases of child abuse is true, in my experience.

The procedure is fatally flawed. The administration of the complaints procedure is vested, by Section 26 of the Children Act 1989, in the same organisation that is being complained about. A totally independent social services complaints process is needed - a social services ombudsman.

I have case studies in which local authorities (a) failed to provide "service users" with any information at all about the complaints procedure, (b) when rejecting complaints failed to tell the complainants about an independent further stage, (c) refused to act upon a telephoned complaint, instead insisting on a written complaint and (d) told the complainant not to "make waves" by complaining.

These are all breaches of regulations, and it seems there is within some social services departments a culture of resisting, obstructing and rejecting parents' and children's complaints out of hand.

Only after exhausting the Section 26 procedure can complainants approach the Local Government Ombudsman for a truly independent review. There are so many delays built in to the complaints procedure that this will certainly be months, possibly years, after the events they are complaining about, by which time any individuals involved could have moved on.

BRIAN MORGAN
Cardiff

Sir: John Major ("Why we must root out the abusers", 14 June) shows his concern and horror at the extent of child abuse - physical, sexual and mental - that has occurred in some residential homes for children and young people. The Government's decision to launch an inquiry is welcome.

I wish to plead for another vulnerable group to be included in the scope of the inquiry. These are people with mental handicaps or learning disabilities, many of whom are now living in small houses and hostels in the community, where staff may be ill-trained, with inadequate skills for dealing with mentally handicapped people, and where discerning supervision may be

intermittent. Parental fears, when they are expressed, are too readily dismissed.

There are estimated to be more than 800 new cases of sexual abuse of adults with a mental handicap or learning disabilities annually. Every local authority must have about seven new cases reported every year. Many others will remain undetected.

MURIEL BROOK
Dorking, Surrey

Sir: Some 40 years ago I chose one of the worst-paid professions for my life's work. In choosing, I recognised that I had some ability to help children who had "fallen by the wayside". I noticed also that the worst-paid staff were those in residential child care, so I chose another section of the profession.

There are some very good and devoted folk in this social work, as in other branches of the profession, but many are there primarily to earn a living. There is a saying of some truth: "If the pay offered is peanuts, you will get monkeys." Does this not have some bearing upon the troubles that have come to light in some children's homes?

MARTIN MOTTRAM
Salisbury, Wiltshire

How to fund private nurseries

Sir: Fran Abrams' article "Even a child could do better" (19 June) is one of the first and so far the best on the problem faced by this country in meeting its commitment to good-quality nursery education for all four-year-olds. Ms Abrams identifies the only practical solution: to include the private nursery sector in a partnership of provision.

Every politician from every party pays lip service to the private sector. However, until the advent of nursery vouchers, not one politician has advocated a true partnership with the private sector.

All my immediate colleagues who own, manage and run private, pre-school provision have personally underwritten every penny of the money needed to establish each new facility.

We don't fit the grant/lending criteria because we are a service industry, or are we an education establishment? My local DTI office isn't sure. But one thing they are crystal clear about - whichever we are - we're on our own.

Equally, high-street banks are very reticent in their dealings with private nursery provision. The lending criteria universally applied to small businesses are equally applied to us. Unfortunately, many small nursery businesses cannot meet those criteria effectively. How many education and public-sector nurseries could survive if the same "business" criteria were applied to their nursery management and control?

I am not asking for full state funding for the private sector. I am demanding, for my parents and children, and every four-year-old who won't get a nursery place, that public investment criteria be urgently revised to include us, and that the private nursery sector is able to access capital investment.

HEATHER DAKIN
Greenfields Day Nurseries
Wigan, Greater Manchester

Sir: I am Fran Abrams right to assume that "most parents are looking for... a safe, stimulating nursery which is open at hours that enable them to go to work?"

I can provide safety and stimulation for my three-year-old at home. I will be looking for an environment which prepares her for school, something which state nurseries have been established to provide. It seems to me that private day nurseries are primarily concerned with caring for children whose parents are at work.

I thought the voucher system was to widen opportunities for pre-school education, not extend child care for working parents.

APRIL BECKERLEG
Meppershall, Bedfordshire

LETTER from THE EDITOR

David Davis, the Foreign Office minister who told John Major he was resigning (no he didn't, yes he did, no he didn't...) is a cheerful soul and the latest victim of what one might call the journalistic Heisenberg Principle.

Heisenberg's Uncertainty Principle was, in essence, the observation that by observing something, you changed its behaviour. He was talking about the velocity and direction of particles, but it works just as well for ministers. What happens is that a journalist reports that something is going to happen and, by reporting it, embarrases everyone and ensures that it doesn't happen.

In this case, the story was that Major was threatened with resignation by Davis and bought him off by promising to sack the agriculture minister Douglas Hogg later this summer, giving Davis his job. Let's assume that the story was true (and it came from a highly experienced journalist); now that everyone is expecting it to happen, Major cannot possibly oblige. It was a story that ate itself - which happens all the time.

Your bad English is bad English. My bad English is style, swagger and syntactical chutzpah. That, at any rate, is the instant reaction to the eagle-eyed readers (both of you) who corrected my sentence beginning: "The *Daily Mail*, followed by the *Times*, were keen..." As one put it: "Followed by does not co-ordinate the two nouns; it introduces an adjective/participial expansion... so the verb should be singular." There was a little who/whom difficulty, too.

Now, this is mild chastisement is clearly correct and there is no editorial defence, bar a hung head and a moist eye. But it comes at a time when grammar has been much in the news, thanks to a new test for 14-year-olds, and when the campaign for better English, headed by Trevor Macdonald, is catching the public imagination. (The *ITN* newsreader has been inundated with mail on the subject.) Grammar is clearly important. But how important? And what, precisely, are the current rules? For instance, I was firmly taught at Dundee High School that every sentence must con-

tain a verb, that no sentence should begin with "and" or "but", and that infinitives must not be split. In this paragraph, I have broken all these rules. The point of grammar is to ensure clarity of meaning (though elegance is a secondary purpose). Yet has any reader been confused by the previous few sentences?

There are, however, mistakes that drive me mad and mark out a hopeless reactionary. The worst is the rampant spread of the inverted comma, which has become simply an alternative to underlining or italics. This spread from fruit and flower stalls to faxes and letters and is

The greatest humiliation of my editorship so far has been the realisation that so many readers are obsessive football fans: the more football in the paper, the bigger the circulation

now as rampant as hindweed in suburbia. Interestingly, though, its effect can be unintentionally accurate: "fresh" produce; "genuine" watches; "historic" furniture - which, translated into oldspake, means rot, fakes and tat.

The greatest humiliation of my editorship so far has been the realisation that so many *Independent* readers are obsessive football fans: the more football in the paper, the bigger the circulation. Why is this a problem? Only because, of all the males in all the bars in all the world, there is no one who is less football-mad than myself. But it is the job of an editor to be interested in everything and I have been trying. I watched all of the Scotland-England game and heard almost all of the Dutch game. I have discovered something. In some ways, Association football is quite interesting. I don't know if this insight is helpful to any readers who are wondering what to do this afternoon, but I pass it on for what it's worth.

Andrew Marr

George Mitchell's religious identity

Sir: I accept Charles Hauss's contention (letter, 19 June) that Senator George Mitchell is "a remarkably fair and honest man" - even if his judgement in matters relating to Northern Ireland seems flawed occasionally. However, Mr Hauss is mistaken in assuming that Lebanese Maronites are not Roman Catholics.

Naturally, this does not in itself make Senator Mitchell an unsuitable chairman of the peace talks. Indeed, as Lebanese Catholics and Ulster Protestants share a common fear of being progressively outnumbered, a degree of mutual sympathy could legitimately be assumed.

Yet, instead of Senator Mitchell, a distinguished Toronto ex-senator of mixed Ulster-Scottish descent had been appointed, would Irish Nationalists, Irish-Americans and British "liberals" have regarded the appointment with equanimity? Somehow I doubt it.

LORD MONSON
House of Lords
London SW1

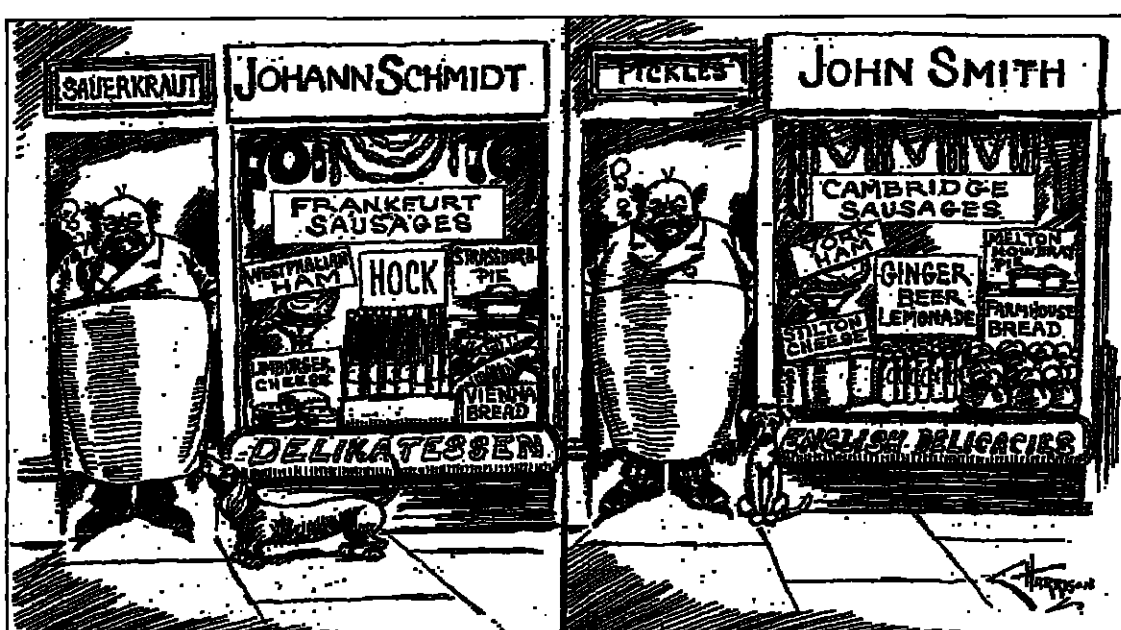
Who needs the 'new Beatles'?

Sir: Andy Gill's article asks "Are Oasis the new Beatles?" (19 June). Yes, they are the "new Beatles", and they can have that title for as long they want, because they are a carbon copy, not something new.

The Beatles did something new. Their music gave teenagers whose parents listened to Glenn Miller and songs from musicals something which belonged to them, which summed up how they felt and couldn't be hijacked by the older generation. Oasis give teenagers exactly what their parents had, except with less intelligent lyrics.

So many bands are moving in new directions at the moment that Oasis shouldn't really matter. Pop today has moved beyond Noel Gallagher's "look, we're the Beatles" posturing. I can't see Oasis shocking parents, redefining pop or making *Sergeant Pepper* in five years' time. The only thing I can see them doing is reforming 25 years after they've split up.

FRANCES ROBINSON
(aged 14)
York



A Quick Change of Front: "Punch" cartoon, August 1914, showing anti-German feeling Advertising Archive

Britain's paranoia of Germany predates the First World War

Sir: If anti-German sentiment in Britain only goes back to World War I, as Jim Mangles claims (Letters, 20 June), how was it that the film *Invasion of Britain* was completed before the war had broken out?

It was based on a 1906 story by William le Queux, *The Invasion of 1910*, about the cruelty of the "Nordener" army as it swept across

the English countryside. The 1914 film depicted the executions of resistors at Beccles and the last stand of the British Army at Maldon, in Essex, where their central position was defended by the very trenches and barbed wire entanglements with which we would soon be so familiar.

It was submitted to the British

Board of Film Censors as *The Raid of 1915* and was rejected as offensive to a foreign power. When war was declared, it was hurriedly released under its new title.

Britain's paranoia dates back to the crushing defeat of the French in 1871.

KEVIN BROWNLOW
London NW1

Forging a vision of religious unity

Sir: Andrew Brown ("Dr Carey's pilgrimage of peace", 20 June) seems to be unduly pessimistic about Anglican/Roman Catholic relations. Churches Together in England, of which the Roman Catholics are a part, is currently discussing the nature of visible unity in a process known as "Called to be One". The study guide issued by the Roman Catholic church on the "Called to be One" book draws heavily on the papal encyclical, *Ut Unum Sint*, for support and encouragement, but tactfully plays down the primacy issue.

Whatever the relationship between the hierarchies, it is increasingly evident to me, as Bishop of Leicester, that the

relationship between Anglicans, Roman Catholics and other denominations in this country is becoming ever more cordial, with shared use of buildings, a greater willingness to join together in worship, prayer and study, and joint oversight of local religious broadcasting and hospital and university chaplaincies. It is the aim of "Called to be One" that, building on our current experience of working together, we should be able to forge a vision of unity that all can own. It is only by finding out how much, or how little, we disagree with one another that we can honestly resolve our divisions.

JEFF HOPEWELL
Barkby, Leicestershire

Spot the European

Sir: John Major's speech on Europe ("Major makes a gritty riposte", 20 June) repeatedly refers to the fact that the British are different from the rest of the Europeans. Who are they? Never met one.

Surely he must have spotted the differences between the various crowds during Euro 96. I'm from Holland (we used to play football quite well) and, despite the fact that we are only small, we are very different from our neighbours in Germany and Belgium, who will say the same of their neighbours. So stop lumping all Europeans together - you are European, too, and as different as we all are.

CHARLOTTE GOWER
Horley, Surrey

Cut road speed limit

Sir: The European Commission's proposal to require all new vehicles to be fitted with a device warning drivers when legal pollution limits are being exceeded (20 June) seems an expensive way of achieving its objective, now that emissions are checked in the annual MOT test.

A cheaper reform bringing much wider benefits would be to rule that all new vehicles be fitted with a variable speed limiter. Our recently published report, *Speed Control and Transport Policy*, shows that, especially if combined with the adoption of lower speed limits, this would not only lead to reduced fuel consumption and with it, less pollution, but would also result in much safer roads.

Dr MAYER HILLMAN
STEPHEN FLOWDEN
Policy Studies Institute
London NW2

QUOTE UNQUOTE

Americans have manners, which is a process of inclusion. The English have etiquette, which is a process of exclusion: if you don't know how to eat an artichoke, you're obviously not one of us - Quentin Crisp

Both Jesus and God are very important in my life, but I don't like the Christianity that links the two - Jim Davidson, *entertainer*

Reforming Britain's constitution without mentioning the monarchy is like discussing Coronation Street without mentioning Vera Duckworth - Tony Wright, *Labour MP*

Grammar is seen as conflicting with the ideology of child-centred education that self-expression should be unfettered by rules. Now the first generation to be unfettered and ungrammared is passing its ignorance on to a second generation, and children are being disinherited from a mastery of their own language - Katie Ivens, *of the Campaign for Real Education*

It would be foolish to politicise this (heef) crisis. You cannot play games with people's health - Jacques Santer, *EU president*

To walk virtually is better than not to walk at all - Sir Jocelyn Stevens, *English Heritage chief, on the Internet's virtual reality tour of Stonehenge*

the saturday story

A copper-plated scandal

The rogue trader Yasuo Hamanaka lost £1.2bn on the world metal markets. Peter Rodgers follows a trail that leads from Tokyo to the Home Counties

The chief protagonist in the world's biggest financial scandal, which dwarfs even the £800m of losses run up by Nick Leeson which sank Barings, is Yasuo Hamanaka, a bespectacled and unassuming metal trader from Tokyo.

One day in late 1991, Mr Hamanaka flew in from Japan to spend a morning at the offices of Britain's senior City regulator, the Securities and Investments Board, overlooking the grassy parade grounds of the City's Honourable Artillery Company.

Mr Hamanaka was flanked by Nishimura, a director of the company that employed him, Sumitomo Corporation, a giant Japanese industrial and trading company founded 400 years ago by a samurai turned Buddhist priest.

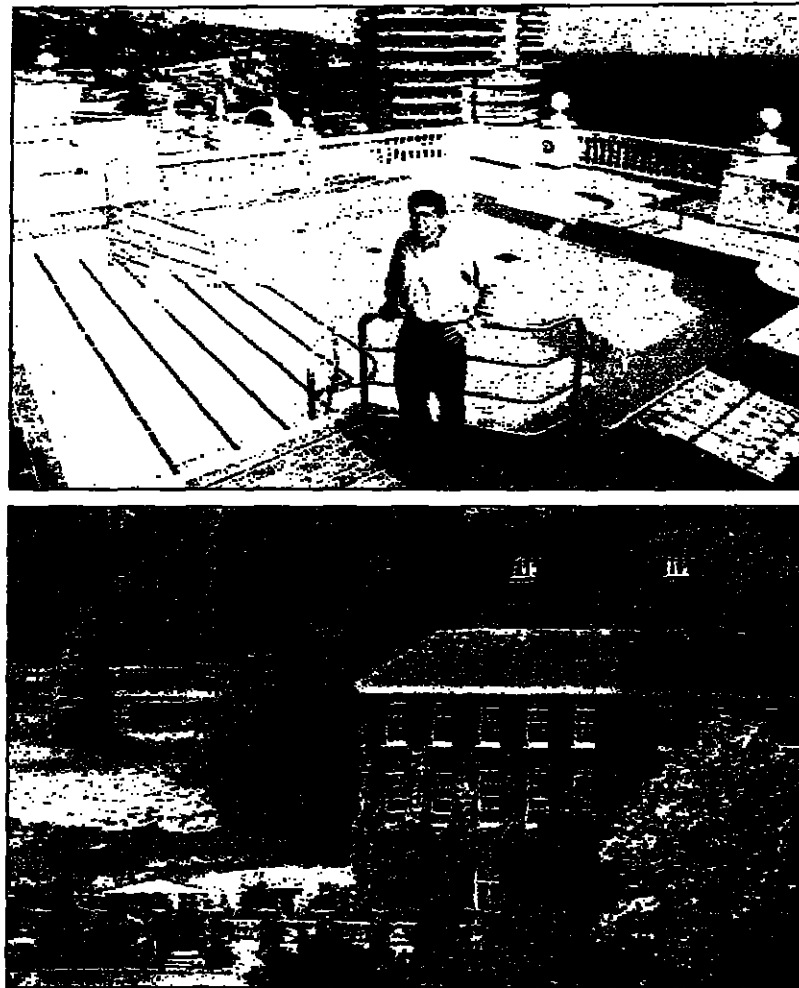
Across the table was a senior official of the SIB, which watches over the ethics and standards of the markets, and David King, the chief executive of the London Metal Exchange, the world's biggest marketplace for copper.

The question the two Englishmen put to Mr Hamanaka when they carpeted him was simple: why, sitting in his office in Tokyo that October, had he scribbled a handwritten note and faxed it to David Threlkeld, a London metal dealer, with a request for help in falsifying invoices for copper trades worth at least \$250,000?

Had they only known it at the time, this mundane episode of attempted dishonesty was the tip of an iceberg of fraud that had started five years before and which has now cost Sumitomo £1.2bn, nearly half as much again as Leeson's losses.

Swept up in the international inquiries now under way is a larger-than-life cast of characters including two of Britain's youngest recent millionaires, Ashley Levett and Charles Vincent.

The two men, copper traders, both aged 35, made so much money dealing with Mr Hamanaka at Sumitomo and with other big copper companies through Winchester Commodities, their British firm, that they were able to pay themselves £15m apiece in



Meltdown: (clockwise from left) Charles Vincent, Ashley Levett at his home in Monte Carlo, Yasuo Hamanaka, and Levett's mansion near Salisbury

bonuses in 1995 and nearly £10m each the year before. The two retired to the good life in Monte Carlo before the copper market storm broke.

Both now own multi-million-pound apartments and are in the ranks of Britain's richest men. Their families are still in the UK, where Mr Vincent owns a magnificent mansion near Salisbury. Mr Levett's assets include the Richmond rugby club.

The four pages of evidence being scrutinised that morning five years ago at the offices of the SIB included a prosaic but devastating letter from the two men's former boss before they went into business on their own, none other than Mr Threlkeld.

Mr Threlkeld at the time owned a struggling dealing firm that soon after went out of business. When Mr Hamanaka had asked Mr Threlkeld to confirm a set of phony invoices he blew the whistle to the LME.

But Mr Nishimura and Mr Hamanaka did not flinch

before this apparently damning evidence of misconduct by Sumitomo. Coolly, they claimed that invoices were needed to satisfy the Japanese tax authorities.

Officially, the regulators accepted the Japanese explanation, although if Mr Hamanaka had been working in London, the evidence would have been quite enough to see him in court.

They were toothless watchdogs, not because Sumitomo was the most powerful dealer in the world copper markets but because it was not a member of the LME. Copper prices are set twice a day in hectic face-to-face dealing in the "ring", the market floor of the LME in Leadenhall Street. But the bulk of the real business is done off the market in secretive international deals, normally linked to LME prices, and has proved far harder to control.

The best the City authorities could do was lamely to tell Sumitomo to clean up its act. But a warning to the company

about the scale of its operations in the copper markets was a message that was not lost on the market professionals.

The transactions were so large they gave the company the power to manipulate the market in what may now prove to have been a series of multi-billion-dollar stings. The copper market has been plagued for years - right up to this month - by suspicious price movements and allegations of secret

Vermont. He claims that his company was the victim of a separate fraud and of a virtual blackballing in the metal market after he made his public complaints.

The firm was even in debt to its former employee, Mr Levett, who obtained a court judgment against it for an unpaid bonus, of which \$720,000 is still outstanding.

One event at the time may provide clues to the shadowy

The copper market has been plagued for years by allegations of secret rings

rings operating within rings. But proof was hard to come by.

Mr Threlkeld, the man who tried unsuccessfully to blow the whistle on Mr Hamanaka in 1991 (and again in 1994), employed 40 people in London, Vermont and Tokyo at his firm, DLT. But following its collapse with large debts he now trades from modest premises in Barre,

connections that exist around Sumitomo in the world metal markets. Mr Threlkeld sold control of DLT Tokyo, his three-man Japanese office, to Shinichi "Fishy" Nishi, the employee who had been running it for him, for \$80,000. Mr Nishi's nickname was an allusion to his drinking habits. The sale, forced on Mr

Threlkeld, did not do his struggling firm much good, since the proceeds were seized by Mr Levett's lawyers in part-payment of what he was owed. But the immediate significance to investigators is that the original fax about false invoices asked for confirmation to be sent to Mr Nishi, thus linking him to Mr Hamanaka.

A further link has emerged, though a tenuous one, between Mr Nishi and Winchester Commodities, the firm founded by Mr Vincent and Mr Levett. The UK firm's accounts show that majority control of a subsidiary called Winchester Tokyo, which had previously not traded, was sold in 1993 for \$65,000 to an unknown third party, believed to be Mr Nishi.

Mr Nishi's present office is a large and unimpressive room with four desks and a computer on the ninth floor of a block in the Minami Aoyama district in Tokyo, a luxury area full of embassies, nightclubs and boutiques. When visited by the Inde-

pendent, a young man who identified himself as an employee confirmed that Mr Nishi had owned Winchester Tokyo for some years. Winchester Tokyo appears in effect to be the successor to DLT Tokyo, which Mr Nishi had bought from Mr Threlkeld.

As a result of these connections, investigators are likely to want to establish exactly what role, if any, Mr Nishi played in Mr Hamanaka's illicit copper dealings.

Winchester Commodities, the UK firm, has already been the object of a long investigation by the Securities and Futures Authority, another City regulator, in connection with its dealings with Codelco, a Chilean copper company that lost \$175m, as well as with Sumitomo.

Winchester was publicly cleared, but SFA sources this week made clear that this referred to certain specific issues and that the company was, along with a number of other dealers in the London

metal markets, being questioned as part of the wider inquiry into Sumitomo.

Winchester, for its part, strenuously denies any involvement in Sumitomo's losses and says it has done little business with the Japanese company for the last year.

For a small company based in the home counties town from which it takes its name, Winchester's profitability has been mind-boggling, proven by the £50m of bonuses paid to the two owners in two years. It is one of many firms that criminal and civil investigators on both sides of the Atlantic are expected to talk to in pursuit of the truth behind the Sumitomo scandal.

Another key player who has already admitted to receiving subpoenas from the New York attorney general's office is David Campbell, founder of Global Minerals and Metals Corporation of New York, a buyer and seller of copper that has had big dealings with Sumitomo, using accounts in London at the brokers Merrill Lynch and the commodities firm Rudolf Wolff.

This connection has thrown up one of the fiercest disputes in the story. Sumitomo said Mr Hamanaka was a rogue who operated alone. The loss-making trading accounts run by Global through London were completely unauthorised, a spokesman said.

But Merrill, the biggest broker in the US, flatly denies that. It has backed claims by Global that the accounts were fully authorised, and at a more senior level in Sumitomo than Mr Hamanaka.

Investigators are anxious to interview Mr Hamanaka and to scrutinise Sumitomo's records to establish whether he really did act alone, or whether the corporation was in deeper than it has yet admitted.

Unlike Barings, Sumitomo will easily withstand the losses. And, while investigations are likely to uncover a tale of wrongdoing that will shake international commodity markets, the scale of the scandal is such that the financial police will never catch up.

Additional reporting by Nic Cicutti and Richard Lloyd Parry.

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Jo Brand's week

Bra ads have taken on a controversial mantle in recent years, especially following the re-emergence of the underwire jobs that turn you from a flatchested wallflower into a cushion-bosomed tigress. Goodard seem to have gone one step further and started to use Benny Hill-esque innuendo. The latest shows a woman leaning back on a bed and bears the words "Who says a woman can't get enjoyment out of something soft?" I assume this refers to what is known as "brower's droop". Nice to know Frankie Howard is alive and well and working in advertising. Just down the road from where I live, someone has made the effort to spray "sexist shit" on the hoarding. Good-oh, protest is back, although perhaps something like "This advert is stupid, exploitative and pathetic and portrays women as passive objects who need to have a decent-sized chest to pull" would have been more effective in making a few male oglers skid off the road.

Ascot has brought out its usual cohorts of women, who seem to do nothing much apart from buy hats and then try and get their gobs on a camera. GMTV dug up some posh women, who was described as a "socialite" on the screen and gave her opinion on the fashion efforts of her fellow socialites. Viewers were invited to phone in and ask aforementioned posh women about etiquette and how to sidestep that humiliating social faux pas that condemns you to the disdains of your peers. (As if your average GMTV punter spends their life agonising about the dread of arriving at a do in the wrong outfit.) A woman who was attending a barbecue was advised to wear something "warm". It then appeared that the barbie was in a marriage, which moved the goal posts considerably and some sort of ballgown was recommended. Now totally confused, the phoned withdrew, none the wiser. Let's just hope she doesn't know a group of people who place the utmost importance on something as trivial as clothes. I'd go in a gorilla suit if I were you, missus.

Takes a European country competing in Euro 96, add a handful of simplistic clichés about that country, put a few nasty words in, make sure they can be understood by people with a reading age of nine and Hey! Presto! you've got a tabloid article on the teams England will have to meet in the tournament. Apart from encouraging racist fans, the level of humour is putrid. I wonder why grown-ups behave like this. Or perhaps someone who agreed with the very funny instructions like pulling up tulips, or revelled in the information that the Spanish gave us syphilis, can explain why anyone should take any notice of this puerile drivel.

I was in a cab in Liverpool the other night and the current number one began to play on the radio. It is yet another cover version of a song which was so good when it came out that it cannot be topped. "Killing Me Softly", by Roberta Flack was perfect and yet it has been rehashed and lapped up by an eager record buying public. There then ensued a discussion about why there are so many covers and the most popular theory appeared to be that

record companies are on to a safe bet with a song they know has done well in the past. All well and good, but I was looking forward, as I got older, to saying things about current music like "I can't understand a word" or "There's no tune". Instead, I'll find myself singing along to inferior versions of songs from my youth. Where's the enjoyment in the generation gap there? It's only a matter of time before Gemini hit us with their version of "Shaddup Your Face".

Everyone seems to think Cold Lazarus was crap and many reviewers, because of their distaste for Dennis Potter's politics, have been only too happy to jump on the man's grave and condemn his final piece

of work. I watched it because I think Dennis Potter was a great bloke and that Cold Lazarus at least deserved our attention, if not our praise. Lots of people seem unable to accept that writers are inconsistent or do not hit the spot with every piece of work they produce, but that doesn't mean they should be condemned out of hand. After all, Joseph Heller never managed to get anywhere near Catch 22 with any subsequent piece of work. Cold Lazarus, despite its flaws, was a great improvement on most of the tedious bang bang, chase chase, hump hump old cobbler's we are normally dished up.

Apparently, MP John Butcher would like a 14-mile picnic area in the centre of the M6 north of Birmingham with jugglers and acrobats entertaining people who are stuck in traffic jams. Most of us would rather MPs wanted to sort out the traffic jams. The hell that is getting through Birmingham, especially on a Friday night, is not going to be improved by a couple of blokes doing somersaults. In fact, knowing how pissed off I get sitting in the Birmingham conga on many occasions, I imagine these performers might become the focus of frustrated motorists' fists. If they are going to put anything in the centre of the M6 to relieve frustration, I would suggest punch bags or possibly huge pictures of transport ministers that we could all take pot shots at. Even better, just the ministers themselves would do me.

The Standard sent a female reporter along to Wembley recently to watch England play in Euro 96. She had never been to a game before and gave a football virgin's account of her experiences. She waxed long and joyfully about what marvellous chaps milled round her in the crowd. Strange that, because everyone I know that has been to see England play at Wembley has likened it to a regally fascistic and rather unpleasant experience. Perhaps said reporter was wearing the right bra to get the boys to like her.

Ascot: suits you, missus

Dennis Potter: worth watching

the commentators

PROFILE: Angus Loughran

Statto, the king of soccer nerds

The statistics freak from 'Fantasy Football' is not quite the anorak he portrays, but it's a close call, says Steve Boggan

Angus Loughran could scarcely have felt more vulnerable if he had been wearing his trademark pyjamas and dressing gown. He was in a bar in Amsterdam about to be beaten up by a group of Ajax fans when he decided only one thing could save him.

"I'll take you on," he told them, "but in a quiz about your football team."

"It was typical of Angus," said Paul Austin, one of his closest friends. "They answered 10 questions each - Angus got nine and they got three and they ended up buying him beer all night. Actually, Angus was a bit disappointed he got one wrong."

The Ajax fans were astonished that an Englishman should have such a knowledge of their team, but the encounter was hardly fair. Little did they know that the mild-mannered man in the tweed suit was Statto, a walking encyclopaedia of sport, a statistical anorak catapulted to cult status by *Fantasy Football League*, BBC's Friday night *apres-pub* show.

Today is one of the biggest in Loughran's life. This afternoon, he will be commenting on an England match for the first time in his other career as sports analyst for Eurosport. "It's an absolutely massive thrill for me," he said. "I do a lot of commenting, but this is something special." A lot of commenting is an understatement. He is on an aeroplane most days of the year, travelling to sporting fixtures in all corners of the globe.

Since *Fantasy Football League* was launched by the comedians Frank Skinner and David Baddiel, the status of Statto, the bespectacled butt of the jokes, has steadily grown. He is the saint of sporting statistics.

Sitting behind the breakfast bar in the lads' fantasy flat, wearing his dressing gown and pyjamas, Statto is called upon periodically to recall how many goals Frank McLintock scored in 1971 or how many beers George Best had during lunch on September 7, 1969.

To the sound of the audience chanting "STAT-TOHH, STAT-TOHH," he usually gets it right.

Angus Loughran was born 30 years ago in Glasgow. His father, James, was a conductor of the Hallé Orchestra. When not jetting around the world, he still lives with his mother, Nancy, in Altrincham, Cheshire. His friends believe he may be the most listened-to football analyst on the planet. His other passion is gambling and the two dovetail perfectly.

His career in both began early. "I started doing 'unofficial' bets at school when I was about seven years old," he said. "My 'official' betting started the following year. I backed West Ham to beat Fulham in the Cup final, which they did, and I had a few bets on the horses. I am good with statistics and I have a very good memory, but my main talent is for spotting value bets, good odds."

A passionate sportsman who was not actually very good at sport, Loughran threw himself into games at Ampleforth, the prestigious Catholic public school in north Yorkshire, by taking bets and commenting on rugby matches from the touchline.

He was in St Oswald's House, where, according to his younger brother Charles, "they were all very arty and nerdy and took a great pride in being dreadful at sport. They always used to reduce games against other houses to chaos and, while they did, Angus would commentate from the touchline and sort out the betting."

Among his more colourful enterprises were the books he ran on the number of monks who would turn up for morning mass and the type of food on offer for lunch. His academic work was interesting, too. Charles recalls that one English exam posed the question: "What is courage?" Rather than write an essay, the young Loughran replied simply: "This is."

Perhaps inevitably, his school report concluded: "This boy has Strange Ways. And he will probably end up there."

Not yet, he hasn't. His twin passions steered him toward a job at Ladbrokes as one of their in-house racing commentators.

"After the job interview, I remember thinking that I seemed to know more than they did, and that surprised me. After the second



Specs appeal: Angus Loughran, a walking, or rather sitting, encyclopaedia of sport

interview, I asked the interviewer what my chances were. He said there were two of us and we were even, so I asked him for a £100 bet on the other guy."

"I thought if I didn't get the job, I might as well at least get some money. But they wouldn't take the bet, so I knew I had the job."

The story is typical of Loughran. He now commentates for ESPN in America, Eurosport in Europe and Star TV in Asia, as well as the World Service and a myriad individual clubs. He is believed to make a fortune from his words and his bets.

the young Statto (wearing a brown jacket and tie and those same nerdy specs) found himself on the *Nine O'Clock News*.

But before pulling off the stunt, Loughran had had a quiet word on the boundary with the Indian all-rounder Kapil Dev to make sure he wouldn't be stopped as he carried on the stool. Loughran then returned to his friends and casually offered 10-1 that he would give Tavaré a stool to sit down on. "I figured I'd probably be arrested but the fine would only be £100, so I'd still be £200 up." The wheeze went down so

League household and bumped into Loughran while he was commentating on Spurs at White Hart Lane. "He struck me as being quite eccentric," said Jacobs.

In a recent interview, Jacobs added: "We couldn't use an actor, but we needed someone who could perform. And it is a performance. Statto is not Angus. Statto is an infinitely sad character, totally pathetic and a bit unsavoury. Angus isn't, though I'll admit it is a fine line."

Loughran's partners on *Fantasy Football League* are no kinder. "Angus has, in fact, got thousands

He once made £300 by handing the cricketer Chris Tavaré a stool during a boring innings. The crowd went wild...

He only sleeps two hours a night, but even they seem to get in the way. "The hour before bed is vital," he said in a recent interview.

If there's a punting opportunity that stands out, you can often get it the night before rather than wait until the next morning when it's in the papers and the odds have changed.

Always on the look out for a good bet, a 15-year-old Loughran once made £300 by marching on to the Oval and handing the batsman Chris Tavaré a stool during an interminably long and boring innings. The crowd went wild and

well he was offered life membership of the Oval.

According to Austin, Loughran is a marvellous raconteur who has "many girlfriends but no one girlfriend." His brother Charles says women simply don't fit into his lifestyle. "He's not the other way inclined, or anything like that," said Charles. "He's simply married to sport."

His sporting life became more hectic with his discovery by Andy Jacobs, producer of *Fantasy Football League*. Jacobs was looking for an anorak type as the third, nerdy, member of the *Fantasy Football*

of friends from all walks of life," said Frank Skinner. "And they all take the piss out of him. He's doomed to have that relationship with the world."

But it's a relationship he allows rather than endures. "If he wanted, he could hit back 10 times funnier each time someone took the mickey," said Austin. "But it's part of the deal that he doesn't hit back on the show."

"He doesn't hit back much in life, either, although he could. He's a bit like a sponge. He soaks it up with a smile and people love him for it."

DAVID AARONOVITCH

A savage malling



Sometimes, when friends tell me tales of tedious childhoods spent in churches and Sunday schools, being preached at by pale, sanctimonious curates, the face that drifts into my mind's screen is that of John Selwyn Gummer. Eating sweets? Think about the starving of Africa, says the Reverend Gummer. A hand pleasantly engaged in your trouser pocket? Please go and stand outside - I think you know why.

This could all be very unfair. At home with Cordelia and the rest of the family, Mr Gummer may well be the opposite of all these things. He may wander around naked listening to Clapton on his Walkman, pausing to water his cannabis plants. But his public persona does not suggest it. For instance, he disapproved of women priests on the (today) almost incomprehensible grounds of schism between the Roman Catholic and Anglican churches.

Thus, when JSG declares against something, I see the forces of the Counter-Reformation at work. Not far behind him ride the pointy haired forces of the Inquisition, determined to stamp out modernity. In the week, therefore, that Mr Gummer has announced yet another initiative designed to prevent the spread of the out-of-town shopping centre, I find myself asking whether these malls are not vastly superior to the unwelcoming and dirty high streets that they are replacing - and to which the Inquisition wishes to us to return.

Let us examine the reasons that the Gummerians dislike them. They intrude upon the countryside, it is said. But by no means is all countryside in any way pretty or pleasant. Just because something is located outside town does not make it Snowdon or Wenlock Edge. Bluntly, there is a lot of land out there that looks horrible. Next.

How about this then, reply the anti-modernists. Malls kill the brain. People travel to them in their cars and moon about the place like vegetables, when they could be hiking in the Trossachs, or listening to missionaries talk about their work. But I believe it was ever thus. Twenty years ago, my friend Paddy Johnson and his mates used to drive from Hampstead to Scratchwood

service station on the M1 in search of excitement every Saturday night. Try another.

Worst of all, wait the traditionalists, these malls are killing town centres, depriving small shops of custom, denuding streets of people, leaving them semi-deserted and the preserve of the vandal, the drug addict and the poor.

This, I admit, is more difficult territory. I do not want to see our town centres die. But I don't want to shop in them, either. Well before the advent of the green-field mall, town centres were full of unfriendly, inconvenient, money-grubbing shops selling a poor selection of high-priced goods to bur-

I don't want our town centres to die. But I don't want to shop in them, either

dened mums who had no alternative. They were awful.

In ancient times, folk put up with it. For a start, our mothers tended not to go out to work. They shopped nearly every day, struggling back with a shopping bag in one hand and us in the other. Because they were at home, they made shopping a social exercise, chatting to friends and leaving us in pushchairs outside the butcher's.

No longer. As more women have gone out to work, shopping has been masculinised. In the new domestic dispensation, women do the cooking, washing and ironing; men load the dishwashers and go to Tesco. And we do not want social experiences by the deli counter. Reading a shopping list requires enough concentration as it is without being distracted by friends wanting to talk. We will only forget the organic carrots and get shouted at. Shopping is a task to be accomplished with the minimum of fuss in the minimum amount of time. In, do it, check-out. Or, as the old phrase has it, wham, bam, thank you Ma'am. That is why men like malls.

"Ah", chorus Mr Gummer and the forces of reaction triumphantly. "QED. Get the women out of the pulpits and back into the shops." They may have a point.

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Camelot's worst nightmare is back

The Lottery winner Lee Ryan is out of jail and charging £50,000 an interview. By Rebecca Fowler

When Lee Ryan walked out of prison yesterday, beaming widely, he was not clutching the £30 traditionally handed out to departing inmates. Mr Ryan, 32, has his own £6.5m fortune, won on the National Lottery, and was instead picked up by his wife and three children in the Bentley to be taken to his £1m mansion where the gardener was hanging a "welcome home" sign.

When that sapphire hand of fate, created by Camelot's advertising company, swept down from a star-filled sky last year and boomed: "It is you, Mr Ryan," the lottery had found one of its most appropriate winners. No one better summed up that, in spite of all our residual Christian faith that the meek shall inherit the earth, the lottery is entirely amoral and at the current rate a dodgy car dealer has better odds of winning than any virtuous vicar.

In this modern-day fairy-tale it was Ryan, sentenced to 18 months for handling luxury stolen cars, who claimed the gold at the end of the rainbow and went off into the sunset of Stafford jail. As one of the earliest and most publicised winners, it was a bitter blow for Camelot, anxious for good publicity to combat fear that the lottery was an evil force creating a nation of greed-crazed gamblers.

Instead they were presented with Cheeky, as he was dubbed by the tabloids, who concluded stoically after his trial that he had "the mind of a criminal" and has not ruled out the possibility of further jail sentences because "you can never say never". When the charges against him were first disclosed in the press, a



Lee Ryan with his wife, Karen: "I had what I wanted before I got the money, I just didn't realise it"

spokesman from Camelot was forced to acknowledge: "Everybody in this country over the age of 16 is entitled to play the lottery... all sorts of people will be winners."

But it still sat uncomfortably with that celestial image of the hand emerging from the heavens, that has so upset the Church of England, and benignly points to the one person in 14 million who has hit the jackpot. It is the quasi-religious image Camelot created for itself that has tripped it up. "When we won, we looked at each other, me and Karen, and thought why us?" Mr

Ryan said candidly after his win. "Because to be honest, I'm not the most deserving person to have won."

Mr Ryan is not alone in facing post-lottery-win scrutiny. When Mukhtar Mohidin, the Blackburn factory worker, won £17.9m, Camelot announced: "They are a delightful family... they have reacted very well to the news." To date Mr Mohidin has fled the country, moved to the Home Counties under a new name, and temporarily split from his wife while his friends and family descended into an undignified scrap for a share in the fortune.

Yet, despite the undisputed evidence that Cheeky is a rascal who was given an extra week's imprisonment for shouting at the judge and vaulting over the witness box, he also delighted the punters by enjoying the fairy-tale so flamboyantly. While the arguably more deserving winners bought new Vauxhall Cavaliers, gave to their children and invested the rest, he was spend, spend, spending, and pronouncing that the most important thing for a lottery winner is "to be yourself".

He promptly bought the £1m man-

sion set in 40 acres of land, a Bel Ranger helicopter, and a fleet of the luxury cars he is so fond of, including £180,000 Ferrari Testarossa, a Porsche, a Jaguar, and he also has a Ducati motorbike. He plans to concentrate on passing his commercial flying licence. The mansion is set in 40 acres. Not had for the less-than-honest car dealer who advertised sales with fluorescent yellow signs in the back window of his council house on Leicester's notorious Braunston estate.

Although there is nothing commendable in Cheeky's crimes or his extravagance, he has also provided the best sport of the lottery so far: watching Camelot trip up over the total and utter amorality of the lottery, while winners emerge as normal and fallible individuals with histories that are not always a PR dream. The lottery operator, which is itself scooping more than £1m in profits each week, would not take messages for Cheeky yesterday, who was reputedly asking £50,000 an interview. "We don't really have anything to do with him anymore," said a spokeswoman.

But even Mr Ryan, a charitable man according to his lawyer, is not averse to some old-fashioned platitudes fitting of a more traditional fairy-tale, that would warm the hearts of Camelot and Anglican vicars alike. As he stepped into the Bentley, with the registration LEE 4, he said: "It has done me a good favour going to prison. It gave me an insight into what it's all about again. Money is not the be-all and end-all. It's family... I had what I wanted before I got the money, but I just didn't realise it."

business

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Hi-tech share plunge signals danger on Wall St

DIANE COYLE
Economics Editor

The week-long free-fall in US hi-tech shares came to a temporary halt yesterday when the technology-dominated Nasdaq index inched up seven points to 1,174 by mid-morning after six days of steep decline.

Yet a growing number of analysts see the recent dive on Nasdaq - down more than 7 per cent from its peak two weeks ago - as a harbinger of a serious setback on Wall Street.

They were joined yesterday by the giant Swiss investment bank UBS. The analyst Gail Duda said in a new report that parallels between the market now and November 1983 to July 1984 when Wall Street fell 16 per cent had become "numerous and disturbing".

The Dow Jones index has climbed nearly 11 per cent so far this year. Its only setbacks have followed figures showing faster-than-expected job creation this year, which raised fears the Federal Reserve might start to

raise interest rates. However, classic indicators of excessive high share price levels are flashing not just amber but red lights.

One is the ratio of bond-to-equity dividend yields, close to its 1987 pre-crash peak at 3.3. If there are further rises in bond yields triggered by the first Fed increase in interest rates or new inflation fears, share prices could tumble.

The optimistic case is that bond yields could fall if the economy turns out weaker than

the markets currently expect, which would reduce the yield ratio from present danger levels.

So far, the optimistic view has prevailed. The latest Merrill Lynch survey of US fund managers showed a sharp fall since March in the proportion of investors who expected the economy to pick up, and consequently a sharp rise in the proportion planning to invest in bonds. Yet a range of other indicators suggest that US shares are near their peak, according to the new UBS report.

New issues have been running at record levels this year. According to Securities Data, which tracks "initial public offerings", they raised \$15.8bn in the second quarter of this year, or about twice the annual rate set in the previous record year of 1993.

Many of this year's flotations are in-tech stocks, making the parallel with 1983 striking. That was a boom year for bio-tech issues - of which only a handful, including Chiron and Amgen, remain as listed companies.

Small technology stocks bore the brunt of the 1983-84 correction. A further similarity is that both 1983 and 1996 have seen huge surges of investment in the stock market through mutual funds. Their net investment in US equities has amounted to \$290bn at an annual rate so far this year.

That means American investors are running down their cash holdings, relative to total savings, to a record low of 31 per cent, according to Ms Duda. There are signs that the mutual fund inflow may be slowing, however. The May figure was \$18bn, down from last December's \$25.4bn.

The other key warning signal, she argues, is the growth in margin debt - or borrowing against the security of other assets to buy shares. It has reached an all-time high, and could prove a problem once share prices do start falling. If other shares have been used as securities, investors will be asked to put up more money.

Comment, page 17

Copper scandal sparks legal row

RICHARD LLOYD PARRY
Tokyo

The opening volleys are being fired in what is likely to be a fierce legal battle over the responsibility for the £1.2bn trading losses suffered by Sumitomo Corporation at the hands of its former copper trader, Yasuo Hamanaka.

The pressure on Sumitomo's senior management increased yesterday amid reports that lawyers in Japan and the United States are preparing to sue the corporation for losses connected with the Hamanaka debacle. It also emerged that Serious Fraud Office investigators intend to travel to Japan as early as next week to continue investigation of Sumitomo and Mr Hamanaka.

The SFO said as far as it was aware Mr Hamanaka was not in the UK, despite talk that he had come to London. The rogue trader has not been seen since he was fired by Sumitomo last week when he admitted concealing huge losses going back 10 years.

Hideo Iida, a lawyer who acted against Daiwa Bank, after a similar rogue trading case last year, told a Japanese newspaper on Thursday that a group of Sumitomo shareholders will demand compensation for the £1.2bn losses.

According to Kyodo news agency, a New York copper trader, Vincent Zuccarelli, has also filed a suit with the Manhattan District Court demanding compensation for huge losses allegedly caused by Mr Hamanaka's manipulation of the copper market. Mr Zuccarelli is reported to be considering a class action against companies alleged to have collaborated with Sumitomo.

Yesterday senior Sumitomo officials admitted for the first time that they are contemplating a law suit against Mr Hamanaka for breach of trust.

Mr Hamanaka's legal position within Japan is ambiguous. Despite being based in Tokyo, he conducted his trades overseas, and is not accused of any crime which can be prosecuted domestically. His alleged activities appear outside the jurisdiction of any of the Japanese authorities, the Ministry of Finance, Ministry of International Trade and Industry, or Bank of Japan.

Word around the camp fire is that he's made a permanent exit, "an employee of big Japanese trading house said. "He's probably in the Caribbean as we speak, with a pina colada in his hand, and a dolly bird on each knee, sticking two fingers up at corporate Japan."

Lloyd's warns that warring US names may be left in cold

PETER RODGERS
Financial Editor

Lloyd's of London yesterday warned American members that they could be excluded from the £3.1bn rescue plan if legal challenges in the US continue. But as it sent out letters and documents detailing the final settlement for all 34,000 members of the market - who will receive their individual statements over the next few days - Lloyd's insisted it was optimistic that the 2,700 American names could be brought into the deal.

The letters began the last stage of plans to rescue Lloyd's and put it on a sound footing, with a deadline now set of 28 August for the rescue package to be accepted by the market's members.

The settlement offer said among the difficulties in the US were legal claims being made that the establishment of Equitas, the reinsurance vehicle into which the market's old liabilities have been lumped, involves the issue of a security, bringing it into the remit of securities regulators in the US.

Lloyd's disputes this challenge, but says it could have a serious impact on its ability to include all US names in the settlement offer.

Ron Sandler, chief executive, says in an introduction to the document: "Progress has been made in recent weeks but I cannot rule out the possibility that we may decide not to make the offer to US names, either generally or in certain states."

Mr Sandler tells the names that if the offer is not accepted there is a real risk of a failure of Lloyd's, which has lost £3bn in the last five years. If that happened, names and their estates would have full liability to their policyholders, and mechanisms for debt collection would "operate with full force".

British names' representatives welcomed the improved offer and said it was likely to receive a positive response. There is a wave of opposition by names' action groups to attempts to change the deal at an extraordinary meeting of members next month.

One of the harshest critics, Christopher Stockwell, of the

Lloyd's Names Associations' Working Party, which called the EGM, said: "What we have got is a big improvement on the offer that was made initially."

"This is a way that gives us a solution now. I anticipate that a substantial majority will wish to accept, although a minority of names will feel it is not good enough."

David Rowland, Lloyd's chairman, in a letter to names accompanying a detailed information package, said he deeply regretted the events that had made the reconstruction plan necessary.

"A very supportive, very encouraging response from the members," was how a Lloyd's spokesman described a meeting of 400 Australian names with deputy chairman John Stace this week.

Before taking their funds at Lloyd's into account, 12,000 names will receive a release from additional payments, 6,800 will have a bill of no more than £25,000, 4,100 will have to pay £25,000-£50,000, while 3,600 will have to pay £50,000-£75,000.



Exclusion zone: Some 2,700 Americans may have cause to rue if they are left out of the settlement decided in London (above)

Analyst barred by Somerfield for criticism

NIGEL COPE

Somerfield, the supermarket group which is planning a stock market flotation next month, banned a City analyst from a presentation and store visit this week after he wrote a negative circular on the company.

Somerfield's jumpy reaction came as other analysts and institutions expressed grave reservations about the chances of the company floating at a satisfactory valuation. Somerfield is hoping for a £500m price tag when it floats.

Frank Davidson of James Capel had been invited to a visit of four stores in the Swindon and Gloucestershire area along with 14 other analysts on Thursday. However, his invitation was withdrawn after he published a research note two days earlier.

It suggests that though the company will be able to improve profits in the short term, Somerfield's longer-term outlook is poor. His reservations include the widely held view that the store portfolio has suffered from under-investment and that it has too many high street sites and too few out-of-town superstores.

The company can be floated but we expect it to be at a substantial discount to the rest of the sector," Mr Davidson said yesterday.

Somerfield defended its actions yesterday, saying it had tried to persuade Mr Davidson to delay publication until after the store visit. It claimed the research note was "not very helpful".

The spat with the City came as several fund managers expressed a lack of enthusiasm for the float. One said: "It seems like the kind of float where serious fund managers will leave it to the next man." Asked if he would subscribe for shares he said: "Probably not."

Another leading fund manager said the company's obvious problems such as high debt, low market share and powerful competitors would affect the price of the offer. "Clearly there are huge question marks over the company and we would expect it to be priced accordingly," he said. "We might do but we have not seen the company yet."

The float could be pulled if the price is lowered to a level the company's backers found unacceptable. Somerfield said the retail marketing had gone well and that 19,000 private investors had registered for details.

Somerfield is Britain's fifth-largest supermarket group but has been weighed down by debts since the ill-starred £2.1bn Isosceles buy out in 1989.

Warburg 'argy bargy' stirs up Paris bourse

NIGEL COPE

A French bank was subjected to a harsh lesson in aggressive Anglo-Saxon investment techniques yesterday when the battle for control of a £700m French investment trust took an unexpected turn.

The subject of the power play was Compagnie d'Investissement de Paris (CIP), a French company which takes small stakes in

quoted companies. Banque Nationale de Paris controls 84 per cent of CIP and last week made an offer to buy out all the minority shareholders.

Unfortunately for the French these included SBC Warburg, the London-based Swiss bank which controls a 3 per cent stake and was unimpressed by the terms of the offer.

BNP offered the minority shareholders one BNP share for

every CIP share held. Though BNP shares were then valued at FF202 they slipped this week to FF180, valuing the company at FF53bn (£532m).

To prove its point Warburg's yesterday tabled a FF205 per share offer for BNP's 84 per cent stake, valuing the whole company at £630m. The offer will stand until noon on Monday. By close of trading yesterday, Warburg's had heard nothing.

It is thought that Warburg has no real interest in taking the whole of CIP but in pushing up the price.

Warburg's aggressive tactics are likely to have come as quite a shock in the comparatively sleepy Paris bourse where such argy bargy is less common.

The muscular move comes in the same week as Britain's Takeover Panel launched its latest salvo to prevent Brussels from

interfering in domestic bids and deals. Contested takeover bids are uncommon on the Continent and in some cases virtually unheard of. The City has reacted angrily to suggestions that Brussels should try to harmonise European takeover codes. It is seen as an attempt to rein in what the Continent sees as untrammeled Anglo-Saxon speculators wreaking havoc.

Comment, page 17

Blue Circle in £330m shake-up

TOM STEVENSON
City Editor

Blue Circle launched a £330m investment programme yesterday in a bid to become Europe's most cost-efficient cement producer. The restructuring of Blue Circle Cement is the second big shake-up in the division in four years.

Keith Orrell-Jones, chief executive, said: "The programmes we have agreed will ensure that Blue Circle Cement will be as competitive and efficient as any in Europe in the years to come."

Analysts were sceptical of the company's claim that it had identified cost savings worth £50m a year, but they broadly welcomed the programme which involves the construction of a £180m state-of-the-art cement works in Kent to serve the South-east market.

The new site, probably at Holborough in the north of the



Keith Orrell-Jones: Aiming to be the best

county, will replace two existing sites at Newnham in the north, Thames and one near Ipswich. Holborough will have a capacity of 1.4 million tonnes a year and is designed to protect Blue Circle's share of the lucrative South-east cement market. Ian McKenzie, chief executive, said: "We shall end up with a col-

lection of core cement works that will be very efficient indeed in comparison with other producers in Europe."

The consolidation is expected to cost 150 jobs in addition to the 1,300 the company warned were at risk from a proposed shake-up of the troubled heating division.

Mr McKenzie said Blue Circle had "benchmark" its performance against Europe's other suppliers - which include Germany's Heidelberg Zement and France's Lafarge Coppee - and was aiming for a doubling of productivity in the long term.

The seven works designated "core" by Blue Circle are located around Britain from south Wales to Northern Ireland and Scotland. Three more smaller plants will operate in niche markets and receive lower investment than main works. Mr McKenzie said that its overall capacity of around 7.5

million tonnes per year would be unchanged as a result of the restructuring. He added that a 4 per cent increase in cement prices introduced in April was "sticking well" in the market.

Blue Circle last rationalised its cement business in November 1992 in a move that cost 550 jobs, around a fifth of the then workforce. It said at the time it was reducing capacity in response to expected lower demand for cement.

The new restructuring, which takes place against continued uncertainty in the construction sector, is designed to exploit new efficiencies in distribution, working arrangements, plant reliability and savings in energy costs. Blue Circle said it had announced that Holborough was its preferred site at an early stage to enable further evaluation and the detailed site investigation required for an environmental assessment to be concluded.

STOCK MARKETS						
Index	Close	Day's change	Change(%)	1996 High	1996 Low	Yield(%)
FT-SE 100	3722.30	-5.20	-0.1	3857.10	3539.50	4.09
FTSE 250	4440.70	-9.10	-0.2	4588.60	4015.30	3.40
FTSE 350	1883.60	-3.00	-0.2	1945.40	1816.80	3.94
FT Small Cap	2232.44	-3.39	-0.2	2244.36	1954.06	2.91
FT All Share	1870.80	-2.87	-0.2	1924.17	1791.95	3.86
New York	5675.68	+16.25	+0.3	5778.00	5032.94	2.19
Tokyo	22598.98	+161.68	+0.7	22598.98	19734.70	0.71+
Hong Kong	10855.29	-9.18	-0.5	11594.99	10204.87	3.38+
Frankfurt	2540.11	+0.44	+0.0	2570.78	2253.36	1.85+

Source: FT Information

INTEREST RATES									
E/S			E/DM			E/Y			
<p>Libor 3 Month Index</p> <p>1 Month 3 Months 6 Months 1 Year Long Term 10 Year</p>									
<p>Country Market Rates</p> <p>1 Month 1 Year 3 Months 6 Months 1 Year 10 Year</p>									
<p>UK 5.69 6.81 8.03 8.16 8.14 8.23</p> <p>US 5.41 6.81 6.94 6.06 7.09 6.50</p> <p>Japan 0.47 1.13 3.29 2.68 - -</p> <p>Germany 3.41 3.72 5.61 6.75 7.19 -</p>									
<p>Stockmarket Indices</p> <p>1000 2000 3000 4000 5000 6000 7000 8000 9000 10000</p>									
<p>MAIN PRICE CHANGES</p> <p>Price (p) Change (p) Change(%) Price (p) Change (p) Change(%)</p>									
<p>Scottish Home 778 55 7.6</p> <p>Northern Electric 571 21 3.8</p> <p>Nic 187 5 2.7</p>					<p>Mersey Docks 378 26 6.4</p> <p>British Biotech 2508 102 3.9</p> <p>Morrison (W) suppl 158 6 3.7</p>				

OTHER INDICATORS						
	Yesterday	Day's change	Year Ago	Index	Latest 12 Mo	Best Price
Oil Brent \$	18.16	+0.06	16.30	RPI	152.9+2.2p	149.8 11 July
Gold \$	383.65	-0.65	389.75	GDP	130.3+1.1p	124.8 28 June
Gold £	249.09	-0.26	242.97	Base Rates	-	5.75pc 5.75

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COMMENT

The nervous state of the Treasury bond market and the giddy heights reached by the bond-equity yield ratio suggest a fall in share prices that would swamp the impact of better profit prospects

Picnic time nears as the bears await their share

It is more than five years since Wall Street fell by as much as 10 per cent. Not surprisingly, for the past year or so more than the occasional pundit has popped up to predict that the bull market is about to draw to an end. During the past two weeks the rustling sound of bearish punditry has become louder. Is this it? Is the Dow's gravity-defying performance drawing to an end?

There are two underlying questions. One concerns the economic fundamentals, the other liquidity flows. The consensus Wall Street forecast for corporate earnings is that they will grow by about 6 per cent this year, but this is based on the assumption that economic expansion is modest.

Recent economic indicators, along with anecdotal evidence from the companies, suggest that the pace of growth is turning out to be stronger. That will mean better company profits, so forecast upgrades could underpin the Dow for a bit longer. However, better growth prospects will also incline the Federal Reserve towards raising short-term interest rates - perhaps as early as the next meeting on 2-3 July. The nervous state of the Treasury bond market and the giddy heights reached by the bond-equity yield ratio suggest a fall in share prices that would swamp the impact of better profit prospects.

The second risk is the possibility that purchases of US equities by mutual funds will slow from their equally giddy heights, with nothing obvious to replace them in their role as sponge for the record level of new issues.

Those predicting a big correction have been wrong for so long that it is easy to scoff at their continued warnings of bad times to come. But even if we are not talking full-scale crash here, the bull case looks increasingly hard to sustain. And the growing number of signals flashing red point to something worse.

Paris says 'non' to Anglo-Saxon arbs

Sacre bleu!! Those nasty Anglo-Saxon speculators from the City are trying to export their methods to the Paris bourse. As if Anglo-French relations were not bad enough already, SBC Warburg's arbitrage department is creating a minor beef crisis all of its own by launching an effective £700m bid for CIP, a French investment company largely owned by Banque Nationale de Paris.

Quite a stink it is causing, too. CIP is essentially a vehicle through which BNP holds stakes in its banking clients, curious enough in itself by the standards of the City, where that sort of thing is taboo. Some years ago, a small minority holding in CIP was floated off, and the shares were traded at a substantial discount to the value of the underlying securities ever since.

Arbs are trained to sniff out potential money-making opportunities like this, so in they marched demanding fair value for the minority. Eventually BNP reluctantly made

an offer - one of its shares for every one CIP share. This was an advance of sorts, but it still represented a big discount to real value. That discount widens by the day as the BNP share price heads steadily south. "Rip off," screamed the arbs, who then took their case for fair value to the French regulatory authorities.

Here, by all accounts, the whole sorry saga began to take on truly comic aspects. The French refused to conduct proceedings in English because they were in France dealing with matters affecting a French company, and the English refused to speak in French because they couldn't.

Translators failed to close the communications gap, which seems to be as much cultural as linguistic. So now SBC Warburg has called BNP's bluff by launching its own higher cash bid. BNP, as majority shareholder, is under no obligation to accept, but its position is nonetheless a highly embarrassing one. If it doesn't accept, it will be accused of depriving the minority of fair value. And if it does accept, it loses the prize of all those CIP assets on the cheap. Ah, the perils of free Anglo-Saxon markets.

Mind you, there's nothing particularly French about the spectacle of a powerful majority shareholder attempting to crunch the poor minority.

It happens in the Anglo-Saxon world the whole time too. The difference is that in Britain and the US, shareholders are alive

to it, and generally they get protection. But for SBC Warburg, BNP would have got away with it.

Media barons in a muddle

What on earth are Europe's media barons up to as they prepare for the launch of digital TV services in Germany and across the Continent? At first, it all seemed so perfect. There was the not unexpected news that Rupert Murdoch had finally settled on a partnership with subscription television, where a pitiful 3 per cent of the TV population has signed on, against 25 per cent penetration by BSkyB and cable companies in the UK. With the prospect of new programming, delivered via digital satellite, penetration rates are likely to soar. Independent forecasters believe more than 6 million homes in Germany will be multichannel subscribers by 2004 - in line with Europe-wide growth that will see the number of pay-TV homes rise to as much as 33m homes.

The only fear for the broadcasters was that a "standards" battle would erupt in Germany, the key market. Leo Kirch, the Bavarian media baron, looked intent on developing his own digital standard which ignored Bertelsmann altogether, despite his joint venture in analogue pay-TV, Premiere, which boasted Bertelsmann as a partner. Mr Murdoch talked first to CLT, then to Kirch, and then to Bertelsmann, keeping his options open. In March, the "dream team" alliance was unveiled, grouping Mr Murdoch's BSkyB, Canal Plus and Bertelsmann. Only Kirch and CLT, the Luxembourg-based broadcaster, were sidelined.

Since then, the situation has deteriorated radically, and the fault is largely Mr Dornemann's at Bertelsmann. The first sign of trouble came with a lightning deal between Dornemann and Michael Dellove, of CLT, to merge the two companies' television interests. Thereafter, progress was so slow and fraught with tension, that the alliance crumbled, with Bertelsmann now scrambling to woo its partners back. Mr Murdoch, through his BSkyB, says he is still ready to listen, that the door is still open.

For the German consumer, two set-top boxes, and two separate digital services, don't make sense. Sky and the old British Satellite Broadcasting ended up merging in the end. It seems unlikely there is enough room for two, fully developed German digital systems. Mr Dornemann would be well advised to swallow his pride and extend an olive branch to Canal Plus and Mr Murdoch. On past form, it is better to be with Mr Murdoch than again him.

Fortune brews for Whittard bosses

NIGEL COPE

The directors of Whittard of Chelsea, the specialist tea retailer, will find their stakes in the company worth £15m when it comes to the Alternative Investment Market next week. The 270 staff will benefit from a free share hand-out worth a total £200,000.

Whittard's shares have been priced at 148p, valuing the company at £24.5m. The listing will raise £8.5m which will be used to repay the venture capital groups who supported a buyout in 1988, and to add more branches to its network of 79.

The biggest beneficiaries of the flotation are chairman David Gyle Thompson and managing director Will Hobhouse who will hold 58 per cent of the shares following the flotation: Mr Gyle Thompson's shares will be worth £7m, while Mr Hobhouse's stake will have a paper value of £5.5m. It is the second fortune Mr Hobhouse,

39, has made from a stock market flotation. He was managing director of The Rack when it was floated in 1987. "You could say that I have no mortgage on my house," he quipped yesterday.

The company plans to add 10-15 new shops a year for the next five years. Next month it will open a new shop near Victoria in London which will roast coffee on site.

Later in the summer it will open a larger format in London's Baker Street featuring an espresso bar.

Whittard has 19 stores in Japan operated under a licensing agreement. It is seeking franchise partners in the US and arrangements for stores in Thailand and Taiwan are also under discussion.

"Whittard has got 4.9 per cent of the specialty coffee market and 14 per cent of the specialty tea market," Mr Hobhouse said. "We believe we have only just started."

Whittard was founded in

1886 by Walter Whittard selling teas and coffees to local businesses. In 1973, the then owner Dick Whittard sold the business to interests controlled by Mr Gyle Thompson. Mr Hobhouse joined in 1988.

As well as teas and coffee the company sells ceramics such as teapots and mugs as well as confectionery and coffee making equipment.

Last year Whittards made profits of £2m on sales of £18m. This represents a fairly rapid expansion for a company which in 1993 recorded profits of just £233,000 on sales of £7.1m.

Although the proceeds of the placing will be £8.5m, around £6m will be paid to venture capital investors. A further £450,000 will be swallowed up in flotation costs.

The remaining £2m will be used to fund the expansion of the business.

Just over 58 per cent of the shares are being floated. Dealing will start on Thursday.



A fortune in the tea-leaves: Will Hobhouse's stake in the company will be worth around £5.5m on paper

Modest rise for Jarvis debut

TOM STEVENSON
City Editor

Investors expecting more instant profits from the new issues market were disappointed yesterday when shares in Jarvis Hotels managed only a modest premium on their first day of dealings.

The stock closed at just 5p above its 175p issue price, after touching 193p, despite the flotation being heavily oversubscribed. More than 11 million shares changed hands, however, making Jarvis the second most heavily traded stock on the exchange.

The company said more than 25,000 members of the public had applied for shares in the mid-market hotel chain. They will share 8.37 million shares, representing about 10 per cent of the offer. Apart from a handful of employee shares, the rest will be allocated to institutions, who applied for 6.75 times the number of shares on offer.

At the close, Jarvis was valued at £320m, well in excess of its estimates in May, when it announced plans to float, of between £260m and £280m.

The success of the issue follows the successful listing of other hotel companies this year, including Millennium & Copthorne, Macdonald and Cliveden.

Jarvis was founded in 1990 by John Jarvis, chairman and chief executive, who had previously run Ladbroke's Hilton International arm. The group's first move was to acquire 41 Embassy Hotels from Allied Breweries. Two years ago the company bought 20 more hotels from Resort Hotels.

Jarvis now owns and operates 62 mid-range hotels in the UK with a total of about 5,000 rooms. The company focuses on the business, conference, and weekend getaway markets under brand names including Summit Conferences, Sebastian Coe Health Clubs, and Embassy Leisure Breaks.

Analysis believe Jarvis has come to the market with a strong management team, a good track record and prospects of substantial growth in a hotel sub-sector that is itself riding a buoyant wave. Merrill Lynch estimates profits rising by more than 25 per cent in each of the next two years, driven by higher occupancy and higher room rates.

Tip-top share advice off the PEG

THE INVESTMENT COLUMN

EDITED BY TOM STEVENSON

One of the enduring mysteries about investment in this country is that there are so few books to read on the subject. Go into any bookshop and you will be faced with hundreds of how-to guides on cooking, gardening, computing and any number of other hobbies. But for the serious investor, it is next to impossible to find a book not written by an American, for American readers and focused on Wall Street.

A notable exception to this rule in recent years has been Jim Slater, whose first book, *The Zulu Principle*, was at the time the only decent attempt to take a systematic look at what made for good investment. It was a welcome antidote to the amateurish diletantism that has characterised share-tipping over here.

Since then he has also written an investment primer, *Investment Made Easy*, and a more advanced book on buying yield stocks, *Peep Up Your Wealth*, based on the thinking of the US investor Michael O'Higgins, who for years has championed the cause of out-of-favour, high-yielding stocks which both in the US and here have tended to outperform the market by a sizeable margin.

Anyone who has read these books will be interested in Mr Slater's latest book, due to be published in the autumn. *Beyond The Zulu Principle*, as its

name suggests, takes the thinking in Mr Slater's first book further and attempts to develop nothing less ambitious than a share-selection technique that will consistently pick high-performance growth shares, the Holy Grail of investing.

Never one to miss a profitable opportunity, Mr Slater makes no bones about the fact that the book is also a tool to promote his proudest creation in recent years, a monthly statistical service called, with no lack of modesty, *Really Essential Financial Statistics* (Refs for short).

It is not a bad description of a product which many investors are finding to be the definitive investment tool. Coming in three volumes every month, Refs provides more than 2,000 pages of comprehensive statistical information on companies from the biggest FTSE 100 stocks down to AIM tiddlers.

As well as a wealth of historic profit-and-loss and balance sheet information, each company's full-page entry shows a full list of individual brokers' forecasts, entries showing recent directors' deal-

ings, news flow over the previous year, key dates and a sophisticated chart superimposing and comparing earnings per share and share price performance.

Refs' biggest advantage over other statistical services, however, is the fact that all the investment information such as price/earnings ratios and growth rates are calculated on a rolling 12-months-ahead basis that uses a pro rata proportion of the next two years' forecasts to get an accurate fix on the next year's statistics.

This is such a simple development that it is amazing no one else has done it already, but if you think about it, it is a minimum requirement for any sensible comparison of companies. Putting them on a wholly comparable footing means a volume of tables listing stocks in order of attractiveness according to various criteria can be created.

At a glance investors can see which shares have the highest return on capital, which have the strongest cash flow, which have outperformed the market most over the past year, or which have

the lowest ratings relative to prospective growth rates.

It is these last two nuggets of investment knowledge that form the basis of the argument laid out in *Beyond The Zulu Principle*. The basic approach Mr Slater now adopts in his share selection, and which he recommends in the book, is to buy shares that trade on a low p/e relative to their forecast growth but which have already started outperforming as the market wakes up to their attractions.

It is a simple enough method, made even more so by the tables in Refs which list companies that meet these two crucial criteria. But Mr Slater's extensive research over the past year or so suggests that it has also been highly effective (albeit only tested in a relatively buoyant market).

Between April 1995 and April this year shares with p/e ratios of less than three quarters their forecast growth rate over the coming year (with low Price Earnings Growth factors, or PEGs, according to Mr Slater's terminology) have outperformed the market by an impressive margin. Even among FTSE 100 companies, where you would expect the market to be reasonably efficient, low PEG companies rose by an average of 21 per cent compared with a rise of 9.5 per cent for the index as a whole. The chart shows the detailed monthly performance.

At the smaller end of the market, where companies are less well researched, the effect is even more dramatic. The book charts the progress of a portfolio of shares, chosen on the basis of low PEG, strong cash flow and good relative strength, over the first six months of this year. The five stocks rose by 65 per cent on average compared with a 6 per cent rise in the All-Share index and a 14 per cent increase in the Small-Cap index.

It is early days yet to judge the effectiveness of the Slater technique, but the evidence so far is compelling. At £675 a year for the monthly edition, or £250 quarterly, however, Refs is plainly a sizeable investment in itself. But if you can replicate the performance of Mr Slater's portfolios the pay-back on even a fairly modest portfolio should be quite rapid.

For a group of investors, say an investment club, it would appear to be an essential tool. For anyone with even a passing interest in equity investment, the book is definitely worth a read.

'Beyond The Zulu Principle' will be published later this year by Orion. Really Essential Financial Statistics is available from Hemmington Scott Publishing, tel: 0171-278 7769.

IN BRIEF

• **Electra Investment Trust** outperformed the FTSE All-share index with a rise of 7.9 per cent in net asset value in the six months to March. The interim dividend was up 5.4 per cent to 3.9p a share.

• **The Office of Fair Trading** is in talks with British Airways over the airline's planned alliance with American Airlines. The OFT will advise the Government on whether the deal, which it regards as a merger qualifying for investigation, should be referred to the Monopolies and Mergers Commission. An OFT spokesman said it had yet to receive a submission from British Airways.

• **Roche**, the Swiss pharmaceuticals group, said European authorities granted preliminary approval for Invirase, a new AIDS treatment first approved in the US last year. Invirase is one of a new class of drugs called protease inhibitors, which are typically used in combination with existing drugs such as Glaxo Wellcome's AZT and 3TC to treat AIDS (Bloomberg).

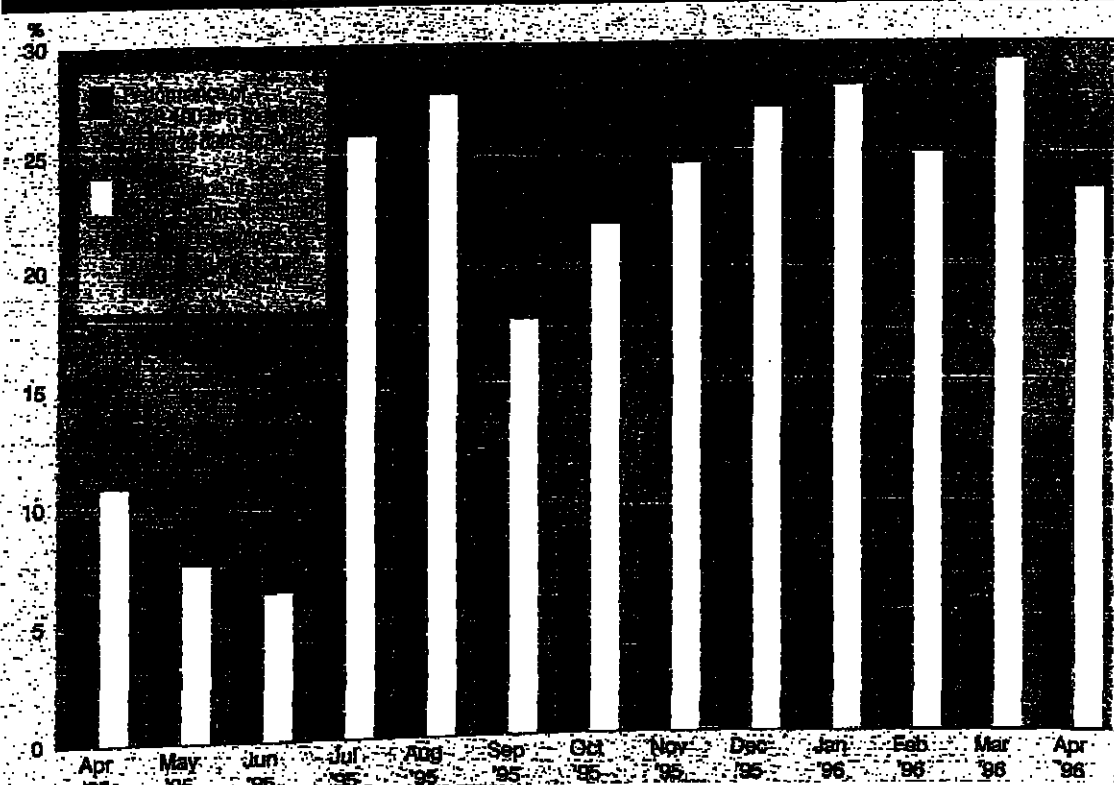
• **MAN**, the German truck and machinery maker, said sales in the first 11 months May climbed 10 per cent, but orders fell by 3 per cent. Sales of commercial vehicles rose 12 per cent but the division saw new orders decline 4 per cent.

• **Sinclair Montrose Healthcare** said its share issue was three times oversubscribed. The company will be capitalised at about £17m. The shares are expected to open at a 25-30p premium to the 140p offer price when dealings begin on AIM on Monday.

• **Royal Insurance Holdings** agreed to sell its 33.3 per cent stake in European Partners for Insurance Co-operation SA (EPIC) to Germany's Aachener and Munchener for £114 million. EPIC was formed in 1992 as a three-way venture between Royal Insurance, AMB and Italy's La Fondiaria as a way of developing European's business outside the backers' home countries. AMB has already bought La Fondiaria's stake.

• **Mirror Group Newspapers** bought a controlling stake in the firm which publishes the *Belfast News Letter*, the world's oldest English-language newspaper. Mirror said it bought a majority interest in Century Newspapers for an undisclosed sum. The *News Letter*, founded in 1737, is distributed in Belfast and the rest of Northern Ireland. It has a total circulation of around 100,000.

HOW LOW PEGs BEAT THE MARKET



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TAKING STOCK

What goes up must come down — such a thought should be haunting British Biotech, until a few weeks ago a high flyer and candidate for membership of the exclusive Footsie club.

The shares slumped another 10½p to 2.508p. Since peaking at 2.315 last month they have been in almost relentless retreat. To some extent Bio is a victim, of its own success.

Last month it produced what can only be described as encouraging data about its Marimastat cancer drug. There are high hopes the phase III trials are going well and the treatment will have a realistic chance of being launched and becoming a legendary drugs blockbuster.

But, paradoxically, Marimastat's progress has raised stock market doubts about Bio's valuation.

Merrill Lynch set the cat among the pigeons when it said the shares were 30 per cent too high.

And with many investors sitting on huge profits — the shares have climbed from 462p since July — the temptation to lock in at least some of their rewards have proved irresistible.

This week there has been some heavy selling with one stockbroker unloading 1.2 million shares. Although that particular block was quickly mopped up sellers have kept the upper hand with the result that the fall has, in effect, become self-feding, prompting more and more investors to take at least some of their profits.

Bio's shares are similar slides before. Each time, after shaking out nervous holders, the shares have rallied strongly. But this time round the jitters seem far more pronounced.

But as one drugs company looks in need of an injection another is riding high. Scotland



Stock market reporter of the year

holdings was yesterday's star, jumping 55p to 778p as stories buzzed that a positive analytical note was about to appear. One suggestion was Scotia had met one leading investment house, thought to be Kleinwort Benson. The shares were 423p a year ago. Chiroscience was also in form, up 22p to 469p.

Oxford Molecular fell 8p to 329p as Cazenove paid 7.5 pence for shares in the Originals venture capitalist based in London was thought to be selling. Last month Car placed 15 million shares in the drugs software group, at around 300p.

The rest of the market fared fitfully in a mid-summer haze. Once again it ignored a

firm New York. After struggling throughout the session to hang on to a modest gain it surrendered in the last hour, ending 5.2 points down at 3,722.3. The futures expiry went smoothly.

GRE edged forward 2p to 260p as bid stories resurfaced. Commercial Union, the favourite to pounce, shaded 4p to 574p.

Amsterdams financial share, another, had a lively session, as Barclays de Zoete Wedd made positive noises. Ordinary shares jumped 32p to 1,360p and the non voters 2p to 1,048p.

Whitbread, still suffering from the reported row with David Lloyd, had to contend

with rumours it was about to pay £500 to £600m for the Oddbins off-licence chain. The shares, with A&N Amro Hoare Govett saying they are overvalued, fell 11.5p to 718.5p.

Pelican, the restaurant chain, which should serve up appetising year's figures next week, added 4p to 157p. It is regarded as a possible Whitbread target.

Jarvis Hotels when issued shares ended at 180p after being priced at 175p. They touched 193p with Seafood turnover put at 20.4 million shares.

Utilities continued to enjoy takeover speculation with at least two US groups, Florida Power and International Paper, said to be on the prowl.

Southern Electric, seen as an anxious predator after its Southern Water failure, gained 13p to 715p.

Yorkshire Tyne Tees Television hardened to 1,135p, as NatWest Securities lifted its

profit forecasts. It expects £17.5m this year, rising to £31m in 1999.

Mersey Docks & Harbour jumped 26p to 378p following the escalation of its dockers dispute. BBA held at 31p. It is taking analysts to see its Swedish operations next week.

A jaunt which is regarded as a bridge building exercise following its short lived former intervention in the Lucas Industries/Varty merger.

The brighter outlook for the housing market lifted estate agents, Hambro Countrywide 8p to 86p and John D Wood 5p to 60p. Hambro, the merchant bank controlling Countrywide, called to 230p.

Rhine, the wide-gauges retailer to be called Edection, Boutique, gained 1.5p to 17.5p following an encouraging statement. Chairman Joe Firestone said a 60 per cent sales increase had been achieved in 19 remodelled outlets.

■ Tallow Oil rose 3p to 86p as stories filtered through that a rights issue may be rolled out next week.

There were suggestions of a one-for-eight call at 80p. The company has interests in Britain, Senegal, India and the Czech Republic but it is its involvement in Pakistan which is the jewel in its crown. Development of the Pakistani fields could prompt the next call.

There is also speculation that Tullow has had bid approaches - British Gas is one name in the frame.

□ Vision, a leader in miniature camera technology, will suffer further losses in the year ending next month but then move into profit, stockbrokers Albert E Sharp and Greig Middleton agree. Sharp looks for £3m and GM £3.7m. The shares held at 28p.

Share Price Data
Prices are in sterling except where stated. The yield is last year's dividend, grossed up to 50 per cent, as a percentage of the share price. The price/earnings (P/E) ratio is the share price divided by last year's earnings per share, excluding exceptional items.
Other details: r Ex rights x Ex-dividend x Ex all x Unlisted Securities Market x Suspended
Partly Paid prn Nil Paid Shares. ‡ AIM Stock Source: FT Information

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	Vol/No	Stock	Vol/No	Stock	Vol/No	Stock
Cargill	280000	British Gas	260000	ASDA Group	980000	Tesco
Direct Steel	500000	PowderMill Int'l	100000	BT	800000	Globe Telecom
BSR	460000	FT	50000	Qatar	800000	Telecom
Telecom TSI	900000	Qatar	100000	Madame	500000	Standard Chartered
Johnson	600000	National Grid	500000	Railtrack	600000	Ladbroke

Open 3726.5 down 10	11.00 3726.2 up 15	14.00 3734.2 up 6.7
High 3726.5 down 10	12.00 3725.2 up 2.0	15.00 3733.6 up 6.1
Low 3710.0 up 22.5	13.00 3725.5 up 2.3	16.00 3728.1 up 0.6
10.00 3725.3 up 10.8	15.00 3733.5 up 34	Close 3723.3 down 3.2

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THE INDEPENDENT

Win a luxury weekend break

The Compleat Angler has an idyllic position on the banks of the River Thames in the Georgian town of Marlow. An atmosphere of warmth and intimacy makes The Compleat Angler the perfect escape for a romantic weekend break or for any special celebration. Renowned for it's excellent food and service, guests can enjoy dining in the Riverside restaurant or relax in the Edwardian conservatory. And now you could win a weekend break for two.

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For your chance to win a weekend break, including evening meals with wine, breakfast and a river cruise - all worth over £1,000 - call now, answer 2 simple questions and leave your details on line. So call...

0891 525 412

Call cost approx 36p/min cheap rates, 46p/min all other times. Winner picked at random after lines close.

Alcoholic Beverages

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Cutions
Teresa Poole

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business

UK GROWTH & INCOME

Fund	1m	3m	YTD
Admiral Growth	1.2	3.5	12.1
Admiral Income	0.8	2.1	8.5
Admiral Growth & Income	1.0	2.8	10.3
Admiral Growth & Income II	1.1	2.9	10.8
Admiral Growth & Income III	1.2	3.0	11.2
Admiral Growth & Income IV	1.3	3.1	11.7
Admiral Growth & Income V	1.4	3.2	12.2
Admiral Growth & Income VI	1.5	3.3	12.7
Admiral Growth & Income VII	1.6	3.4	13.2
Admiral Growth & Income VIII	1.7	3.5	13.7
Admiral Growth & Income IX	1.8	3.6	14.2
Admiral Growth & Income X	1.9	3.7	14.7
Admiral Growth & Income XI	2.0	3.8	15.2
Admiral Growth & Income XII	2.1	3.9	15.7
Admiral Growth & Income XIII	2.2	4.0	16.2
Admiral Growth & Income XIV	2.3	4.1	16.7
Admiral Growth & Income XV	2.4	4.2	17.2
Admiral Growth & Income XVI	2.5	4.3	17.7
Admiral Growth & Income XVII	2.6	4.4	18.2
Admiral Growth & Income XVIII	2.7	4.5	18.7
Admiral Growth & Income XIX	2.8	4.6	19.2
Admiral Growth & Income XX	2.9	4.7	19.7
Admiral Growth & Income XXI	3.0	4.8	20.2
Admiral Growth & Income XXII	3.1	4.9	20.7
Admiral Growth & Income XXIII	3.2	5.0	21.2
Admiral Growth & Income XXIV	3.3	5.1	21.7
Admiral Growth & Income XXV	3.4	5.2	22.2
Admiral Growth & Income XXVI	3.5	5.3	22.7
Admiral Growth & Income XXVII	3.6	5.4	23.2
Admiral Growth & Income XXVIII	3.7	5.5	23.7
Admiral Growth & Income XXIX	3.8	5.6	24.2
Admiral Growth & Income XXX	3.9	5.7	24.7
Admiral Growth & Income XXXI	4.0	5.8	25.2
Admiral Growth & Income XXXII	4.1	5.9	25.7
Admiral Growth & Income XXXIII	4.2	6.0	26.2
Admiral Growth & Income XXXIV	4.3	6.1	26.7
Admiral Growth & Income XXXV	4.4	6.2	27.2
Admiral Growth & Income XXXVI	4.5	6.3	27.7
Admiral Growth & Income XXXVII	4.6	6.4	28.2
Admiral Growth & Income XXXVIII	4.7	6.5	28.7
Admiral Growth & Income XXXIX	4.8	6.6	29.2
Admiral Growth & Income XL	4.9	6.7	29.7
Admiral Growth & Income XLI	5.0	6.8	30.2
Admiral Growth & Income XLII	5.1	6.9	30.7
Admiral Growth & Income XLIII	5.2	7.0	31.2
Admiral Growth & Income XLIV	5.3	7.1	31.7
Admiral Growth & Income XLV	5.4	7.2	32.2
Admiral Growth & Income XLVI	5.5	7.3	32.7
Admiral Growth & Income XLVII	5.6	7.4	33.2
Admiral Growth & Income XLVIII	5.7	7.5	33.7
Admiral Growth & Income XLIX	5.8	7.6	34.2
Admiral Growth & Income L	5.9	7.7	34.7
Admiral Growth & Income LI	6.0	7.8	35.2
Admiral Growth & Income LII	6.1	7.9	35.7
Admiral Growth & Income LIII	6.2	8.0	36.2
Admiral Growth & Income LIV	6.3	8.1	36.7
Admiral Growth & Income LV	6.4	8.2	37.2
Admiral Growth & Income LVI	6.5	8.3	37.7
Admiral Growth & Income LVII	6.6	8.4	38.2
Admiral Growth & Income LVIII	6.7	8.5	38.7
Admiral Growth & Income LVIX	6.8	8.6	39.2
Admiral Growth & Income LX	6.9	8.7	39.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXI	7.0	8.8	40.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXII	7.1	8.9	40.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXIII	7.2	9.0	41.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXIV	7.3	9.1	41.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXV	7.4	9.2	42.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXVI	7.5	9.3	42.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXVII	7.6	9.4	43.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXVIII	7.7	9.5	43.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXIX	7.8	9.6	44.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXX	7.9	9.7	44.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXI	8.0	9.8	45.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXII	8.1	9.9	45.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXIII	8.2	10.0	46.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXIV	8.3	10.1	46.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXV	8.4	10.2	47.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXVI	8.5	10.3	47.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXVII	8.6	10.4	48.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXVIII	8.7	10.5	48.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXIX	8.8	10.6	49.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXX	8.9	10.7	49.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXI	9.0	10.8	50.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXII	9.1	10.9	50.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXIII	9.2	11.0	51.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXIV	9.3	11.1	51.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXV	9.4	11.2	52.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXVI	9.5	11.3	52.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXVII	9.6	11.4	53.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXVIII	9.7	11.5	53.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXIX	9.8	11.6	54.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXX	9.9	11.7	54.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXI	10.0	11.8	55.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXII	10.1	11.9	55.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXIII	10.2	12.0	56.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXIV	10.3	12.1	56.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXV	10.4	12.2	57.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXVI	10.5	12.3	57.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXVII	10.6	12.4	58.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXVIII	10.7	12.5	58.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXIX	10.8	12.6	59.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXX	10.9	12.7	59.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXI	11.0	12.8	60.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXII	11.1	12.9	60.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXIII	11.2	13.0	61.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXIV	11.3	13.1	61.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXV	11.4	13.2	62.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXVI	11.5	13.3	62.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXVII	11.6	13.4	63.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXVIII	11.7	13.5	63.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXIX	11.8	13.6	64.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXX	11.9	13.7	64.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXI	12.0	13.8	65.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXII	12.1	13.9	65.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXIII	12.2	14.0	66.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXIV	12.3	14.1	66.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXV	12.4	14.2	67.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXVI	12.5	14.3	67.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXVII	12.6	14.4	68.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXVIII	12.7	14.5	68.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXIX	12.8	14.6	69.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXX	12.9	14.7	69.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXI	13.0	14.8	70.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXII	13.1	14.9	70.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXIII	13.2	15.0	71.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXIV	13.3	15.1	71.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXV	13.4	15.2	72.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXVI	13.5	15.3	72.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXVII	13.6	15.4	73.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXVIII	13.7	15.5	73.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXIX	13.8	15.6	74.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXX	13.9	15.7	74.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXI	14.0	15.8	75.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXII	14.1	15.9	75.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXIII	14.2	16.0	76.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXIV	14.3	16.1	76.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXV	14.4	16.2	77.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXVI	14.5	16.3	77.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXVII	14.6	16.4	78.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXVIII	14.7	16.5	78.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXIX	14.8	16.6	79.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXX	14.9	16.7	79.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXI	15.0	16.8	80.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXII	15.1	16.9	80.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXIII	15.2	17.0	81.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXIV	15.3	17.1	81.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXV	15.4	17.2	82.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXVI	15.5	17.3	82.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXVII	15.6	17.4	83.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXVIII	15.7	17.5	83.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXIX	15.8	17.6	84.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXX	15.9	17.7	84.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXI	16.0	17.8	85.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXII	16.1	17.9	85.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXIII	16.2	18.0	86.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXIV	16.3	18.1	86.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXV	16.4	18.2	87.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXVI	16.5	18.3	87.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXVII	16.6	18.4	88.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXVIII	16.7	18.5	88.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXIX	16.8	18.6	89.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXX	16.9	18.7	89.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXI	17.0	18.8	90.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXII	17.1	18.9	90.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXIII	17.2	19.0	91.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXIV	17.3	19.1	91.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXV	17.4	19.2	92.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXVI	17.5	19.3	92.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXVII	17.6	19.4	93.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXVIII	17.7	19.5	93.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXIX	17.8	19.6	94.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXX	17.9	19.7	94.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXI	18.0	19.8	95.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXII	18.1	19.9	95.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXIII	18.2	20.0	96.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXIV	18.3	20.1	96.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXV	18.4	20.2	97.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXVI	18.5	20.3	97.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXVII	18.6	20.4	98.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXVIII	18.7	20.5	98.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXIX	18.8	20.6	99.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXX	18.9	20.7	99.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXI	19.0	20.8	100.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXII	19.1	20.9	100.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXIII	19.2	21.0	101.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXIV	19.3	21.1	101.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXV	19.4	21.2	102.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXVI	19.5	21.3	102.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXVII	19.6	21.4	103.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXVIII	19.7	21.5	103.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXIX	19.8	21.6	104.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXX	19.9	21.7	104.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXI	20.0	21.8	105.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXII	20.1	21.9	105.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXIII	20.2	22.0	106.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXIV	20.3	22.1	106.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXV	20.4	22.2	107.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXVI	20.5	22.3	107.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXVII	20.6	22.4	108.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXVIII	20.7	22.5	108.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXIX	20.8	22.6	109.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXX	20.9	22.7	109.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXI	21.0	22.8	110.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXII	21.1	22.9	110.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXIII	21.2	23.0	111.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXIV	21.3	23.1	111.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXV	21.4	23.2	112.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXVI	21.5	23.3	112.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXVII	21.6	23.4	113.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXVIII	21.7	23.5	113.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXIX	21.8	23.6	114.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXX	21.9	23.7	114.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXI	22.0	23.8	115.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXII	22.1	23.9	115.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXIII	22.2	24.0	116.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXIV	22.3	24.1	116.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXV	22.4	24.2	117.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXVI	22.5	24.3	117.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXVII	22.6	24.4	118.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXVIII	22.7	24.5	118.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXIX	22.8	24.6	119.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXX	22.9	24.7	119.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXI	23.0	24.8	120.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXII	23.1	24.9	120.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXIII	23.2	25.0	121.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXIV	23.3	25.1	121.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXV	23.4	25.2	122.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXVI	23.5	25.3	122.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXVII	23.6	25.4	123.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXVIII	23.7	25.5	123.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXIX	23.8	25.6	124.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXX	23.9	25.7	124.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXI	24.0	25.8	125.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXII	24.1	25.9	125.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXIII	24.2	26.0	126.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXIV	24.3	26.1	126.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXV	24.4	26.2	127.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXVI	24.5	26.3	127.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXVII	24.6	26.4	128.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXVIII	24.7	26.5	128.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXIX	24.8	26.6	129.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXX	24.9	26.7	129.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXI	25.0	26.8	130.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXII	25.1	26.9	130.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXIII	25.2	27.0	131.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXIV	25.3	27.1	131.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXV	25.4	27.2	132.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXVI	25.5	27.3	132.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXVII	25.6	27.4	133.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXVIII	25.7	27.5	133.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXIX	25.8	27.6	134.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXX	25.9	27.7	134.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXI	26.0	27.8	135.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXII	26.1	27.9	135.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXIII	26.2	28.0	136.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXIV	26.3	28.1	136.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXV	26.4	28.2	137.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXVI	26.5	28.3	137.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXVII	26.6	28.4	138.2
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXVIII	26.7	28.5	138.7
Admiral Growth & Income LXXXXXXXIX			

sport

SECOND TEST: Gloucestershire wicketkeeper scores second Test century but Prasad's pace keeps India in the match

Russell puts England in command

DEREK PRINGLE

reports from Lord's England 344; India 83-2

It may not have been the most dynamic day's cricket of the series, but with sides as evenly matched as these, it was none the worse for it. In the end it belonged to two players, one with bat and the other with ball, who stood out from their colleagues with performances that will keep this Test match hanging in the balance for a while yet.

Jack Russell, subdued in comparison to Thursday's efforts, scored his second Test century and his six-and-a-half-hour presence at the crease, was both the foundation and cornerstone of England's total of 344.

His eventual dismissal to Venkatesh Prasad was fitting, for the Indian pacer had bowled well and his 5 for 76 after a wicketless 80-minute spell before lunch was a just reward.

Opportunities to score hundreds batting at No 7 do not present themselves often and yesterday's 124 was celebrated with an effusive leap of glee and acknowledged with a big hug from Chris Lewis and a sporting handshake from Mohammad Azharuddin.

Sadly for Russell he fell just five runs short of his highest Test score, his first century scored almost seven years ago against Australia at Old Trafford. But if there was disappointment at not having set a new benchmark, it ought to

have been directed at the tailenders who batted as if they had left their heads back in the dressing-room.

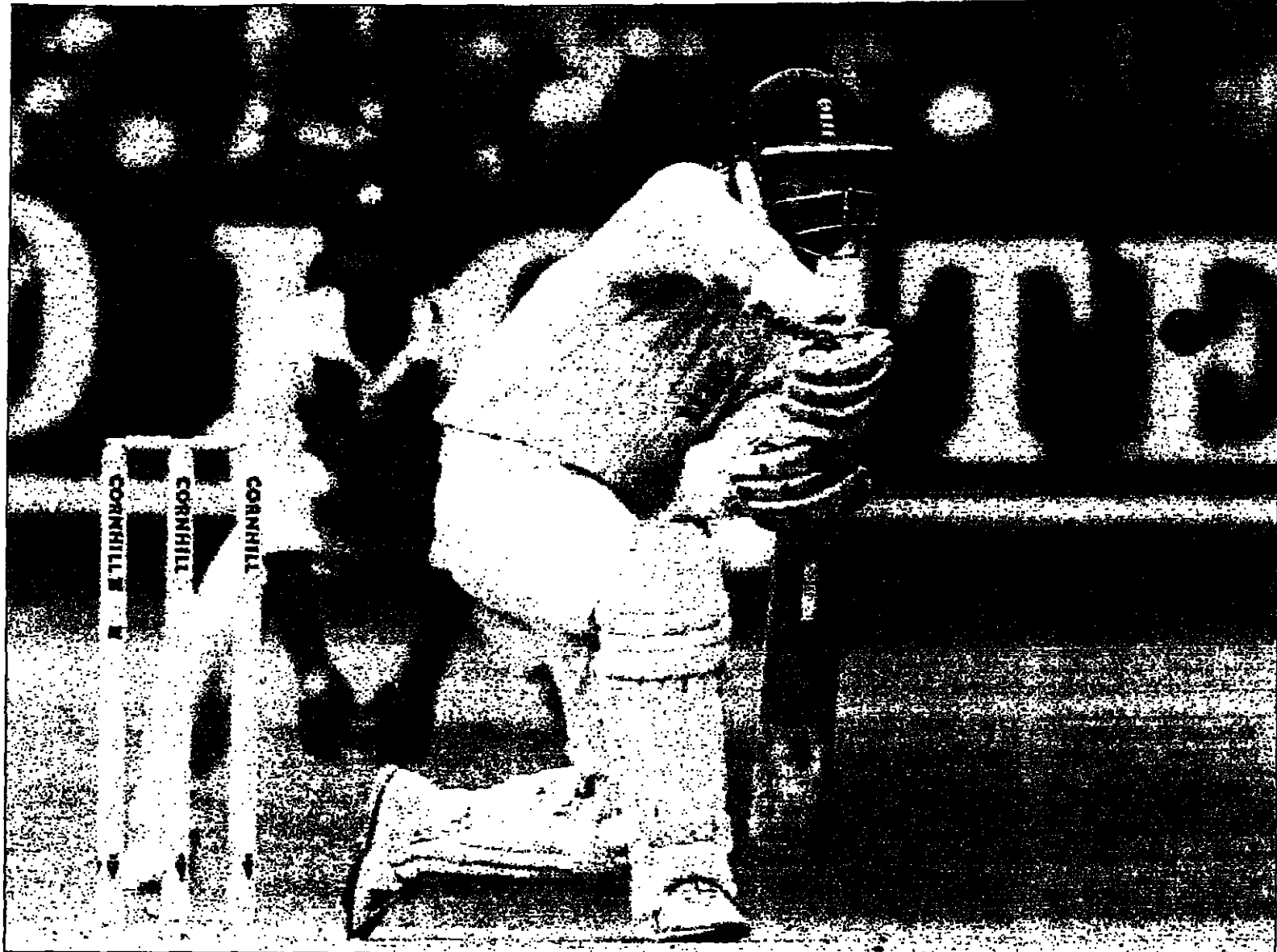
Resuming their overnight partnership of 131 against the second new ball, Russell and Graham Thorpe - who had batted together for 162 minutes on Thursday - were almost immediately parted in the day's first over, when Ajay Jadeja's direct hit from gully found Thorpe just inches in.

The Surrey man responded to the indignity by striking Srikanth's next ball imperiously through the covers for four. As a harbinger of further glory however, it was perilously short-lived and extracting some extra bounce, Srikanth tucked the Surrey man up, forcing him to deflect a rising ball into his stumps.

It was the breakthrough India had wanted and it gave them their best chance of clawing themselves back into the match. However, England, reluctant to concede further ground, went about their work more like wipers than batters.

By the time half the day's overs had been bowled, England had added just 96 runs, and one half expected to see the Lord's baize criss-crossed with battle trenches. And although batting appeared less demanding under yesterday's sunny skies than it had done on Thursday, it was never straightforward and Russell had to wait 116 minutes before scoring successive boundaries.

It was slow going and was matched only by Azharuddin's inaction over trying to make



Jack Russell shows immaculate technique on a forward defensive as he frustrates India at Lord's yesterday

Photograph: Peter Jay

something happen. Behind that bemused look of his, Azharuddin has clearly got his mind elsewhere and he allowed play to drift when it needed his direction. In the end it was left to Tendulkar - who frequently made journeys between balls to his captain from his position at mid-off - to gently cajole his captain into making changes.

One such suggestion was to leave the on side open to Chris Lewis, a gambit that almost worked until Lewis got his eye

in and began to hit the ball through the vacant gap.

He was still muddling the ball sweetly when Prasad found the edge of his bat with one that bounced from outside off-stump, the catch being brilliantly taken by the keeper Nayan Mongia, diving in front of first slip, leaving England on 326 for 7, a position of relative safety rather than strength.

It would have been something of an old pro like Russell recognised, and he would have

impressed on his partners the importance of keeping as many runs as possible from the first innings.

However, judging from the response he got (the loss of Dominic Cork and Peter Martin both to appalling shots) he would have got more sense from the pigeons at extra cover.

For a man whose Test runs appear to have dried up, Cork seemed more intent on starting out Prasad than scoring runs. Greeted by a bouncer first ball, it was only a matter of time be-

fore the machismo took over and his dismissal to a snickered wild drive was almost identical to the one at Edgbaston.

Martin was no less culpable. After lofting Prasad just over extra cover's head - a shot Russell rightly bemoaned him for - he clipped his next ball straight to Tendulkar at mid-on. When Russell followed an over later, caught by the same fielder, Prasad's afternoon spell had yielded 4 for 7 from 32 balls. His 2-5 was not matched by

England's bowlers and it took a brilliant catch by Nasser Hussain at third slip to get rid of Rathore and give England the breakthrough.

Mongia, pressed into action as an opener, followed 24 runs later, his lbw having forced Dickie Bird into raising his dig-it for the second time in the match. Like Atherton's, it was not plumb and Mongia appeared to let the umpire have a Hindi version of his thoughts on the matter.

Perfect man for a batting crisis

DAVID LLEWELLYN

If Jack Russell's monumental innings lacked anything, it was a touch of the magical, but graft, not craft, was the order of the longest day. And there were times in the remaining two and a half hours of his heroic effort when the figures on the field were as still as the famed stone circle.

But Russell's arrival at three figures was the ray of light. There was little ritualistic about the way the England wicket-keeper was hugged, in mid pitch, it was spontaneous joy and the centurion was a happy man.

"It was a great relief to get into three figures," Russell said afterwards. "It seemed to have been on 98 for at least three hours, I just couldn't seem to get those two runs. I found it harder as the day went on. And the Indian bowlers made it difficult."

But not so difficult that Russell could not get to that price-less second Test hundred. His first century came in 1989 against Australia. "Seven years is too long," he declared. "I just missed out on one at The Oval last year and I was so determined to get into three figures today."

Russell, who was awarded the MBE in The Queen's Birthday honours earlier this month (and should have got the VC for his heroics in England's first innings) is proving something of a man for a crisis.

Having saved the second Test against South Africa in Johannesburg during the winter, when he batted for most of the final day in partnership with captain Mike Atherton, he found himself coming in on the first day with England on a rocky 107 for 5.

It should come as no surprise to anyone that prior to this Test he and Peter Martin went to the Imperial War Museum in Lambeth where they spent an hour in "The Trench Experience." Russell must have had a glimpse of the immediate future.

"Maybe I play better in a crisis," he admitted. "I certainly enjoyed it out there. But I would have liked to have scored 136, that would have taken me past Alan Knott's 135 against Australia in 1977 at Trent Bridge. I was very disappointed to have got out and I am annoyed with the shot I played. It wasn't a good one."

Keeper mixes value and a sense of fun

HENRY BLOFIELD

Of all the cricketers playing today no one communicates a greater sense of fun and enjoyment than Jack Russell. His infectious enthusiasm makes for irresistible watching, whether he is keeping wicket or batting, and makes for inevitable comparisons with Alan Knott.

In either capacity Russell is a busy cricketer. He does not fidget quite as much as Knott and his stretching exercises while keeping are not quite so exaggerated, but as a keeper he

would undoubtedly have to doff his cap to Knott.

As a batsman though, his cheeky, wistful improvisations match anything that Knott ever managed. Like Russell, Knott had a slightly crouching stance exaggerating an impenetrable appearance which must in turn have frustrated and infuriated many opposing bowlers.

The comparisons are endless for both have the same slight figure and both have relished every opportunity to get into the game. Whether racing up to the stumps to take a throw-in or scampering a quick single or

digging out a nasty yorker they so obviously loved what they were doing. They both looked a trifle frail at the crease too, which has given bowlers the false impression that they can be disposed of easily enough.

The Indians must have felt this with Russell at Lord's. As a result when Russell kept on playing the ball away off his legs with perfect timing or launching into a straight or an off-drive, strokes which he seems to play almost on the walk with equal ease, it can only have raised the bowlers' blood pressure.

Besweated and with his slightly ungainly stance Russell has played as well if not better than anyone in the team. One important aspect of his batting, something which is not always obvious when illustrious players score runs, is the way in which he batted for his side.

Towards the end of play on the first day when Graham Thorpe became marooned for a while, Russell was quick to start pushing the ball around so that the scoreboard was kept moving and the pressure was taken off Thorpe who was able to wait for his touch to return

rather than having to try and force it and risk getting himself out.

The same thing happened again when Chris Lewis came in on the second morning and was unable to find his touch. Russell kept the runs coming and this enabled Lewis to take his time - although, in his case, form continued to elude him. Also Russell, like Knott again, is a batsman who never wastes the chance of a quick single and overall their entertainment value has made them worth the gate money on their own.

Lord's scoreboard	
England	344
India	83-2
England batsmen	
1. Russell 124	
2. Thorpe 50	
3. Lewis 10	
4. Atherton 10	
5. Hussain 10	
6. Martin 10	
7. Flintoff 10	
8. Jones 10	
9. Ganga 10	
10. Prasad 10	
India batsmen	
1. Prasad 10	
2. Tendulkar 10	
3. Mongia 10	
4. Atherton 10	
5. Hussain 10	
6. Martin 10	
7. Flintoff 10	
8. Jones 10	
9. Ganga 10	
10. Prasad 10	

COUNTY SCOREBOARD

Northamptonshire v Somerset	
First day of four unless stated. Unfinished matches continue 12.0 today.	
Northamptonshire v Somerset	
Day 1: Northamptonshire 173-1 (J. L. Smith 173, J. L. Smith 173) vs Somerset 173-1 (J. L. Smith 173, J. L. Smith 173)	
Derbyshire v Gloucestershire	
Day 1: Derbyshire 173-1 (J. L. Smith 173, J. L. Smith 173) vs Gloucestershire 173-1 (J. L. Smith 173, J. L. Smith 173)	
Surrey v Warwickshire	
Day 1: Surrey 173-1 (J. L. Smith 173, J. L. Smith 173) vs Warwickshire 173-1 (J. L. Smith 173, J. L. Smith 173)	
Gloucestershire v Somerset	
Day 1: Gloucestershire 173-1 (J. L. Smith 173, J. L. Smith 173) vs Somerset 173-1 (J. L. Smith 173, J. L. Smith 173)	
Warwickshire v Leicestershire	
Day 1: Warwickshire 173-1 (J. L. Smith 173, J. L. Smith 173) vs Leicestershire 173-1 (J. L. Smith 173, J. L. Smith 173)	
Leicestershire v Lancashire	
Day 1: Leicestershire 173-1 (J. L. Smith 173, J. L. Smith 173) vs Lancashire 173-1 (J. L. Smith 173, J. L. Smith 173)	
Lancashire v Yorkshire	
Day 1: Lancashire 173-1 (J. L. Smith 173, J. L. Smith 173) vs Yorkshire 173-1 (J. L. Smith 173, J. L. Smith 173)	
Yorkshire v Durham	
Day 1: Yorkshire 173-1 (J. L. Smith 173, J. L. Smith 173) vs Durham 173-1 (J. L. Smith 173, J. L. Smith 173)	
Durham v Essex	
Day 1: Durham 173-1 (J. L. Smith 173, J. L. Smith 173) vs Essex 173-1 (J. L. Smith 173, J. L. Smith 173)	
Essex v Kent	
Day 1: Essex 173-1 (J. L. Smith 173, J. L. Smith 173) vs Kent 173-1 (J. L. Smith 173, J. L. Smith 173)	
Kent v Sussex	
Day 1: Kent 173-1 (J. L. Smith 173, J. L. Smith 173) vs Sussex 173-1 (J. L. Smith 173, J. L. Smith 173)	
Sussex v Glamorgan	
Day 1: Sussex 173-1 (J. L. Smith 173, J. L. Smith 173) vs Glamorgan 173-1 (J. L. Smith 173, J. L. Smith 173)	
Glamorgan v Devon	
Day 1: Glamorgan 173-1 (J. L. Smith 173, J. L. Smith 173) vs Devon 173-1 (J. L. Smith 173, J. L. Smith 173)	
Devon v Cornwall	
Day 1: Devon 173-1 (J. L. Smith 173, J. L. Smith 173) vs Cornwall 173-1 (J. L. Smith 173, J. L. Smith 173)	
Cornwall v Somerset	
Day 1: Cornwall 173-1 (J. L. Smith 173, J. L. Smith 173) vs Somerset 173-1 (J. L. Smith 173, J. L. Smith 173)	
Somerset v Gloucestershire	
Day 1: Somerset 173-1 (J. L. Smith 173, J. L. Smith 173) vs Gloucestershire 173-1 (J. L. Smith 173, J. L. Smith 173)	
Gloucestershire v Warwickshire	
Day 1: Gloucestershire 173-1 (J. L. Smith 173, J. L. Smith 173) vs Warwickshire 173-1 (J. L. Smith 173, J. L. Smith 173)	
Warwickshire v Leicestershire	
Day 1: Warwickshire 173-1 (J. L. Smith 173, J. L. Smith 173) vs Leicestershire 173-1 (J. L. Smith 173, J. L. Smith 173)	
Leicestershire v Lancashire	
Day 1: Leicestershire 173-1 (J. L. Smith 173, J. L. Smith 173) vs Lancashire 173-1 (J. L. Smith 173, J. L. Smith 173)	
Lancashire v Yorkshire	
Day 1: Lancashire 173-1 (J. L. Smith 173, J. L. Smith 173) vs Yorkshire 173-1 (J. L. Smith 173, J. L. Smith 173)	
Yorkshire v Durham	
Day 1: Yorkshire 173-1 (J. L. Smith 173, J. L. Smith 173) vs Durham 173-1 (J. L. Smith 173, J. L. Smith 173)	
Durham v Essex	
Day 1: Durham 173-1 (J. L. Smith 173, J. L. Smith 173) vs Essex 173-1 (J. L. Smith 173, J. L. Smith 173)	
Essex v Kent	
Day 1: Essex 173-1 (J. L. Smith 173, J. L. Smith 173) vs Kent 173-1 (J. L. Smith 173, J. L. Smith 173)	
Kent v Sussex	
Day 1: Kent 173-1 (J. L. Smith 173, J. L. Smith 173) vs Sussex 173-1 (J. L. Smith 173, J. L. Smith 173)	
Sussex v Glamorgan	
Day 1: Sussex 173-1 (J. L. Smith 173, J. L. Smith 173) vs Glamorgan 173-1 (J. L. Smith 173, J. L. Smith 173)	
Glamorgan v Devon	
Day 1: Glamorgan 173-1 (J. L. Smith 173, J. L. Smith 173) vs Devon 173-1 (J. L. Smith 173, J. L. Smith 173)	
Devon v Cornwall	
Day 1: Devon 173-1 (J. L. Smith 173, J. L. Smith 173) vs Cornwall 173-1 (J. L. Smith 173, J. L. Smith 173)	
Cornwall v Somerset	
Day 1: Cornwall 173-1 (J. L. Smith 173, J. L. Smith 173) vs Somerset 173-1 (J. L. Smith 173, J. L. Smith 173)	
Somerset v Gloucestershire	
Day 1: Somerset 173-1 (J. L. Smith 173, J. L. Smith 173) vs Gloucestershire 173-1 (J. L. Smith 173, J. L. Smith 173)	
Gloucestershire v Warwickshire	
Day 1: Gloucestershire 173-1 (J. L. Smith 173, J. L. Smith 173) vs Warwickshire 173-1 (J. L. Smith 173, J. L. Smith 173)	
Warwickshire v Leicestershire	
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Leicestershire v Lancashire	
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Lancashire v Yorkshire	
Day 1: Lancashire 173-1 (J. L. Smith 173, J. L. Smith 173) vs Yorkshire 173-1 (J. L. Smith 173, J. L. Smith 173)	
Yorkshire v Durham	
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Durham v Essex	
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Essex v Kent	
Day 1: Essex 173-1 (J. L. Smith 173, J. L. Smith 173) vs Kent 173-1 (J. L. Smith 173, J. L. Smith 173)	
Kent v Sussex	
Day 1: Kent 173-1 (J. L. Smith 173, J. L. Smith 173) vs Sussex 173-1 (J. L. Smith 173, J. L. Smith 173)	
Sussex v Glamorgan	
Day 1: Sussex 173-1 (J. L. Smith 173, J. L. Smith 173) vs Glamorgan 173-1 (J. L. Smith 173, J. L. Smith 173)	
Glamorgan v Devon	
Day 1: Glamorgan 173-1 (J. L. Smith 173, J. L. Smith 173) vs Devon 173-1 (J. L. Smith 173, J. L. Smith 173)	
Devon v Cornwall	
Day 1: Devon 173-1 (J. L. Smith 173, J. L. Smith 173) vs Cornwall 173-1 (J. L. Smith 173, J. L. Smith 173)	
Cornwall v Somerset	
Day 1: Cornwall 173-1 (J. L. Smith 173, J. L. Smith 173) vs Somerset 173-1 (J. L. Smith 173, J. L. Smith 173)	
Somerset v Gloucestershire	
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Gloucestershire v Warwickshire	
Day 1: Gloucestershire 173-1 (J. L. Smith 173, J. L. Smith 173) vs Warwickshire 173-1 (J. L. Smith 173, J. L. Smith 173)	
Warwickshire v Leicestershire	
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Lancashire v Yorkshire	
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Essex v Kent	
Day 1: Essex 173-1 (J. L. Smith 173, J. L. Smith 173) vs Kent 173-1 (J. L. Smith 173, J. L. Smith 173)	
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Sussex v Glamorgan	
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Glamorgan v Devon	
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Day 1: Devon 173-1 (J. L. Smith 173, J. L. Smith 173) vs Cornwall 173-1 (J. L. Smith 173, J. L. Smith 173)	
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Essex v Kent	
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EURO 96

Quarter-final: Spain v England
at Wembley Stadium. Kick-off: 3pm today

If Paul Gascoigne sometimes appears to be the boy who never grew up, England's other match-winner, Alan Shearer, conveys the impression of a man who was never a boy.

He was, obviously, and there is a photograph of him, aged about five, wearing a Newcastle shirt, to prove it. Without it one might wonder. While Gazza goes from one front-page headline to another Shearer keeps resolutely to the back pages. A devoted family man he is more likely to be at home preparing his baby's bottle than in a night-club downing one. Wealthy and famous he may be. Wild and ostentatious he is not.

When you see him play football it is sometimes hard to believe he is only 25. When you hear him being interviewed it is impossible. His interviews are a byword for blandness in the game, every phrase carefully picked to avoid offence or hyperbole. Yesterday he produced such gems as, "At the end of the day all we can do is give 100 per cent". His equilibrium was briefly disturbed when an Italian journalist mischievously asked if he would welcome the abolition of bullfighting. He quickly recovered. "I'm here to talk about football," he said.

In private he is, say past and present team-mates, something of a joker – both one-liners and mild pranks – but in public he is 25 going on 45. Is this a problem? No, the very opposite. Shearer's level-headedness is one of the main reasons he goes into today's Euro96 quarter-final with Spain as the tournament's top scorer. It is also why England can believe that, barring injuries, Shearer will be their centre-forward into the next millennium. The caveat is important. A goalscorer's fitness is as vital as it is vulnerable. The threat of the surgeon's scalpel lies behind every tackle. Shearer knows this only too well. Serious injury is one of the forces which helped shape him.

The others are his parents, and his talent. He was born to a football-mad sheet metal worker in Gosforth. By the time he was three he had his first pair of boots, at eight he was already playing competitive football with boys two years older. He moved onto the legendary Wallsend Boys Club (other alumni: Peter Beardsley, Steve Bruce) where he was spotted by Jack Hixon, Southampton's veteran North-east scout. Hixon asked his father if the boy would like to go to Southampton for a trial. "Ask him yourself," was the reply. "He's old enough to make up his own mind."

The trials were successful and

...and he was soon a regular in the first team.

Shearer's early career was only partly defined by his young status. A club record £3.3m transfer to Blackburn made him wealthy but it also gave him a set of responsibilities, those of living up to the club's expectations. He responded with 22 goals in his first 26 games. He then gave a savage reminder of the frailty of his success. On Boxing Day 1992 he ruptured his anterior cruciate ligament. He did not start a match for nine months, long hours of which were spent alone in the gym, heaping up the Edward Park terracing, watching his fitness.

He came back as if he had never been away, his goal leading Rover to second, then first in the Premier League. Meanwhile, he had taken over from Gary Lineker as England's centre-forward.

And then came "The Drought". After scoring twice against the United States on September 7 1994, he stopped scoring for England. Two Christmases and one Christmas tree formation passed, but while he continued scoring like a metronome for Blackburn he failed to find the net in 12 starts for his country.

He also struggled in the Premier League. In eight games in the top division he scored only once. The whisper, he can only score against the opposition's defences of the Premier League, maybe the Continentals, with their sweeper and markers, their tricks and technique, are too good for him. The cry went up – for Andy Cole, for Ian Wright, for Les Ferdinand, for Stan Collymore, for Robbie Fowler.

Terry Venables, though, never joined the doubts, and neither did the man himself. Every month the players and media would gather at Ebbw Vale, every month Shearer would be asked the same questions: "Does it worry you? Can you put your finger on the reason?" Every month came the same reply. "No, it doesn't. It's just one of those things. As long as the team are scoring I don't mind."

Eventually even Shearer's guard did slip a little, but his attitude greatly impressed Venables. "He did not let it worry him," the England coach said yesterday. "He never snatched

At the quarter-final stage most supporters were still apprehensive, but better prepared for disappointment than today's generation

At a time when the idea of England becoming football champions of Europe is being fed out eagerly by newspapers and across the airways – in some cases to quite stupefying excess – sportswriters of my generation are inevitably called upon for comparison with the events of 30 years ago. To be able to remember how things stood for England at this stage of proceedings in the 1966 World Cup emphasises life's relentless passage and confronts some of us older guys with a renewed awareness of mortality.

But enough of morbid thoughts. A big difference between the situation England find themselves in today against Spain at Wembley and the World Cup quarter-final Alf Ramsey's team undertook against Argentina is the euphoria that surrounds them.

Ramsey's uncharacteristic pronouncement that England would win the World Cup in their homeland raised a great deal of enthusiasm and excitement but not even the most fervent patriots considered them a certainty.

A problem for Terry Venables is then the hysteria that has grown up since England thrashed the Netherlands last Tuesday at Wembley. England's coach has sensibly attempted to calm things down but he can do nothing about jingoistic reporting in popular prints and on television.

As I remember it the mood in 1966 was somewhat calmer until England reached the final against West Germany. At the quarter-final stage most supporters were still apprehensive. They were solidly behind Ramsey and his players but were

better prepared for disappointment than today's generation appear to be.

A big difference now is the concentration of media interest. A veteran of this trade recalled the other day that prior to England reaching the 1966 final Ramsey's press conferences were attended by fewer than 20 reporters. Now there are at least five times as many.

In today's circumstances for example it cannot be imagined that Ramsey would have been able to conceal the drama that developed around England's talismanic half-back, Nobby Stiles, on the day before they met Argentina. Against France in the third of England's group games, a foul on Jacques Simon by Stiles, who had already been booked, raised a great deal of consternation in official circles.



KEN JONES
COMMENTARY

England were training at Highbury when Ramsey was summoned to a meeting in the Arsenal boardroom by senior representatives of the Football Association. Under pressure from the game's governing body, FIFA, they asked Ramsey to remove Stiles from the team. "The player assures me that he did not intend to com-

mit a foul and I believe him," Ramsey said. "Either he stays or I go."

That anecdote raises an important similarity between then and now: the bond Venables has established with his squad, an element that was central to England's success under Ramsey. "It is obvious that the England players have absolute faith in Terry and will do anything he asks of them," the former Tottenham and Wales winger, Cliff Jones, said this week. "Especially when you read about trouble in some of the other camps that could be a critical factor and makes me think England are capable of winning the championship."

However, another thought about 1966 is that England found it exceedingly difficult to get past Argentina, whose captain, Antonio

Rattin, was sent off for what might not have brought him a caution in earlier matches. But for the collapse of discipline that followed, Argentina could possibly have defeated England. It was desperately close even with 10 men for an hour. As somebody wrote at the time, with Rattin what?

It is ironic I think that Rattin's expulsion in an era when the laws were less vigorously applied should have proved so important to the only major success in England's football history. From the way things have shaped up in Euro 96, and to address an issue I find irritating personally, it is probable that many players from that time would not have remained long on the field in the present climate. No case is being made for brutality here but as Pat Nevin argued on these pages earlier this week it

is quite ridiculous to suppose that the game can be played without tackling, which appears to be UEFA's policy.

Having studied closely television replays of incidents that led to cautions in the group matches, a friend points out that 31 of 35 players thought to have been fouled were actually cheating. So much for the ideal of fair play that was put in place as a totem for this championship.

A poignant sight was that of a pretty girl with her hands held in supplication as Italy strove desperately for a goal against Germany that would have gained a place in the quarter-finals. In their euphoric anticipation England's supporters will not give a hoot, but Euro 96 is less for the blunders of selection that prevented Italy from bringing their technical superiority to bear on the latter stages.

Clemente joins the diplomatic service

For every banal question asked of him yesterday, Javier Clemente had the perfect, immediate response: give or take the odd triviality lost in translation.

If he was not coach of the Spanish team which awaits England at Wembley this afternoon, Clemente would doubtless be a politician though not necessarily with Jose Maria Aznar's ruling party, the Partido Popular, as he fervently believes in the Partido Nacionalista Vasco, which is peculiar to the Basque country.

As a true Basque, Clemente retains the local wit, abrupt and dry, which utterly perplexed the attempts of the tabloids trying to stir things up a little more. Not content with the "Ten things that Spain gave the World – No 1: syphilis," the popular paper writers were clearly after more blood. Clemente, with a

wry glint in his eye, was in no mood to help. "All we ask is for some respect. Anti-Spanish feeling is not good but maybe it's only been done to try to undermine my players," he said diplomatically.

Clemente, whose first game in charge of the national team was for the visit of Graham Taylor's experimental side to Santander in 1992, has clearly been in this particular game long enough to resist the temptations for rash replies. As platitude followed platitude, he tormented his pursuers. England, he said, have a "very complete team". The English game is one that he "loves and admires." Yawns were stifled as he went on: "If you do not try hard to win, it is useless to continue. The important thing is not to lose."

But there was still plenty of ammunition left. Or was there?

Nicholas Harling sees the Spanish coach fend off an English inquisition

Surely, between them, the controversial issues surrounding Nadal, Gazza and El Tel would provoke some reaction from within Clemente. Nadal has, after all, been described as the "avenging angel" and is, some would have us believe, "the Beast of Barcelona." Suspended from two of his country's matches in the last World Cup finals and banned from the opening two in Euro 96, Nadal, according to Clemente, is certainly not the villain that has been portrayed. Conveniently overlooking the Majorcan's history of awful tackles, Clemente pointed out: "His last yellow

card in the qualifying match against Macedonia was for handball. Does that make him a bad sportsman?"

Terry Venables, Clemente's opposite number today, had poured possible fuel on the Spanish fire by recalling the feuds they had in their time as coaches to Catalonia's top two clubs, Barcelona and Espanol. Clemente was having none of it. "We are rivals," he explained, "but my relationship with Terry is excellent. We have had dinner together."

That left Gascoigne. Would he have Gascoigne in his team, Clemente was asked. "Of course not," he replied as his interrogators at last sniffed a story. "He cannot play for Spain because he is not Spanish." In no way rebuffed, his questioner continued: "Supposing he was Spanish?" As quick as a Span-

ish mosquito avoiding the slap of an English tourist, Clemente said: "When he becomes Spanish I will be able to answer you."

The Romanian journalist, still incensed by Amor's late winner for Spain on Tuesday which came while Dan Prodan was lying poleaxed in the penalty area, did his utmost to join the fray. "I did not see the incident, so how can I comment?" replied Clemente, who said that his players' nerves would be calmed for the forthcoming challenge by a cup of good old Tila tea, which is normally used to soothe Spanish babies who overdo the crying.

"I will take the tea when I see you coming next time," he jokingly told another questioner. Alas, the tea is not, as the man from the Express ruefully discovered, included among the banned list of substances.

WHO'S WHO IN THE SPANISH TEAM

Andoni Zubizarreta (Valencia)
Age: 34. Caps: 109.
Veteran captain. Solid, dependable, good on crosses.

Juan Lopez (Atletico Madrid)
Age: 26. Caps: 8.
Fine attacking full-back.

Rubén Alcaraz (Real Zaragoza)
Age: 28. Caps: 33.
Strong central defender, more skilful than he looks.

Abelardo (Barcelona)
Age: 28. Caps: 21.
Defensive hard man, excellent at set-pieces.

Sergi (Barcelona)
Age: 24. Caps: 21.
Strong left-sided defender.

Fernando Hierro (Real Madrid)
Age: 27. Caps: 44.
Tough midfielder with a lethal shot and 11 goals for Spain.

Miguel Angel Nadal (Barcelona)
Age: 29. Caps: 31.
Aggressive centre-back, known as the "Beast of Barcelona".

Jose Luis Caminero (Atletico Madrid)
Age: 28. Caps: 21.
Energetic playmaker with a sharp turn of speed.

Jose Amavisca (Real Madrid)
Age: 24. Caps: 12.
Left-sided forward, recently returned from injury.

Juan Antonio Pizzi (Tenerife)
Age: 27. Caps: 13.
Opportunistic goal poacher.

Guillermo Amor (Barcelona)
Age: 28. Caps: 20.
Experienced defensive midfielder.

Luis Enrique (Barcelona)
Age: 26. Caps: 24.
Left-sided utility player.

Javier Manjarin (Deportivo)
Age: 26. Caps: 6.
Skilful right-sided player, accurate crosser of the ball.

Kiko (Atletico Madrid)
Age: 24. Caps: 10.
Skilful passer, dangerous striker.

Jorge Otero (Valencia)
Age: 27. Caps: 9.
Had a fine season in defence for the Spanish runners-up.

Alberto Belsue (Real Zaragoza)
Age: 28. Caps: 13.
Will dispute right-back position with Lopez.

Julien Guerrero (Bilbao)
Age: 22. Caps: 24.
Creative midfielder player with powerful shot.

Jose Luis Caminero (A Madrid)
Age: 28. Caps: 18.
Playmaker waiting for the call.

صوتنا من الداخل



Lying in wait: Steve Stone (left) and Tony Adams relax during training at Bisham Abbey yesterday. Adams faces a fitness test this morning, along with Alan Shearer and Darren Anderton

Photograph: David Ashdown

England plan to roll over Spanish rock

GLENN MOORE
Football Correspondent

England have two dates with destiny today. The second will be at Wembley, in front of nearly 80,000 passionate supporters whose raised voices and waving flags will have the grand old lady of football stadia rocking to the core of her twin towers.

The first will be on the lawn of a quiet English country hotel where three footballers will go through a variety of exercises watched by an audience of six. The outcome in the afternoon may depend on the verdicts of the morning.

The three players undergoing fitness tests at Burnham Beeches hotel will be Tony Adams, Darren Anderton and, most crucially of all, Alan Shearer. They will be attempting to con-

vince Terry Venables and his coaching and medical staffs that they are ready for a demanding European Championship quarter-final against Spain.

It will be a time for making tough decisions. Venables desperately wants the trio to play - but he knows, in a game that could go into extra time, against physically uncompromising opposition, that he cannot take chances.

The big worry is Shearer, the big doubt Adams. Adams is still being troubled by the after-effects of the knee operation he had in January. He should be fit to start, but extra time would be a problem.

Shearer has a thigh injury. "I took a knock during Tuesday's match but I did not notice anything until Wednesday afternoon," he said yesterday. "It was stiff on Thursday morning and, though it is a bit better today I can't tell what it will be like tomorrow. I'll be giving it my best shot."

Having scored four goals in three games Shearer is the hottest forward in the tournament and England would be tempted to play him even if he was on crutches. Just having him in the side will lift his teammates and worry the Spanish and it seems certain he will start, even if he cannot finish the match.

Which brings us to Anderton. If England play Adams and Shearer in the knowledge they may not last the game, Anderton will have to be fully recovered from his hamstring niggles. Neither he nor Adams trained yesterday while Shearer only did the warm-up.

England are already without Paul Ince, who is suspended, and Jamie Redknapp, his most obvious replacement, who has damaged ankle ligaments.

David Platt and Sol Campbell are vying to take Ince's place with Platt's experience likely to be preferred. If Adams or Anderton are unfit both may play.

It would be a big step for Campbell, who is yet to start a match for England having played just 40 minutes in two substitute appearances. He is a better player than his brief display last Saturday - when he struggled to catch the pace of the Scotland game - suggested. He is immensely strong and has long been groomed for England having attended the FA National school and impressed at under-18 and under-21 level. If he has a problem it is that he is so good in so many different positions he has yet to make one of them his own.

Be warned, the game is not expected to be a repeat of the rout of the Dutch. Not because England cannot play as well again but because the Spanish are unlikely to allow them to. Whereas the Dutch looked to attack, the Spanish will seek to defend. Venables said he would "not be surprised" if they play just one forward and pack the midfield.

They are also expected to be physical. Javier Clemente, the manager, has built a hard-working team with the emphasis on work-rate rather than flair. "They are well organised, with a good team spirit and good

technical ability. They won't lie down," Venables said.

This is underlined by a look at their goals so far - a 73rd-minute equaliser against Bulgaria, an 85th-minute equaliser against France, and an 85th-

minute winner against Romania. They are unbeaten in 20 matches and two years since the last World Cup. In Andoni Zubizarreta, Miguel Nadal, Fernando Hierro and Juan Antonio Pizzi they possess the

classic strong spine. "They will work hard at denying us space and stopping the things we want to do," Venables said.

That tenacity may be especially important today as it is the first full international match to incorporate the "golden goal" (aka sudden-death) rule. This means that, if the scores are level at 90 minutes, extra time will be contested under the playground principle of "next goal wins it". If no one scores after 30 extra minutes, penalties ensue.

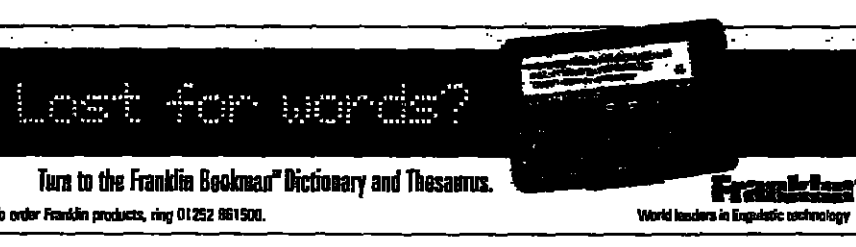
It is an innovation Venables, who lost a European Cup final on penalties with Barcelona, supports. "After losing on penalties I just felt numb," he recalled. "It did not feel bad, or good, just very strange. At least the 'golden goal' is football."

The England coach was his customary self, outwardly relaxed but ever watchful. When football's paparazzi began pulling the usual stunts he was persuaded to pose with a "Spanish señorita" (actually a press-ganged English blonde who was working for the sponsors) but could not be talked into wearing a red matador's cape. You could almost see him thinking, "Spain will be tough enough without Clemente pinning that on the dressing-room wall."

England to win, and join Germany, Portugal and France in the last four.

Euro 96, pages 24 and 25

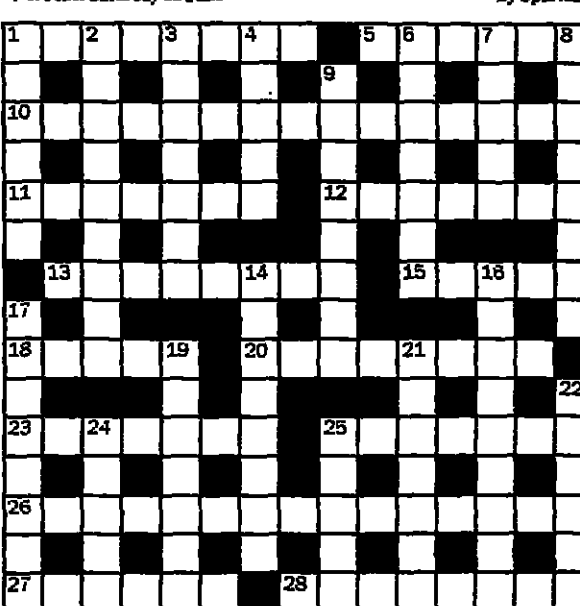
THE INDEPENDENT CROSSWORD



No. 3020, Saturday 22 June

By Spurious

Friday's Solution



ACROSS
1 Part of shirt showing kiss mark right away? (8)
5 Two small boys found in quarry (6)
10 They're bound to have a slot in the market place (7,8)
11 Journalist's piece on old naval punishment is derivative (7)
12 Character in Aristophanes runs over clover scene (7)
13 Loose cover protecting middle of cabinet (8)
15 Item of food (or drink, when imbibed?) (5)
18 Concrete school lesson incorporating classical term for "ant" (5)
20 Elated by water treatment offered by Sultan? (8)
22 Partick in time finding its way into nerve cell (7)
25 Nymph plays around when in company (7)

DOWN
26 Become crazed, as the Parthenon frieze did? (4,4,7)
27 Lower number - three, perhaps (6)
28 Indulge in sport - it wreaks havoc (5,3)

1 For young sister it's pleasant getting round Vatican, inside (6)
2 Churchman has some hesitation accepting exercise gadget (3,6)
3 Item from bakery by old church in area near Paris (7)
4 Egg originally getting hatched within hours of darkness (5)
6 Occupy in an orderly fashion? (7)
7 Section of ballet ensemble may be present (5)
8 Low, contemptible person admitted being a carrier of disease (8)

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THE FRANKLIN SCRAMBLE Make the longest word you can from SYNDICATE Friday's Scramble: CHAMPION

Win a Franklin Bookman Dictionary and Thesaurus worth £100

The first correct solution to this week's puzzle opened next Thursday win a Franklin Bookman Dictionary and Thesaurus worth £100. Answers and the winner's name will be published next Saturday. Send solutions to Saturday Crossword, P.O. Box 4018, The Independent, 1 Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 5BL. Please use the box number and postcode and give your own postcode. Last week's winner was P Johnson of Croydon

Weighty words of praise

NICK DUXBURY

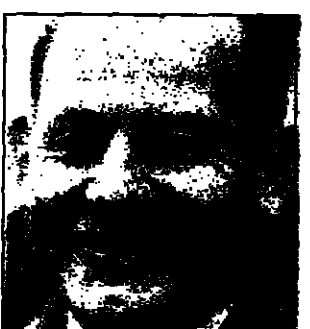
England's tango-ing of the Dutch has prompted Sir Walter Winterbottom, England's first manager, to break a 34-year long silence on his international successors on the eve of the meeting with Spain.

"Absolutely sparkling," was the 84-year-old's verdict as he compared the exuberance of Terry Venables' side with the team that he built to try to win the 1958 World Cup.

"You could see the belief building through the side. It was just like the team I had going into Sweden," Winterbottom, the father of the modern England during his 139-game reign from 1946-62, said. "They were thrashing teams all over the place. We beat Brazil 4-2 at Wembley, when we should have had six, we won 3-1 in West Germany, and beat France 4-0."

"I had people like Duncan Edwards, striding like a Colossus through games, and it was an amazing situation to feel that in young lads."

"They were getting so confident they were almost cheeky and showing off. We had to work hard to calm them down."



Winterbottom: Long silence

"Then it was all taken away by the Munich air crash and we were capping people from nowhere."

The prodigal Edwards, Roger Byrne and Tommy Taylor were killed, a young Bobby Charlton was a survivor of the Manchester United disaster and England, who ultimately lost 1-0 to the USSR in a group play-off, had to wait for Sir Alf

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Ramsey and the boys of 1966 to win the World Cup.

Edwards, capped at 18, could have been the Paul Gascoigne of his day. As different a character as is imaginable both on and off the pitch - tall, powerful, strong at either end of the park - he had the hardest shot Winterbottom ever tested and also had that rare ability - like his 1990s counterpart - to galvanise a team.

Now Winterbottom, who led England to a record 78 victories, believes another glory day is around the corner.

"They've shown us and each other that they can do it: close passing, tackling, supporting each other, closing down, quick to the ball. It was all there," he said.

It is Venables' coaching and the shared experiences of the past month or so, good and bad, which is benefiting England - collective responsibility translated to the pitch.

"Keeping a team together gives them time to grow and knit together," Winterbottom said. "I have always said I would not comment about England managers because it is not fair. But I did enjoy that the other night. Such euphoria!"

In Monday's 24-page sports section

"When you want something so much, sometimes you want it too much. Then you just mentally and physically block yourself down. I think that's what happened once in a while with Lendl. I don't want that to happen with me. I'm treating it as any other Grand Slam."

Monica Seles (right) talks to John Roberts about her hopes and fears on her return to Wimbledon

Euro 96

Glenn Moore and Ken Jones at England v Spain; the best reporting on the other quarter-finals



In tomorrow's Independent on Sunday

Splendour on the grass
Tomorrow's Independent on Sunday includes a comprehensive guide to Wimbledon and turns the spotlight on Pete Sampras (left) and Arantxa Sanchez Vicario. Simon O'Hagan reports on the emotional turmoil caused by the death of Sampras's friend and coach, Tim Gullikson. Sanchez Vicario recounts the drama of her marathon battle against Steffi Graf in last year's final.



From door to door

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RAC

صبيكنا من الامم

Weekend

Chicken or beef, sir?

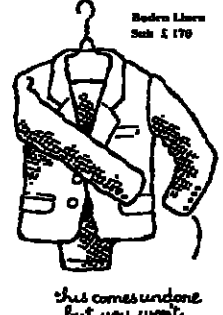
Everything you wanted to know about airline food but were too sensible to ask pages 14 & 15



Photograph: Sultan Getty

Johnnie Boden's
linen suit always
comes undone in
the same place.

AS EVERY SAVILE ROW TAILOR KNOWS, A JACKET CUFF THAT CAN BE unbuttoned is an essential hallmark of good tailoring. So essential, I felt, that I built it into my new linen suit. Along with three inside pockets, a floating chest piece and a full lining. Because I didn't want this just to be your latest suit. I wanted it to be the best one you ever owned. And for that reason I strove to cram in one hundred pence worth of value for every pound you spend. The result, I'm sure, will become your favourite summer suit. And it's just one of the many handsome items to be found in my summer catalogue. Send for it today. You won't come undone.



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living

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Living in a house of straw

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A comprehensive guide to weekend entertainment; today's television and radio; plus, claim a ticket for Dylan in the park

'I spot someone I'm sure I know. The eyebrows, the lope — Liam Gallagher'

EMMA FORREST

Saturday night
Sunday morning

with water pistols. They are too worn out to come and see the film *Now and Then* with us. A rites-of-passage saga, it is officially the worst film the movie has ever known. Our grumpy brunette-child heroine, Christina

Ricci, is appalling. Melanie Griffith is a breathy squirmfest. Demi Moore keeps saying: "It was at that point that I realised this would stay with me for the rest of my life." I'll say. When we leave the cinema, Lisa is quiet. "What if, 20 years from now, I turn into Melanie Griffith?" I try to soothe her. "Well, you have to marry Don Johnson but you also get to marry Antonio Banderas."

The next day, Lisa has to rush back to see Paul Weller's Finsbury Park festival. Julie, Jack and I admire the Brighton pier and monopolise the dodgems. They force me to go on a ride that makes me feel so sick I have to bite my arm. I sprawl out on the beach for a few hours. Jack and I have a water-pistol fight and try to hit tourists from the balcony. We're doing well when I spot someone I'm sure I know. The eyebrows, the lope, the stubble. It's Liam Gallagher — it can't be. It's not. It's his doppelgänger, the singer from Oasis tribute band No Way Sis. "Hold your

fire," I command Jack. "Why," he reasons. "It's not really him." "I don't care. It's still disrespectful."

When I got back to London, Lisa has Steven in tow. "When we got to Weller, we saw Steven swinging from the rafters of the dance tent. Then we watched the Bluetones. Then some old man came on." Lisa, that was Paul Weller. "Oh. Well, we liked watching Stevie. He is burnt to a crisp and totally drunk ("but I haven't had anything to drink!"). His posh new trousers are hopelessly grass-stained. They are the third pair he has bought this week. "Yes," he says proudly. "I am pure trouser-head. I am" — he pauses grandly — "distilled trouser-head." I try to soothe him with ice-cream and cold baths, but he keeps getting nuttier. He wanders into the bedroom and I start flicking through the cable guide. "Oh, my God — Steve. Guess what? Charles Dance and his ape kid are on TV!" I try to wake him up to watch with me. But he's out cold.

The vulture with vertigo and other
stories from the frontiers of the believable

The vulture with vertigo. Bert the vulture, born and reared at Whipsnade, has finally learnt to fly. Abandoned by his parents while still an egg, Bert has been brought up by humans and seems to think he is one too. "He sees us walking around and he's quite content to do the same," said his handler, Andy Reeve. "He never got into the habit [of flying] and I think he's probably afraid of heights." Last week, after a long period of ground training, Bert was successfully launched from a hot air balloon for his first solo flight.

Caterpillar cocoons can damage your car. A new hazard to drivers has emerged in Poland where 50cm long cocoons bulging with thousands of caterpillars have been dropping from the trees on to windscreens of speeding cars. Conservationists have been pulling caterpillar nests out of the leaves because of the danger to traffic. A local official blamed the exceptionally cold winter which drastically reduced numbers of the butterflies' natural enemies.

Police seek upstanding criminals. Thieves in Melbourne, Australia, broke into a clinic and stole dozens of bottles of drugs. They may not have realised that it was an importance clinic and the drugs are capable of inducing an erection that can last five days. A police spokesman told Reuters: "We are looking for someone who is very embarrassed or very tired."

Auntie was my other half's other other half. The Court of Cession in Kuwait has annulled the marriage of a Kuwaiti to the niece of his first wife. Citing an incident of 1,400 years ago, when a Moslem leader whipped and ordered the divorce of a man who married his wife's niece, the court confirmed that such a marriage is prohibited under Islamic law. The Kuwait News Agency did not name the husband, nor say how many wives he had.

What's good for your stomach muscles 24 times a week? A cup of tea, according to the annual report of the Tea Council. The average Briton drinks 3.43 cups of tea a day, which accounts for 41.2 per cent of all drinks consumed. Ninety per cent is brewed with tea bags, and more of it comes from Kenya than anywhere else. Three out of four Britons drink tea every day of their lives.

Following a suicidal fashion: For the second time in a year, a man has committed suicide by climbing into a cage at Guatemala City Zoo. Last August, a man was killed by jaguars after jumping into their cage. A suicide note explained that he was a gun shop owner, distraught that he had shot one of his customers dead when showing her a gun. This week, there was another big-cat suicide. "This time it wasn't the jaguars, it was the tigers, who are much bigger," the zoo director explained. No suicide note was found, but police say the victim may have been drunk.

It distress call: Irish police are hunting vandals who used a hacksaw to cut the genitals off a bronze statue of an elk on high ground above the main road from Cork to Mallow.

Loose moose shops in Boston. A 7ft tall moose was seen wandering through a fashionable neighbourhood of Boston last week. "It's an upscale moose," a police spokesman explained. A cab driver was the first to spot the moose as it entered the city in the early hours of the morning. "I knew it was a moose," he said. "It was right there. It came running up the street from the parking lot and dashed across the street." He called the police, who took 10 minutes to respond because they didn't believe him. Three patrol cars and five officers then tried to apprehend the moose, but it "just walked over a bush and walked away". They hope it has gone back home. So does the cab driver. "My job is not to chase moose," he said.

The content is great, but nobody reads it. The Ministry of Agriculture recently announced the results of a study to evaluate the Codes of Good Agricultural Practice to Protect Water, Air and Soil. "I am delighted to say the Codes are rated very highly for content and style," said Tim Boswell, Minister for Rural Affairs. The study also revealed that only 46 per cent of farmers are aware of one or more of the codes, and only 18 per cent owned a copy of the Water Code, 7 per cent the Air Code and 5 per cent the Soil Code.

It could be a job for the Child Support Agency. An Egyptian father dragged his wife and eight daughters, aged one to 17, to the police station where he abandoned them in order to devote himself to the task of bringing up his long-awaited son. He also threatened to divorce the mother if she returned home with the daughters. A warrant has been issued for his arrest.

Small but perfectly formed. The Brazilian health Ministry is distributing 5 million small condoms in an effort to increase Aids awareness among teenagers. Their diameter will be 49mm, compared with the standard 53mm.

Clarity can be expensive in San Francisco. A Californian has been sentenced to 59 days in jail for handing out food to the homeless without a permit. Robert Norse Kahn, a member of an anti-hunger group called "Food Not Bombs" has become the first person convicted for feeding the hungry in over 1,000 arrests since 1988. His group has unsuccessfully applied for a permit 135 times.

The cost of living can be prohibitive. In San Diego, a man is suing the doctor who saved his life by ordering an emergency tracheotomy in 1993. Virgil Ray Noonkester alleges that the doctor disregarded his wish for no special measures to be taken to keep him alive, and believes that the doctor should now pay the medical costs for round-the-clock attendants now necessary to keep him alive.

In space, no one can hear you bid. The 18in high model that burst from John Hurt's chest in the 1979 film *Alien* failed to reach its reserve price when it came up for auction at Phillips last week. It had been expected to fetch £20,000. Signor Weaver was not available for comment.



My week

Steve Wilson
druid



SATURDAY
Druids have mortgages to pay just like everyone else, so I started work at 11am in the Atlantis Bookshop. With our London Solstice Ceremony tomorrow, people want to know when (1pm British Summer Time is the real midday), where (Parliament Hill this year) and why the ceremony is taking place. To be precise, most people want to know why midday and not sunrise. I explain that sunrise equates to the spring equinox, midday to midsummer, sunset to autumn equinox and midnight to mid-winter, and then get on with selling unusual books to druids, witches and confused tourists. Tonight I check my lottery numbers and iron my robe ready for the big day.

SUNDAY
Today was one of the most important events in the Druid calendar. I headed off for Parliament Hill, passing firemen who had heard we were going to burn something, and arrived panting at the Stone of Free Speech, five minutes late for rehearsal. This wasn't a problem,

since the Order hosting this year's London ritual hadn't arrived yet. Gradually GODS, CODS and SODS trickled in, but there was no sign of the Insular Order of Druids. This was annoying as GODS had made it from Glastonbury, the CODS from the Cotswolds and the SODS from, err, Secular. Eventually the IODs arrived and we performed a ceremony dating back to the early 1790s. There was the ritual fight between the Oak king and Holly king. The Holly won, as he has to — otherwise we wouldn't get a winter. Four hours later, the ritual was over, and the Archdruid of the IOD opened the Eldestfold. I repaired to the pub with the redoubtable Arthur Uther Pendragon. At last year's Stonehenge, Pendragon fell foul of the police ban on processions. He was there with 35 others, and the Trespassing Act allows the police to disperse groups of more than 30. But as Pendragon pointed out, of the 36, more than 30 were from the Press. Still, each year he's paid out £1,000 for false arrest which he's been living off for the past three years.

MONDAY
When I'm not attending Pagan ceremonies I spend my weekdays working as an accountant at a major publishing house. I can't identify it as it's American owned, and non too happy at having its name linked to Pagan rituals. In England, Druids are lauded as part of the eccentric tradition, but in America we're linked to Death Metal and Satanism. Today I was called by *The Big Breakfast* who said they'd like me on the programme on Wednesday, and assured me that they'd be totally serious. I spent the afternoon wondering if they planned for Zig and Zag to carve me up on a rough-hewn altar, but later the researcher called to cancel. I felt relief but also a twinge of regret.

TUESDAY
A researcher asked me again to appear on *The Big Breakfast*, swearing total seriousness. I realised with horror that I yearned to do it. Maybe the midsummer sun has begun to feed my ego. In the evening I relaxed in front of

the telly, taping *The X-Files* for friends who don't have cable TV.

WEDNESDAY
This afternoon writer / editor Philip Carr-Gomm phoned to tell me that he loved my chapter for forthcoming tome *The Druid Renaissance*, but told me that the book's publication won't be until August. I thanked Philip, who is head of Britain's largest esoteric Druid Order (OBOD), but later realised that this means that payment won't be until August either.

THURSDAY
My spouse and some friends departed for the Emerald Isle this morning for a long weekend, which leaves me to sort out the financial year end, and run a Pagan discussion group in the evening. Tonight's subject was "Can Paganism become Respectable?". I argued that the whole concept of respectability was invented to keep people like us away from "respectable" society. I also said that the only reason Christians are eager to have "Interfaith" discussions

with Pagans these days is to find out why we're so popular.

FRIDAY
Spent sunrise at Plumstead Common Burial mound, then processed with a few friends to a promontory overlooking the Thames. The sun rose. We watched, then returned to find five police cars waiting for us. Four disappeared and the other did nothing. I decided that this lack of action was due to the fact that I had borrowed a Royal Arch Freemason's robe for our ceremony, and so may have been mistaken for a Chief Inspector. Last year, 50 Druids turned up at Primrose Hill a week late, so I have promised the Council of British Druid Orders that I will perform a quick blessing there if it happens again tomorrow. It will have to be a picnic rather than a ceremony, though, as we don't have permission to be there. Basically, Solstice is over now; tomorrow it's time to return to Atlantis.

Steve Wilson was talking to
Liese Spencer

Deep down and dirty

They are hard men in hard hats, members of an underground gang whose weapons are picks and shovels. Meet the men who bore for Britain...

Where would the movies be without the Underground? I can never go on it without remembering the nutter with the axe shouting "mind the gap" in *Death Line*, or the man with the briefcase falling prey to David Naughton on the escalators at Tottenham Court Road in *American Werewolf*, or the weary face of Walter Matthau in *The Taking of Pelham One Two Three*. I've always wanted to go down there without a train. That's another item to strike off my wish list.

There aren't any trains at all on the Jubilee Line extension. There are diggers and borers and men with shovels and JCBs and all manner of metalworking equipment, but no trains. A couple of hundred yards out from North Greenwich station, portal to the Millennium, the pools of water are deep enough to sustain a small ecosystem of their own. In this elegantly lined burrow, we splash North-west towards the Isle of Dogs. I assume we must have reached the Thames. Bob Storrie shakes his head and laughs. "No," he says. "You'll know you're under the river when you start to see the fish."

It's one of those things about people who do spend their lives making dangerous things safe: they love to rattle the uninitiated. Bob is the Supervising Engineer of the the Canary Wharf-Canning Town section, and has brought 25 per cent of the project to near-completion. The line will run from Green Park in Mayfair, under the river at Westminster, head East and flip under the river three more times to take in the Canary Wharf complex and North Greenwich, where it will swing north and connect the East End with the rest of the world. The 16km-long tunnel is 92 per cent complete, and everything is on-line for the whole shebang to open in March 1998.

Not before time. If you live outside London, you may well think that this is just a local concern, but the implications of the transport links into Docklands are far wider than that. A devastating chunk - about £2bn - of your tax money has been poured into the development of the area over the past decade or so, and most of it will have been wasted if no one can get there. Canary Wharf itself can hold the entire population of Cambridge, and is currently served by a dinky electric train better fitted to Toytown. No other country would expect Noddy and Big Ears to provide transport to one of its primary financial areas: by 1998 it will be in the hands of the big boys at last.

On top of that, millions upon millions are expected to drop in to the Millennium exhibition when it opens at Greenwich. No one seems entirely clear about what the theme park that will rise in the rubble of the old gasworks is going to contain, except that it will be related to time. Personally, I suspect that part of the theming will involve a lot of people looking at their watches while they stand in queues, but it's bound to be a smash hit. Currently, you can get there via the 108 bus, which goes nowhere near any main railway station. Fittingly for the end of a century, London Underground is running a race against time.

North Greenwich is nearing completion, though to anyone uninitiated in building sites it looks like chaos. It is a statistic junkie's dream: 68,000 cubic metres of concrete; 14,000 tonnes of reinforced steel; a station box big enough to fit the Canary Wharf tower (Britain's highest building) in one-and-a-half times "and still have room for a box of sandwiches at the end"; 755,000 tonnes of "muck" (muck, it seems, is a technical term) moved to make it; the longest platforms, at 135m, in Europe; 650 men (the whole project has over 3,000 people working on it) and two tunnel boring machines called Sharon and Tracey required to construct the section; 480 rooms; 42 high-strength concrete columns supporting the ceiling, from which the ticket concourse is suspended by 34 80mm high-tensile steel rods.

Tunnelling was done at ferocious speed: one section, 1.41km long, was completed in 24 weeks, which works out at about eight-and-a-half metres a day. "But," says Bob, "we managed 254m one week." The tunnels themselves are peaceful now, awaiting the arrival of the rails from Canning Town. One can walk the best part of the kilometre or so to Canary Wharf without encountering more than a handful of chaps in hats, eating sandwiches or hosing down the walls in preparation for painting. We stopped and Bob pointed at the ceiling. "We're 40m underground here," he said. I don't suppose anyone on Preston's Road was giving a second thought to what was under their feet.

If North Greenwich has the shiny, sci-fi cleanliness of, say, the tunnels the holidaymakers trundle down on the way to being slaughtered by Yul Brynner in *Westworld*, then the scene at London Bridge is a good deal more like *Quatermass and the Pit*. It is down here that you see where HG Wells got his inspiration for *The Time Machine*: the novel was published in 1895, five years after the Northern Line was completed. This is the world of the Morlocks, a place where the fruit-fed Elot are herded to be eaten.

There are 500-odd men working down here. One says men because, although women are comfortably represented on the engineering side of things, the manual labour is exclusively masculine. A lot of them, for that matter, have moustaches. One could almost imagine that these hairy, sweating, hard-hatted chaps could be auditioning for the Village People. Except for the lack of lateral obliques and the fact that no

member of the Village People could cope with getting that grimy.

Most of the men working down here have come from the Channel Tunnel. Finding enough skilled labour has been quite a problem, as major digging works like this have been few and far between in recent years. "We're having to train quite a few people on the job," says Walter Bermingham, Senior Inspector of Works. "The last big training time was when they built the Victoria Line (finished to coincide with the Queen's Silver Jubilee), and most of the skilled guys are my age. We need some new blood."

Wages for working these hell-fire caves are in the region of £50,000 a year, and the workforce comes from far and wide, mostly the old colliery areas and also from Ireland. What there is not a preponderance of is Londoners. Work goes on 24 hours a day, seven days a week; men work six 12-hour shifts, have three days off during which they either hit the pubs or shoot home to their families, then swap on to the other shift for another six days.

London Underground and its contractors are keeping a tighter rein on their employees than was kept on the Channel Tunnel: while these guys can, and do, indulge in serious drinking bouts, the kind of debauchery that went on around Ashford has never quite hit the hostilities of south London. There was the famous time, for instance, when a chunnel worker had an ear bitten off in a fight, had it sewn to the inside of his thigh to await grafting back to his head, and never reported back to the hospital. Maybe he just undresses in the dark these days, though you'd have thought he'd have a bit of a chafing problem. The hangover-related deaths that plagued the chunnel are also not in evidence here. "There's been a broken leg and a few lost fingertips," says Walter, a man of careful words and 30-odd years' experience, "but no serious accidents, no."

SERENA MACKESY



In another life

Which isn't to say that there's no drama involved in reaching the faces. Cigarettes are strictly forbidden in this smoggy air, goggles, hard hats and face-masks are issued. We all strap on "self-rescuers" - oxygen masks in yellow carry cases - and are told how to work them. I expect someone to point out the emergency exits over the wings. Everyone has two numbered metal dog tags: one they hang on a board at the top of the adit, the other one they carry on their person. "That way," says Marcus Karakashian, Construction Manager, deadpanning it in true engineering style, "at least they can identify the bodies." I do wish they wouldn't do that.

Thirty metres down in a lift, and the heat is intense. Huge fans blow air down to the faces, but sweat pours off everyone as they paddle through the mud. The tunnels here have been initially completed, and covered with a temporary lining: it looks like the kind of stippled grey harling that decorates the buildings on bad northern housing estates. Huge metal conveyor-belts carry massive loads of mixed muck and stone to the adit entrance, where the muck-lift hauls it to the surface. Someone has painted the Scottish flag on the side of the lift. There's a separate one for people, you see.

A fine mist hangs in the air, figures loom suddenly from the distance, like cars on a foggy night. It drifts around the side of your goggles, coats the inside of your nose, petrifies the hair. We visit the new southbound Northern Line tunnel, which is being built to improve safety in the wake of the King's Cross fire: from 26 June, that branch will be closed for four months and the 50,000 people it carries daily will have to find another way to work. Everything is prepared: Marcus shows us where the old tunnel has been excavated: a hundred-year-old cast-iron tube surrounded on all sides by air. I put my hand on it and it vibrates as a train passes by. I don't suppose that any of the passengers have the first idea that they are only feet away from a JCB.

We walk on until we're under the river. The old and new tunnels will join up here, near the foot of the old bridge, the one which fell down and whose foundations have caused significant engineering challenges. Here, tunnelling is going on by hand and pony boys wheel carts of muck back toward the surface: it's a scene from the Industrial Revolution. Here, also, it smells different: sort of stagnant and river-like. I ask Walter, thinking I'm being intelligent, if this is because the nature of the soil has changed. "No," he says. "This is the bit the men use for a lavatory."



Men at work: wages for working in the hell-fire caves are in the region of £50,000 a year

Photographs: Dillon Bryden

هكذا من الاهل



What you find at auctions might not always be what you expect

Meet the hyenas of the art market

Artworks whose real value has been missed are called 'sleepers'. Someone's going to make a killing... By John Windsor

Parked outside Christie's, Sotheby's and the big dealers in Bond Street, you can see dusty Volvo hatchbacks from which piles of grubby oil paintings are being unloaded by men in tweed jackets and jeans. They are "runners", the hyenas of the art-market. Bleary-eyed, they have been on the road from the country since dawn. The paintings have been snapped up from country auctions in the hope that they are "sleepers" — artworks whose real value has been missed by the auctioneer and rival bidders.

Now the runners are in for the kill. Among their finds might be a heavily varnished picture of horses, modestly catalogued as "18th century English school" at a country auction. The runner has laid out £1,000 on it and is about to try to convince the expert at Christie's front counter that it is a Stubbs worth anything up to £500,000. The runner's unwitting allies: inexperienced small auctioneers such as the Isle of Wight firm, now defunct, which catalogued a Stubbs as by "S. Tubbs".

The most renowned runner is Philip "Buffy" Parker, closely related to the Earl of Macclesfield, whose eye for art transcends that of any hyena. News of his arrival at front counters brings a Pavlovian response from auctioneers. His other nickname is "the Hoover". He will Hoover up 40 canvases a week, having driven 1,000 miles and viewed 5,000 pictures at 20 country auction houses. His hits have aroused such jealousy among rivals that he now employs decoys to bid on his behalf. Otherwise he becomes the victim of "bitch bidding" by local traders — they try to "run him up", bidding higher and higher, then dropping out, lumbering him with a higher price.

Buffy's haul of thousands of paintings is stored in the grand country house in Hampshire that he bought with the proceeds of his biggest bit of all — a grimy portrait of a Pope, painted on slate rather than canvas, for which he laid out a paltry £180 at Sotheby's one-time saleroom in Chester. Buffy sold it for £380,000 at Christie's, London. It was the Venetian High Renaissance master Sebastiano del Piombo's portrait of Pope Clement VII. The Getty Foundation in America eventually bought it — for a reported £6.5m. Sotheby's found themselves with some out-of-court settling to do.

But such is the romance of art-market finds that the ever-opportunistic London auctioneers have taken to publicising them as crowd-pullers — not the "sleepers" that have slipped through their fingers, of course, but the clever discoveries they themselves have made before the goods have come under the hammer. Nowadays, any lot not fresh to market is likely to be given the "discovery" treatment. For example, Sotheby's describes as "newly discovered" two water-colours by the great Victorian bird painter John Audubon, estimated to fetch up to £70,000 on 11 July. Newly discovered? Were they lost under a sofa or buried in mouse nests? No, simply stored in a private collection.

It is not just bleary-eyed runners who line their pockets by awakening sleepers. All dealers earn their living by finding

Bought for a song, sold for a fortune...

Discoveries: hooray for the auctioneers. Assyrian carved stone bas-relief, 3,000 years old, discovered in the tuckshop of Canford School, Dorset. Sold for £7,701,500, Christie's 1994.

Dancing faun bronze, 31in high, by the Renaissance sculptor de Vries, rescued from Sotheby's garden sale and an estimate of £1,200-£1,800 by an alert employee, auctioned for a record £6.82m in 1989.

Discovered in a private collection in South Africa as a result of a trade "probe" by Christie's: two unrecorded Canaletto paintings that fetched £388,800 and £354,600 in 1985.

Cache of Dürer prints found in a trunk among nesting mice fetched £587,952 at Sotheby's two years ago.

Schoolchildren studying Egyptian hieroglyphics persuaded their teacher to call in Sotheby's to identify a carved stone in the garden — it was 12th Dynasty Egyptian and fetched £117,100 two years ago.

Handwritten page from George Washington's inaugural speech as president of the United States, found under a sofa in Suffolk. Sold for £180,000 this month at Phillips.

Moss-covered marble statue of cupid with bow by the Italian master Canova, expected to fetch over £1m at Sotheby's, July 4.

This month, after being lost for 60 years, the painting *La Danse Pyrique* by French Orientalist Léon Gérôme, sold for £804,500 at Christie's. Unnoticed amid the clutter of a disused scullery in the Midlands, a hoard of Egyptian antiquities is expected to fetch £20,000 at Christie's on 3 July.

Sleepers: hooray for the dealers. Marble Venus by the Florentine Jan Bologna, bought for a sensational £715,000 against £3,000-£4,000 estimate by the London dealer Alex Weingart at a Christie's garden sale in 1989, thought to be worth £5m.

Renaissance painting of Pope Clement

VII by Sebastiano del Piombo, bought for £180 by Philip Parker at Sotheby's Chester, sold Christie's for £380,000, 1988.

Portrait of Prince Arthur, heir to the Tudor throne, bought for £12,000 by Philip Mould at Sotheby's three years ago: worth £500,000.

Bought at auction by Philip Mould for £9,350 five years ago, a "circle of" Van Dyck portrait said to be of Countess Camarvon, but revealing after removal of overpaint Countess Dysart by the master's hand.

Original Van Dyck portrait of a couple, obscured by dirty varnish, bought for £75,000 at Sotheby's, New York by Richard Knight of Colnaghi and sold for £450,000.

Poussin's 1626 *Sack of Rome*, catalogued as *Testa's Sack of Carthage* by Sotheby's last October, bought for £155,000 by London dealers Hazlitt, Goen and Fox: thought to be worth up to £10m.

greater value in artworks than was previously perceived.

At auction, you can tell the paintings that have undergone examination by dealers. They appear at the rostrum covered with cloudy smears like a dirty car windscreen. The smears are spit. Dealers in search of sleepers have been licking their fingers and dabbing at the grubby surface, creating porpoises through which the colours of the paint shine through, like a dry pebble washed by the tide. The sideways look, the darting spit-and-dab, are all part of the battle of wits played for high stakes between dealers and auctioneers.

The auctioneers have yet more tricks up their sleeves. An insidious new invention of theirs is the "sleeper on a plate". At Sotheby's sale of contents of the Marquess of Bristol's East Wing at Ickworth, Suffolk, this month, were some 60 portraits, dumped there by the National Trust when they took over the rest of the stately home. They were catalogued tantalisingly as "studio of", "school of", "follower of" Van Dyck *et al.* The auction was packed with international fortune-hunters. The "sleeper on a plate" was lot 484, a portrait of the Marchesa Balbi. Although the catalogue entry said that Dr Susan Barnes, the acknowledged authority on

Van Dyck, had endorsed attribution to the master, and would be including the portrait in the forthcoming catalogue raisonné of his works, Sotheby's headlined it as "attributed to" Van Dyck — a coded tag meaning that the auctioneer considers the attribution no more than "probable". Moreover, the estimate for the Marchesa was a ludicrously small £4,000-£6,000, strengthening the misleading impression that Sotheby's, against all evidence, considered the attribution to Van Dyck little better than worthless.

Result: the painting was well and truly spat upon in the time-honoured manner and bidding, in the absence of a sensible top estimate, went through the roof. The painting sold for £133,500. Normally, an "attributed to" estimate on such a Van Dyck would be in the region of £20,000-£30,000, an attribution to the master's hand between £40,000-£60,000 and £60,000-£80,000. Such is Sotheby's riposte to sleeper seekers.

There was a Pope in the sale, Alexander VII, lot 475, catalogued as "Roman School, 17th century". It sold for £10,350. As he brought the hammer down, the auctioneer, James Miller, announced, a little truculently, the buyer's name: Philip Mould. I heard a gasp all around me. Philip Mould is Britain's

sleeper-finder in chief. Aged 36, he has bought for a song countless sleepers in his field of expertise. British portraits, and is author of a bestselling book, "Sleepers". It is unusual for a buyer's name to be sung out at auction. It was as if Mr Miller was telling bidders: "There, see what you've missed!"

Mr Mould has a donnish, book-lined gallery in Bond Street that exudes opulence. Propped nonchalantly against the wall is his latest find, a portrait in oils of King Charles II by the 17th century Italian Antonio Verrio that used to be the centrepiece of the ceiling in St George's Hall, Windsor Castle. The trade expects the Queen to buy it but Mr Mould is saying nothing.

The portrait was mis-catalogued "Kaiser Leopold I" in the Dorotheum auction rooms in Vienna. He bought it for a mere £8,000. The portrait was thought to have been destroyed on the orders of George IV, who was jealous of his Stuart ancestors.

Mr Mould knows the heart-thumping excitement of bidding without knowing whether other dealers in the room have spotted the same sleeper, the silent prayers offered by the fortune hunter for the hammer to come down. Then there is the elated apprehension as the skilled restorer dabs gingerly at later-added paint with a cotton wool swab soaked in acetone.

Propped on an easel in his gallery is another celebrated find of his, worth £500,000 — a tiny portrait by an unknown artist of Prince Arthur, elder brother of Henry VIII, who died aged 15 in 1502 before he could ascend the throne. It was correctly catalogued by Sotheby's, but only Mr Mould and his researcher twigged that it was the only original portrait in existence of the frail-looking Prince, whose untimely death changed the course of British history. It was estimated at £4,000-£6,000 and he bid £12,000 for it.

Mr Mould's motto: "Fortune favours a prepared mind". He says: "Knowledge of an artist's style is paramount, but it is not just cerebral: it is intuitive, almost sensual. You need to become familiar with each artist's voice, even if it is disguised or speaking with a foreign accent — for example, English 18th century painters were influenced by French and Italian styles".

He is disdainful of some lofty art historians, especially "acknowledged authorities" — those museum curators whose God-like pronouncements can make or break an attribution. "Some art historians", he says, "lack the connoisseurship to identify traits of the artist for whom they're meant to be the authority. Unlike dealers, the expertise of some of them often derives too much from photographs".

"We see, say, 50 pictures a day and develop a skill that some of them sadly lack. Also, the financial risks we take do have the effect of sending oxygen to the brain". So why are there no dealers who are acknowledged authorities? Simple: "Because we are financially motivated".

"Sleepers: In Search of Lost Masters", by Philip Mould, Fourth Estate £16.99.



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Suddenly it's summer and you've got a riot on your hands

Clematis is roaring up the pergola, hostas are as big as Savoy cabbages. It's time to reassess the garden

The garden has exploded. Roses that were still hanging around in mid May wondering whether it was going to be worth while to leaf up are now in bloom. The hostas are as big as Savoy cabbages (but not quite as beautiful). *Vitis clematis* are roaring up the poles of the pergola. Nought to 90 in a week. That might not be a unique selling point in a BMW but it is an extraordinary performance for a garden.

Gardeners are always telling each other what a weird season it has been. The thing is that each year the weirdness takes a different form. Last summer there was the drought. We remember the downside of that. But there have been benefits, too. The blossom on fruit trees, wisterias, ceanothus and other flowering shrubs this spring has been brilliant. That must have something to do with the way the wood was ripened in last summer's heat.

Long, cold, slow starts to the flowering year, as we have had this year, make a nonsense of the rulebook. New gardeners desperately want rules to help them make sense of what they need to do in the garden. But rules aren't as important as principles. If you understand the principle of why you shouldn't set out tomato plants or bedding plants too early in the year, then you know when you need to bend the general rule that they go out at the end of May.

This year they didn't. I am still planting petunias and lobelias and potting up geraniums to stand outside the back door and this is in the south west, where I generally expect to be a month ahead of the rest of the country. Most years, tomato plants and other tender material are out in the garden by the beginning of May. Now we have to hope that we get an extra month of warmth tagged on at the end of summer to make up for the month we have missed in front.

The speed of growth over the last two weeks has meant that the gaps I thought I had for plants that have been waiting in the wings have suddenly closed up. I have wasted a good deal of time when I could have been attacking bindweed, mooning about with various pots – an extra peony, a romneya, a very pretty variegated myrtle – trying to find space for them.

This is not the recommended way to go about things, but mooning can be oddly productive. You suddenly get fresh ideas about ways of combining plants. Or you suddenly realise, as I realised this morning, that it is time for something to go. In my case it is a Ceanothus 'Autumnal Blue'. It is one of the evergreen kinds, generally less hardy than the deciduous ones.

It has got so big that its head pokes well above the parapet of sheltering shrubs that stand between it and the northeast wind. It suffered badly during the winter and is being very slow to recloth itself. It is, anyway, now out of scale with its surroundings. I should have pruned it harder. Late flowering ceanothus such as this (it flowers in July, August and September) respond well to hard pruning in April. The spring flowering evergreen ceanothus such as 'Blue Mound', 'C. velutinus' and 'Puglet's Blue' should be pruned when they have finished flowering.

The little myrtle, which I'm going to go on calling myrtle even though the botanists have now shifted it to another family (they call it *Luma apiculata* rather than *Myrtus apiculata*), is a variegated one called 'Glanleam Gold', which was found off the west coast of Ireland, on Valentia Island, just south of Dingle Bay.

'Glanleam Gold' is an evergreen and each of its tiny leaves is edged with an irregular creamy



Yellow foxglove, dahlia and sweet peas burgeon in a herbaceous border: the speed of growth and flowering over the past two weeks leaves you struggling to catch up

Photograph: Jacqui Hirst

ANNA PAVORD



margin. At the moment it is dense and bushy and I hope to keep it that way, by some judicious pruning in March and April. It starts to flower in September and continues through until October. The flowers seem mostly to be bosses of white stamens, rather than petals. They have a spicy smell. Unfortunately, this species is slightly more tender than the common myrtle, *Myrtus communis*. I shall keep my fingers crossed that we don't immediately get another winter as savage as the last.

Gambling, though, is part of the fun of gardening. If winters were always harsh, as they might be further up country, then I would be a fool to fall for myrtle. But I am not sufficiently dismayed by the losses of last winter, which were considerable, to stick to planting only safe bets. You learn a great deal from winters such as the one we have just had. All my hebes perished, but the huge spurge, *Euphorbia mellifera*, said to be tender, waltzed through without a hiccup.

The myrtle is part of a drive (if I'm honest, more of a drift) towards strengthening the performance of the garden in late summer. My obsession with tulips and a growing, extremely

dangerous, interest in columbines, means that there is far too much happening in May and June and not enough in August and September.

The romneya is also supposed to help prop up the garden in late summer. (I've tried it four times before in different positions and each time, have lost it. Normally, after that number of losses, I would give up, but romneya, the Californian tree poppy, is such a fabulous thing, with its huge,

white papery flowers and beautifully cut glaucous leaves, I'm having another go.

Part of the problem here is finding a place that is sufficiently light and well-drained. Romneya likes masses of sun and the potential of plenty of space. If well suited, it is a runner. I've never had that luck. Oh, to be able to curse your romneya for running. Because it gets tall (6-8ft), it can't go too far forward in a planting. It also hates being disturbed, so this is not a plant you can afford to make a mistake with, in terms of its position in the garden.

What will go with the romneya, while it is deciding whether to die? I fancy the dark-leaved cow parsley, *Anthriscus sylvestris* 'Ravenswing'. This might seem an odd choice when the lanes all around (and swathes of the garden) are already covered in cow parsley. But 'Ravenswing' has foliage that early in the season is dark and sumptuous. Then it collapses, like its wild relative. With it, perhaps another cow parsleyish thing, actually a type of chervil, *Chaerophyllum hirsutum* roseum, with lilac-mauve flowers.

In the foreground, perhaps some Jacob's ladder. Again, it is the foliage that draws me

towards this plant. Bright, juicy, vivid, the ferny leaves are made up of small leaflets neatly paired along the stem. The one I have is the wild *Polemonium caeruleum* but there are excellent fancy forms such as 'Sonia's Bluebell' sold at Glebe Cottage Plants. This has paler blue flowers and darker, more bronzed foliage than mine.

To contrast with the Jacob's ladder in the foreground, I would bring in more sisyrinchium, which gives you upright sword-shaped iris leaves, in places where irises wouldn't be happy. I am very fond of the small cream-striped sisyrinchium called *S. striatum* 'Aunt May'. Clever Aunt May to have spotted it and sent it round her friends. It is just coming into flower now, pale creamy flowers on top of stiff, fan-like foliage, no more than a foot high.

Carol Klein's nursery, Glebe Cottage Plants is at Pixie Lane, Warleigh, Umberleigh, Devon EX37 9DH (01769 540554). The garden will be open for the National Gardens Scheme on Sunday 28 July (2-5pm). Admission £1.50. Plants can be sent mail order. Send £1.50 for a catalogue

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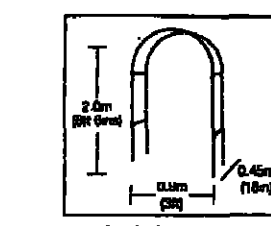
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What's the fastest growing hobby in Britain? Bonsai art

By Hamish Scott

The art of bonsai has been practised in Japan for at least a thousand years, and probably for longer in China. For Europeans, however, accounts of Lilliputian trees growing out of shallow pots remained firmly in the realm of travellers' legends until late in the last century, when Japan's long isolation ended. For artistic hostesses in Bloomsbury and Chelsea, bonsai trees then became some of the most desirable of status symbols, more in keeping with Chinoiserie and fine bone china than an aspidistra. Unfortunately, such exotic imports seldom lasted long. Confined to draughty drawing-rooms, they soon became expensive kindling for the fire.

Now, however, bonsai is becoming a well-established art in Britain. And, according to Cath Hughes, administrator of the Federation of British Bonsai Societies, it is the fastest-growing hobby in the country. Since 1982, when the federation was established, the number of societies has grown from 15 to 77, and this weekend up to 2,000 enthusiasts are expected to converge on Swindon for the National Bonsai Exhibition at the Grange Drive Community Centre.

A star attraction at the show will be a tiny, vener-

able juniper being presented to the British National Collection by the people of Omiya, a village that though now absorbed into suburban Tokyo is still, for bonsai growers worldwide, what Dresden is to porcelain collectors.

The qualities that make a perfect bonsai are, aside from health, a natural form and structure with branches, twigs and leaves in proportion to the trunk. The pot and setting in which the bonsai sits should also be in harmony.

Starting with a stump that may be cut from any hedgerow sapling, the grower will over the years slowly trim the tree to shape. Roots must be checked and pruned, twigs bent and bedded back into the trunk to grow as branches in a pleasing pattern. Young leaves may be stripped to sprout again as scaled-down foliage. The stump itself may be carved to shape, or split to give the look of gnarled age.

The Imperial Collection in Japan includes some bonsai trees that have been growing for 700 years and are valued at more than a quarter of a million pounds apiece. Even in this country a good example of a home-grown tree may be worth several thousand pounds and bonsai-theft is making

its own small contribution to the crime statistics. Now growers photograph prize specimens and electronic tagging is being introduced.

In Japan, many fear that bonsai may become a dying art, a quaint tradition practised only by the elderly. Young Japanese are no longer willing to spend years of apprenticeship under a Master, learning how to water trees before they are considered worthy even to sweep the gravel round their roots.

For enthusiasts in Britain, bonsai is an enjoyable obsession, combining skill and creativity with a child-like joy in miniature perfection. Growers such as Peter Adams and Dan Barton are now among the world's foremost practitioners. Perhaps the day may come when England's bare suburban lawns disappear beneath a knee-high canopy of Scots Pine, oaks and elms.

The National Bonsai Exhibition takes place at Grange Drive Community Centre, Stratton St Margaret, Swindon, on Saturday 22 June (11am-6pm) and Sunday 23 June (10am-5pm). Federation of British Bonsai Societies 0121-378 4837

country

Burning trees is good for the planet

At least that's what Britain's charcoal makers would have you believe. By Helen Lewis



Colette Mead with Rosie collecting wood for the charcoal burner

Photograph: Susannah Binney

Martin Whittaker

The British Charcoal Group (BCG) is adamant that burning timber benefits our woodland ecology. "Any woods left to go rampant become a mess," insists Don Kelly of BCG. "Using the excess for charcoal, ultimately helps to open up the canopy and improves the environment for wildlife."

However, over the last few decades the ancient woodland industry of charcoal burning has been relegated to museums, while we have imported charcoal from tropical rain forests and mangrove swamps. Meanwhile British woodlands, formerly cut to the ground on a regular 10-15 year cycle, have tended to become dense forest. Certainly, this provides a valuable haven for some flora and fungi but it is detrimental to the growth of young saplings, and many wild flowers and insects.

Today, the DIY chain, B&Q, is helping to put this declining industry back on its feet. Trial sales of British charcoal undertaken at a handful of B&Q stores in 1994 were so successful they were extended to 30 more stores in 1995 and are to spread this year to 120 of the company's 277 outlets. B&Q maintains that customers are appreciating the superior quality and green credentials of the British product. And, indeed, charcoal burners have increased in number from 50 a few years ago to 300.

To make charcoal, you burn wood in conditions with insufficient oxygen for complete combustion - basically it's cooked. In the days before the introduction of steel kilns, charcoal

Charcoal burning in Devon

Since separating from her husband three years ago, 35-year-old Colette Mead has taken up a career in various woodland skills to support herself and her two children. "My aim was to find work which involved wood, so I took chainsaw proficiency tests and a charcoal burning course, where I met Phil who is now my business partner," says Colette. "Initially, Phil employed me to work alongside him contract hedge-laying until we decided to take up tree thinning, coppicing and charcoal burning as a business together. When we realised that offering a service to extract timber using heavy horses was a viable proposition, we

bought two - an Ardenne and a Dutch draft," Colette explains. "We pull timber out of woods which is either too inaccessible for big machinery, or under SSSI (site of special scientific interest) protection where only selective thinning is allowed," says Colette. "Transporting large machinery long distances is often uneconomic for owners of small remote woodlands. Here, Phil and I compete favourably on price as well as being faster with the horses." Another factor is the minimal damage horses make in the woods. When thinning is required, machines can only remove whole lines of trees

regardless of size and quality, whereas horses can extract individuals. During the summer months Colette also cuts hazel coppice at her home on the Flete estate in South Devon. Phil and Colette have three, 7ft 6in steel charcoal kilns. Each one has the capacity for around one and a half tonnes of wood taking over two hours of hard graft to cut, split and load. Such work is tough going - too tough, some think, for women to do well. Tony Morgan, a forestry contractor, feels there are few women who could well work with timber: "Our work is far too punishing for many men

let alone a woman." However, Richard Edwards of the Coppice Association believes women should be encouraged: "Women make brilliant coppice workers, they often have a better eye and a gentler touch with timber than a man," he says. Colette, meanwhile, is determined to succeed in this business. The hours are long and the work exhausting. "Felling trees and hauling timber out of woods is tough manual labour and demands a high level of fitness. However, I am thriving on it and it's wonderful for the figure."

Helen Lewis

Coppicing in the Cotswolds

In a clearing in Upton Wood, high on the edge of the Cotswolds, Michael White is hard at work. He's usually up and about by 5.30am, and half an hour later he's already working, lighting fires to make charcoal. He doesn't have far to travel in the morning - he lives in a tent pitched in an old barn a few hundred yards away.

Michael is a coppice merchant. He cuts the new growth from trees such as ash, hazel and willow, and uses it in a variety of traditional woodland crafts such as bodging - furniture making. Coppicing is an ancient practice, with evidence of its use in Britain dating back to Neolithic times. Certain trees can be cut back periodically allowing them to regrow. New wood can be cut every five to 20 years, and trees can be cut in rotation to yield wood every year. By the 1960s coppicing had all but died out, but now it is making a comeback. Bearded, burly, and constantly drawing on a roll-up, "Bodger" White, 50, looks a typical rural character. But he's actually from Fulham. After a stint in the army, he tried his hand at just about every manual job going. And in the Eighties he became disillusioned with city life.

"I used to go out on my Honda 90 motorbike, up to Yorkshire or wherever and just stop and talk to country people. I started learning their country skills. I thought well, society's gone so far now, this is the end of the road. I'm getting out." He went on to work on big country estates - Bowood, in Wiltshire, and Bathurst near Cirencester, Gloucestershire - and became convinced there was a growing market for woodland products. He approached Gloucestershire County Council, who were impressed with his ideas and offered him the use of Upton Wood, near Cheltenham.

Now he has set up the UK Underwoodsmen's Association to encourage others to learn these forgotten arts. The scheme has the backing of Gloucestershire County Council and Business Link Gloucestershire, part of a national DTI-sponsored organisation which promotes small and medium-sized businesses.

Gloucestershire's countryside management officer Mark Connelly says: "The time is right. There's much more interest now in sustainable products, particularly British charcoal. There's also much more interest in garden-type things, like hurdles and furniture."

Paul Bevan of Business Link Gloucestershire firmly believes coppicing and associated crafts can be commercially viable. "We wouldn't be doing this if it was just a pastime," he says. "We are involved because we see the potential for a sustainable business to be created out of this."

But as Michael says, it's a hard way to make a living: "A lot of unemployed people coming into my courses were trying to gain a skill and a lot of them thought being out in the woodland would be very good, but when they get out there and find out just how difficult it is, many give up. I would say 50 per cent of them fall by the wayside after a few months."

enough British charcoal - what is holding the company back is supply.

B&Q orders its stock through the Bioregional Charcoal Company, which has a network of charcoal burners around Britain. The British Charcoal Group, meanwhile, has part-time burners from all walks of life. "We've got everyone from a retired airline pilot to practising solicitors," says Mr Kelly. He insists that the renewed appeal of British charcoal lies in its quality and says that now big concerns such as B&Q are entering the market, more people are taking up charcoal production. "But even so, we're not using anything like the amount of wood available," he says. "Even though modern steel kilns have helped increase the quantity available."

Bryan Wilson, a blacksmith based in Mid-Wales, is one of the largest producers of charcoal kilns and graders in the country. "We're now making kilns for people from Argyll in Scotland to the Isle of Wight - anyone who's got access to lots of wood," says Mr Wilson. "We started making the odd kiln five years ago, sold 25 last year, and should at least double that in 1996."

Before the last war, Britain's woods were a hive of activity with coppice workers in abundance: greenwood furniture-makers turning poles on foot-driven lathes, wattle hurdles made from woven hazel, stakes for the local hedge-layers and any unsuitable wood being used for charcoal production. Perhaps this scene will become commonplace once more.

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'Oh yes,' she cried. 'We're all scoundrels'

It started as an ordinary evening excursion, such as anyone on holiday in Italy might make. Having lazed and swum in the sea all day, we hired four mopeds and proposed to ride up into the hills for a beer at some bar up in a mountain village.

All went well as we clawed our way through a dozen hairpin bends, pausing now and then to gawp at the sea far beneath us. At the top we skirted the village of Castellabate, with its splendid medieval centre, and headed inland along a ridge, our target the hamlet of Perdifumo.

It was a perfect evening for scooting. The sun slanted low from behind us, and the wind of our passage brought refreshing relief from the heat. On either side, olive trees clung to slopes which tumbled steeply away; the verges of the road were bright with flowers, and tall, feathery wild grasses hung out over the tarmac.

Then - pssssssss. Down went one of the back tyres. None of the bikes carried any tools. Grounded, miles from anywhere. What to do? Abandon the casualty and proceed with two people on the single seat of one of the other mopeds?

By a miracle, we had just passed the one establishment which looked capable of giving help: some kind of industrial enterprise, with a fork-lift truck outside. Back-tracking, we found the place was an olive-oil



DUFF HART-DAVIS

pressing and canning factory. A man produced an air-line, and blew up the flat tyre, but it went straight down again, and obviously needed repairing.

As we dithered, there burst upon the scene a ministering angel with raven hair, flashing eyes and a powerful American accent. Cindy, wife of the factory owner, & American, she told us. Her parents came from the area we were in, but they had emigrated and settled in New Jersey, where she had been brought up. In the 1980s, returning to the family's native haunts, she had met and married her husband, owner of the olive oil business.

Speaking at machine-gun speed in either language, she bade us welcome in American, then in Italian phoned a mechanic in Perdifumo, ordering him to come down at once. As we waited, her three daughters, aged

eight to 18 months, squawked and capered round us.

When I asked about the business, we entered another world. Suddenly we were inside a hall full of gleaming, stainless-steel machinery for processing olives: washers, grinders, conveyor-belts, centrifuges. It was clear that the equipment had cost several hundred thousand pounds.

The harvest, Cindy told us, lasts from October to March. Last year's was a cracker. Most owners spread big, fine-mesh nets under the trees and simply collect the fruit as it falls, but the finest oil, the green-tinted extra-virgin brand, comes from olives picked fresh from the branches.

Her own family own extensive groves, but they also press tons of fruit for other growers, and themselves bring in big lorry-loads from Bari, on the far side of the country, to augment their home-grown raw material. So well known is their brand that it sells all over the world. Potential buyers come from far and wide to attend tastings, rolling samples round their mouths and spitting them out, like wine, and other samples are despatched by post for tasting on the spot.

As information poured out, I began to be troubled by the name of the family firm, printed on all the cans and bottles: Malandrino. Does the word not mean "rogue" or "ruf-

fian"? From *Don Giovanni* I remembered Masetto cursing Zerlina, his wayward bride, with the words, "Brigonnaccia, malandrino, foste ognor la mia ruina" ("Little brigand, rascal, you always were my ruin"). Delicately, I raised the matter with Cindy. "Oh yes!" she cried with a merry laugh. "We're all scoundrels!"

By then we were sitting under a tree laden with ripe lemons eight or nine inches long. Perhaps alerted by news that strangers had appeared, people kept coming and going. In due course the mechanic arrived by car and dismantled the punctured wheel, but had to go home to mend the tube. Again, chat flowed agreeably. Why was Perdifumo so named? What had lost smoke to do with it?

"Nothing!" bellowed Cindy's husband, who was beginning to enjoy the conversation. "Perdifumo - basta!"

At last the mechanic returned, reassembled the wheel, and charged the derisory amount of 5,000 lire (less than £2.50) for his services. Once more our party was mobile.

Too late, by then, for any mountain beers. But as we wound down through the hairpins in the hot dusk, we felt as happy as if we had lowered several pints, exhilarated by the kindness and good nature of our scoundrel-hoasts.

صبراً من الامم

Am I alone in thinking that we could all be reading too much into this search for meaning?

The appetite for conclusive explanation has always been provoked by certain kinds of art – as the recent correspondence in this paper about the “true” meaning of *Waiting for Godot* reminds us. Earlier this week, one reader advanced the highly ingenious theory that *Godot* should actually be read as “Go, Dot”. In other words “Go. Full stop”. the moral instruction of the play presumably being that movement in any direction is better than paralysis. Others talked of obscure French cyclists, Resistance fighters, Balzac characters and concealed homophones (God / Eau). This itchy compulsion to elucidate isn’t exactly a mystery itself, of course. Enigmas do not suit our contemporary habits of mind: they are an affront to a culture of transparent meaning. But the impulse to explain arises, I think, out of a misapprehension – because all art is in some sense a coded message, it is an understandable, though false, assumption

that there must be a single clear-text solution to that code. Even in works that are calculatedly ambiguous, the conviction that there is a privileged reading that has dominion over all others is difficult to dislodge.

Writers, including Beckett, can sometimes be mischievous about exciting this sense of a tantalisingly elusive clarity. *Waiting for Godot*, Beckett noted, would be perfectly comprehensible to anyone who managed to read it attentively, an instruction that has probably resulted in some hapless sap anagrammatising every other line in the search for secret messages. Martin Amis did something similar when he published his novel *Other People* – subtitled it “A Mystery Story” and announcing in interviews that its apparent opacities had a simple explanation. Julian Barnes, he said, had “got it” first time but others might have to read the novel twice to solve the puzzle. As a way of securing a certain knot-

THOMAS SUTCLIFFE



ted attention from your readers, this could hardly be improved upon and, for a time at least, there was a vigorous exchange of theories about how best to solve the mystery.

Nor is it just good art that provokes the audience in this way. Dennis Potter’s last two television plays have generated

a similar, if smaller, cottage industry of exegesis, because for the compulsive decoder there is no such thing as a loose end. That dangling thread is just as likely to be the handle to a trap-door, which, pulled open, will reveal a concealed chamber within the work. Authorial forgetfulness, waning powers, the hurried rush to beat death to the final page? Don’t be so naïve. Again, Potter has encouraged the process, filling both plays with sly allusions that hint at hidden treasure and I confess that I am guilty of code-breaking myself, arguing in one review that the name of the main character in *Cold Lazarus*, Emma Porlock, was a not-very-covert acknowledgement by Potter that this was his “Kubla Khan”, a morphone dream set down in a moment of dazed inspiration.

Some of my correspondents have dug a little deeper. “Am I one of the few people who has picked up the message in Dennis Potter’s *Karaoke* and *Cold*

Lazarus?” writes Mr Robinson, noting that both plays end with the murder of the villain and that Potter joked in his final interview about shooting Rupert Murdoch. The plays, Mr Robinson suggests, may be a deliberate incitement to media terrorism. It wouldn’t be beyond Potter, certainly, though you would have thought he could have come up with a less risible acronym for his secret army than RON – hardly an aid to recruitment.

Mary Rensten has another suggestion: “I wonder if I am alone,” she writes, “in seeing another allusion... in the naming of his hero Feeld. Are we to interpret this as Potter’s Feeld, or rather Potter’s Field, a public burying place?” As it happens, she has company – Alex Burns advances a similar theory in the *Evening Standard*: “Has anyone else noticed that the writer in both plays is named Feeld. So Potter-is-Feeld and traditionally Potter’s Field is the burial place of those who have failed, right? I wonder what other

barbs may be buried in these texts?” he continues, unleashing the verbal metal detectors on that uneven terrain.

Alert decoders will have noticed a common theme in all these letters – the almost formulaic inquiry as to whether the writers have company in their conjecture – “Am I alone?” – “Has anyone else noticed?” and so on. This speaks to the other fascination of gothic texts, the promise they hold out of a kind of intellectual VIP lounge, accessible only to those who have worked out the password. The mass of the audience will be content to remain passive consumers, but some will attempt to penetrate backstage, to discover the tricks that animate the performance. But it may be that there is no secret room, in either good or bad art – that the struggle for comprehension by readers is itself the meaning of a great impenetrable work, and a charity we confer on those that are rarely empty.

Let the bad times roll

Kris Kristofferson is 60 today. He’s had his share of pain and box-office flops. But, as he tells Jasper Rees, he just wouldn’t have wanted it any other way



Photo: Tony Buckingham

It’s always a shock when a pop star hits 60. For Kris Kristofferson, whose turn comes today, the birthday is both easier and harder to take on board. Easier, because musically he hails from Nashville, home of the stetosomaeus. Harder, because he actually hasn’t been around so very long. “I did my first paid gig was when I was 34 the same week,” he says.

And for significant swathes of his quarter-century in the limelight, Kristofferson has actually been nowhere near it. Most of the work on which his reputation rests was concentrated in the 1970s, the singer-songwriter decade when the hunt was on for the new Dylan. (Before stardom, the closest Kristofferson got to Dylan was as a janitor in Nashville, when he cleaned out the studio ashtrays during the *Blonde on Blonde* sessions. Did he hang with Bob? “Nobody hung with Bob.”) The story of his 1970s is pretty much told in the part he played in *A Star Is Born*, in which rock icon hits bottle and self-destruct button. In real life, he married not Barbara Streisand but Rita Coolidge, with whom, true to the rules of celebrity matrimony in Nashville, he cut a few albums as a preamble to messy divorce.

He made three films with Sam Peckinpah, one with Martin Scorsese. Scorsese obviously understood how cool a figure he was, because when Robert de Niro buys an LP to impress Cybill Shepherd in *Taxi Driver* it’s a Kristofferson album. And she’s so hip she already has it. “To this day I just think, what a sweet thing that was to do – the notion that I have Robert de Niro in a Martin Scorsese film holding up my album and quoting it and mentioning my name.” For a while, then, Kristofferson got as close as anyone ever has to being pop star and film star in equal measure. “No,” he demurs modestly. “Frank Sinatra did it.”

At the summit of his career parabola he took star billing in *Heaven’s Gate*, the flop of flops that pulled his Hollywood career under for years. In *Final Cut*, the page-turning post-mortem by producer Steven Bach, the author recalls the star showing up for the demoralising New York premiere with the wrong trousers. The whole year felt like that. “Everything fell apart in a year. My manager got Alzheimer’s disease and my agent died and my family split apart and then just as I was trying to be a bachelor father, the film was blown out of the water.”

Those clear blue Swedish eyes, set deep in a concave Celtic face, take in the copy of *Final Cut* awaiting his signature (“Thanks. Peace. Kris Kristofferson”). “I haven’t had the stomach to read past a few pages of that. I got as far as the part where somebody was telling [director] Michael Cimino that they didn’t like the choice of Isabelle Huppert because both Chris Walken and Kris Kristofferson are prettier than she is. He was trying to make a real piece of art, and he was fighting the philistines the whole fuckin’ way.”

Professionally, there wasn’t much solace in the early 1990s either, when he cut an album called *Third World Warrior* to get off his chest views on Iraq, Cuba, Nicaragua and other popular American holiday locations. “It was murder in my name,” he says of US foreign policy, “with my taxes that was paying for it.” Sympathisers scouring the radio for his songs twiddled the dial in vain. When Sinead O’Connor was booed offstage at Madison Square Gardens during the Dylan tribute in 1993, it was Kristofferson, ever the underdog’s friend, who publicly roped a comforting arm round her. By then he didn’t have a recording contract to call his own.

Then last year he made an album with Don Was, and a movie with John Sayles. *Lone Star* opens in the States this week, and finds Kristofferson playing “a racist sheriff in a Texas border town who is particularly murderous against blacks and chicanos. My wife said it wasn’t a real stretch. I feel a great sense of gratitude,” he adds, “that at my age whatever obstacles there were between the time of *Heaven’s Gate* and now are not, that someone’s willing to take a chance.”

To push the album, he has just finished a month-long European tour with no nights off, and that ragged, growling voice is shot to bits (“How can you tell?” as Willie Nelson once quipped to him; when he started out, Kristofferson wasn’t even allowed to sing on his

own demos). But by the time he got to the Mean Fiddler last weekend he was still having a ball. The highlight came not with one of the many old, much-covered standards – “Help Me Make It through the Night”, “Sunday Morning Coming Down”, “For the Good Times” – but a new one called “The Promise”, a growly dirge about love and learning and how at his time of life this father of eight is beyond improvement.

So what brought about the depoliticising of his songwriting? “My albums have been a reflection of whatever is going on in my life at the time. And, fortunately for me and the world, the life is better now. I have a real happy family life that I would never have predicted I could ever enjoy.”

Five years ago, he moved his third family from Los Angeles – “like raising kids in a war-zone” – to Hawaii. Kristofferson’s own youth was comfortable but peripatetic, his father being high up in the Air Force. A Rhodes scholarship brought him to Merton College, Oxford, where he got a degree in English, “which means you’re qualified for absolutely nothing”, and boxed for the university.

He spins a good boxing yarn, including one about his little-known association with Henry Cooper. “He worked in a place called the Thomas à Becket. They let me work out at the gym up there. I got to watch Henry spar with his brother. He was a good man. In fact, I ran into him once in a street in Soho when Paul Lincoln and I were coming out. Paul says, ‘Goddamn, where’s the camera right now?’”

Lincoln was Tommy Steele’s manager, who had placed an ad in the *Daily Mirror* seeking musical talent. Kristofferson, who wrote his first song at the age of 11 – “an imitation country song” called “I Hate Your Ugly Face” – answered it. He’d already recorded a song or two in the States, so changed his name in London to Kris Carson. The results, produced by Tony Hatch, “were awful. I just wasn’t up to it. I guess Paul figured with the PR possibilities of a Yank boxing at Oxford and that everything else in music at the time was bull-shit he might as well do this one, too.”

Back in the States, and after a stint in the army, Kristofferson “decided to start at the bottom and work my way up”. A first marriage came and went while he worked as a helicopter pilot ferrying workers to the Gulf of Mexico oil-fields and commuted up to Nashville to sell songs. His employers didn’t like that, or his drinking, and fired him. His first-born, meanwhile, was in hospital with a birth defect that needed \$10,000 worth of treatment, and he faced jail for falling behind on child support.

This was the first of the trademark Kristofferson slumps that he seems to find oddly improving, even inspiring. “Me and Bobby McGee” improbably grew out of a parallel moment of despair in Fellini’s *La Strada*, and the scene when Anthony Quinn realises that Giulietta Massina is dead. “He goes off and he gets drunk and he ends up on the beach howling at the stars and he was free but he was the most lonely son of a bitch in the world. So it showed the two sides of freedom. Freedom – and this may as well be his career motto – “is just another word for nothing left to lose.”

Out of curiosity, I ring up Henry Cooper and ask him if he recalls an American amateur sparring at the Thomas à Becket in the late 1950s, and whether he knew what became of him. Apologetically, Cooper dredges up a vague memory. “He was a charming guy, and he loved his boxing.” Which is probably why he’s never written about it: Kristofferson’s songs are all about having a bad time, even thrilling on it. It’s no fluke that whenever the conversation gets round to some cataclysm or other, it’s usually punctuated by a rasping explosion of laughter. A Mexican boxer once told him that “a Mexican boxer will never give up”. Has he carried that message out of the ring and into the rest of his absurdly colourful life?

“Absolutely. If you’re trying to win, you can’t really lose.” And it seems to have worked. This may be a cliché, but if he whipped 10 candles off his birthday cake today, only then would one be able to say he was looking his age.

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arts

DANCE

CandoCo, Royal Court, London

Louise Levene on a successful national tour by this demanding and innovative company

There are many things that people in wheelchairs can't do – synchronised swimming and uni-cycling suggest themselves – but dance isn't one of them. CandoCo has made this abundantly clear. Their commitment and artistry have forced the public to re-address its attitude to disability in the arts. By being a demanding and innovative company, they have inspired leading choreographers such as Siobhan Davies and Laurie Booth to create for them. Their latest national tour has been a success and it culminated at the Royal Court on Thursday as part of the Barclays New Stages season.

CandoCo's only real failing has been an occasional tendency toward gentle, over-polite movement. This valium calm was disturbed in the past by the legless virtuoso David Toole, whose unerring physique and dynamic stage presence lent an air of danger to the yogic tranquillity of some of the dance. Sadly, the physical cost of scampering menacingly about the stage on his hands began to take its toll and the ex-Post Office worker is now concentrating on an acting career. His departure means there is now more focus on the ensemble as a whole, and on Celeste Dandeker, who dominates any piece she inhabits, staring off-stage with eyes aghast as if some nameless horror were occurring in the wings. In *Christy Don't Leave So Soon* she rolls on-stage, beautiful and imperious, to begin an intriguing power play with two men. The initial conflict reconciled, she is tenderly removed from the chair and cradled by her two lovers, who swing her into the air, giving her limbs the mobility denied them by her on-stage accident 23 years ago. The work is touching but unsentimental.

The evening's finale was *Trades and Trusts*, a new collaborative work by Brazilian choreographer Guilherme Boethio. The piece takes a rather over-familiar look at human relationships and desires but possesses a frenzied energy and is funny and sad by turns. Like all of CandoCo's work, *Trades and Trusts* is not about disability, it touches on the subject but places it firmly in the wider context of human frailty. At one point, Jon French wheels on to begin a monologue of wishes and dreams. These begin as the fantastic aspirations of an ordinary young man – "I'd really like to own a nightclub" – and dwindle to the painful everyday dreams of a disabled person – "I'd like to be able to cut my toenails and lie down whenever I want".

Final performance 7.30pm tonight.
Booking: 0171-730 1745

THEATRE Private Lives, Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith

At last, a Noël Coward production that does its author proud. David Benedict toasts the Mike Alfreds Cocktail – a perfect mix of wit, passion and heartbreak



Gay divorcees: Elyot Chase (Simon Robson) and Amanda Prynne (Abigail Thaw)

Photograph: Stuart Morris

Drape yourself winningly across the furniture, face front and speak frightfully fast in a very, very brittle voice. Good clothes and good teeth (diction, darling) are all that's needed for Noël Coward. It's like *Play School*. The entire evening should be seen through the arched window. No. As this magnificent production proves, there's a great deal more to it than that.

In a comedy as good as *Private Lives*, you expect to laugh, and one of the immediate strengths on display is that you do, which on the basis of all recent Coward is a ridiculously rare experience. The great surprise and delight of Method and Madness's revival is the depth of passion on display.

You search in vain for a high concept. Director Mike Alfreds wisely sticks to the play's original period and milieu, knowing perfectly well that everything about the behaviour of these people is rooted in the 1930s smart set. When elegant divorcees Elyot and Amanda accidentally meet on adjacent hotel balconies on the first night of their honeymoons to new partners, they are, after all, engaged in the ritual of dressing for dinner and the serious business of sipping cocktails.

Yet dangerous emotions shimmer beneath this beautifully sustained surface. Alfreds keeps the stakes extremely high. From the second the two ex-lovers meet, they pull rank on each other, determined to disguise the passions threatening to engulf them. This builds to such a pitch that when the impossibly tall, soigné Simon Robson doubles up in agony over the balustrade declar-

ing "Darling, I love you so... I've never loved anyone else for an instant", the effect is shockingly moving. What's more, this full-blown passion is kindled by violence. Robson and Abigail Thaw's marvellously assured Amanda may drip the ease, confidence and languor produced by wealth, but sexual tension smoulders and erupts between them. At the top of Act 2, when the suggestion arises that maybe they should go out, everything about the way they sprawl across the seemingly endless sofa, tells you that they have spent three days doing nothing but have rampant sex in every conceivable part of Paul Dart's riotously designed, lush Paris apartment.

Geraldine Alexander's maddeningly sweet Sibyl and Martin Marquez's stuffed-shirt Victor are pitched at the same dramatic level. Their violence is produced through repression. The resultant collisions are highly charged, to say the least.

The recent *Design for Living* patronised its audience by doing all their work for them, smugly pointing out the "shocking news" that, beneath all this "dated" wit, there was real drama. The cast were so busy playing "meaningful" subtext, the text disappeared. Alfreds's company manage truth and text with wit and grace. Not even this powerful production can quite sustain the energy through the slightly tepid final act, but who cares? Not only do they dazzle and dare, they make it look blissfully easy.

In rap with *Jude the Obscure* and *Flesh and Blood* to 27 July.
Booking: 0181-741 2311

THEATRE

A Week with Tony, Finborough

Trash for starters, Tories for seconds: David Eldridge is serving it up again. By Paul Taylor

One of the exhilaratingly large crop of promising playwrights in their early 20s, David Eldridge gave notice that he was a talent to watch earlier this year with *Serving It Up*, a toughly comic piece about aimless white trash youth. In his new play, *A Week with Tony*, he shifts his attention further up the social scale with a wily look at the Conservative middle classes as they brace themselves for a likely Labour election victory. This, of course, is a group that embraces both traditional (not to say genetic) Tories and the self-made men of the 1980s, many of them now unmade by the 1990s.

It's a point thrown into sharp relief here by the problems of Ric Morgan's Tony, an East End-born Thatcherite whom the recession has stripped of his new wealth and turned into a computer sales rep. His daughter Elizabeth (Celia Robertson) is engaged to the son of the rich, upper-class chairman of the local constituency. The lavish wedding, planned as "a real morale-booster" to the jittery Tory community, would once have been well within Tony's means and he can't persuade himself that a man of his former standing won't be able to call in a few debts. But he's credit black-listed, a fact he hides from his aggrieved ex-spouse (Di Langford), while demanding emotional support from his thirtysomething girlfriend. For her, though, his fantasy of funding an obscenely expensive wedding reception rubs in all the more cruelly his evasiveness on the subject of marriage to her.

It's an uneven play, but the bits that work really well, as is established by Mark Ravenhill's engaging (if uneven) staging. It shows you a Britain where men like Tony and Oxbridge-educated Roger (Keith Hazemore) find themselves displaced in the same boat, flogging "software solutions" which they don't really understand for sales companies that are too keen on the quickest and easiest profit to go in for software solutions themselves. It proposes a Britain, too, where both young Conservatives and young Socialists, like Oscar Pearce's leather-trousered Joseph, can't really imagine a Labour government surviving beyond one term.

Though the plot depends on it, I never really believed that women would still be so drawn sexually to Ric Morgan's otherwise adroitly acted Tony. But that it is prepared to think on this scale – and let's hope the cast of 13 never outnumber the audience – is a tribute to the Steam Industry's commitment to new writing and augurs well for next year's planned "States of the Nation" season.

To 7 July, Finborough Arms, Finborough Road, London SW10. Booking: 0171-373 3842

TELEVISION

Future Fantastic (BBC1)

Help! Strange creatures with small brains are being allowed to air their views about UFOs on terrestrial television. Jasper Rees runs for cover and tries to raise the alarm

Future Fantastic is a kind of *Day After Tomorrow's World*, bothered not with what science has made possible, but what it might – that area, in other words, that remains fiction. In Part 1 we met an astronaut called Story Musgrave who believes in alien beings, even knows they exist. This is possibly because, with a bald dome, dull staring eyes, and a droning voice, he is one himself. What kind of a name is Story anyway, meaning yarn, tall tale? It's exactly the kind of an alien invader would give himself in the delusion that it would blend him in with the locals: a fiction.

In ufology as in religion, those who package belief as knowledge can make the most arrogant assumptions. It seems to be taken as read, for example, that when the aliens come they'll head straight for the States. Why? Something to do with the exchange rate? Or simply because no country has a higher concentration of gullible fantasists who divide their time between gazing at the stars and their navel? You dread to think what it would do to national morale if, after orbiting in search of a choice desert landing track, the aliens plumped for Libya.

This short history of ufology, while telling us absolutely nothing about UFOs, teaches us a great deal about ourselves, and the paucity of our imagination. Man, looking into space as if into a mirror, can picture only a life-form that approximates to his own, with arms, legs and eyes. Imagine the shock when an alien turns up in the shape of a paper clip, or a regular portion of french fries. The contagion afflicts even the more credible (ie famous) space-watchers lined up. Arthur C Clarke plugged the theory he first road-tested in 2001: *A Space Odyssey* that "contact would be

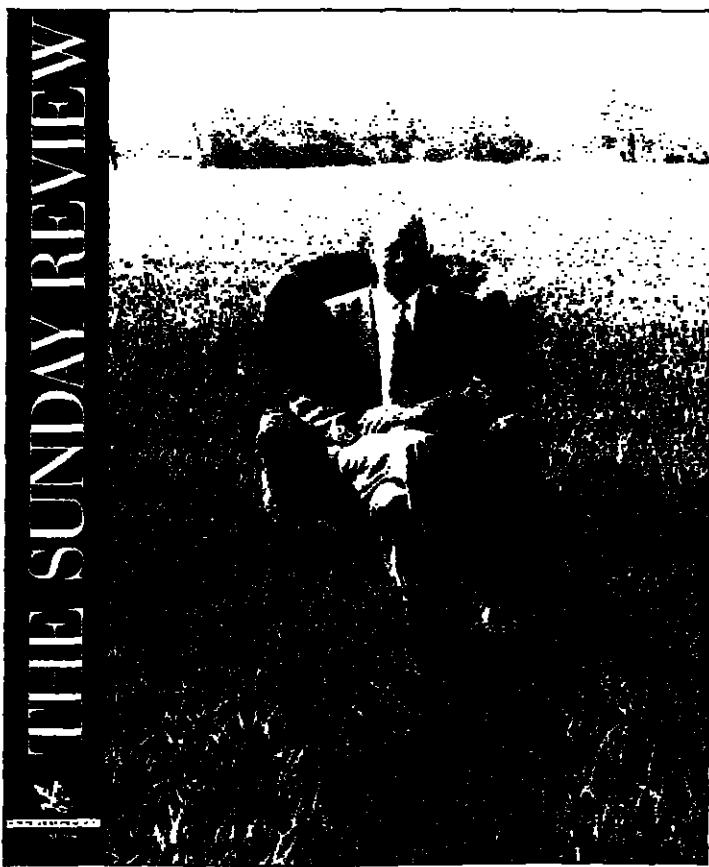
the most important event in human history, because it would tell us whether we're near the apes or the angels". Of course, he hasn't the faintest idea. And just marvel at the solipsism that believes an alien's first duty is to tell us something about ourselves. But, hey, it looks like a fun sentence to say, grand and cosmic and tidily alliterative. And in this uniquely unargumentative field, the great thing is that no one can tell you you're talking out of your black hole.

The cleverest people we met were not the professors and astronauts, but the inhabitants of Rachel, Nevada, down the

road from the top-secret UFO research base, who all profess to believe in alien life because it's economically advantageous to do so. *Future Fantastic* betrayed a quietly sceptical attitude to it all. With one eye on the ratings, they hired Gillian Anderson to present, and shot her in engulfing white light, or prowling around the moving camera in a deserted warehouse. Contact, she burred, "will be the most profound event since men left the confines of this tiny planet". The biggest event in the last three decades, in other words. Not so very big after all.



Gillian Anderson from planet 'T Files'



The comfort zone: as 'downsizing' makes office life ever more stressful, growing numbers of wage slaves are fighting back and 'downshifting' – opting to work less, earn less, and enjoy more. Feckless optimism? Or a vision of the future that could work for you? Geraldine Bedell reports

Plus: Isabel Hilton on China's troubles; Helen Fielding uncovers a gastronomic treasure; and the dreaming spires of Luton University

IN TOMORROW'S INDEPENDENT ON SUNDAY



Stuart Morris

Herbie Knott

overview

Noël Coward's finest and funniest comedy – dripping sophistication, sex and thoroughly bad manners – returns in a lavish production designed by Paul Dart and directed by Mike Alfreds for Method and Madness Company.

Andrew Ray directs this summer's best blockbuster, a bitchy display of neuroticism in which Sean Connery and Nicolas Cage show things up in search of a way to destroy passion and generally ruin marriages.

Our Morrison OBE, 50 and Ray Charles, 65, followed by, quite possibly, the most brilliant, moving and a bit down the road for time. But don't expect a show.

critical view

David Benedict was captivated by a scintillating production of wit, wit and wit (see above). "Paul Dart induces his imagination to reverse effect on the two sets, Alfreds' intricate power hitting all the right notes," suggested the *Standard*. "Crisp and accurate, outstanding," said the *Telegraph*. "Repetition does not diminish the wit," *Times*. "Alfreds' production is a masterpiece and the result is a fresh and compelling. Stylish, sexy, the most shocking show in town," claimed the *Telegraph*.

David Rees found a precious little wit in the greater pleasure in the scenes that watching Connery back in the saddle. "Connery's 'Long time no see' is a masterpiece of wit," said the *Standard*. "The wit is so good, it's a shame it's not in the play," said the *Telegraph*. "The wit is so good, it's a shame it's not in the play," said the *Telegraph*.

David Rees found Morrison, who started in 1960, and ended in 1960, in a family group, fashion. Charles's show has led to the basis of an order of the British Empire. "Two veterans of the 1960s have formed a solid alliance," said the *Standard*. "Morrison's performance for the night was a masterpiece and one we'll be looking at for years to come," said the *Telegraph*. "Could have been a dream, could be a lie, in the end, it was a dream," said the *Telegraph*.

on view

At the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, London W6 (0181-741 2311) until 27 July.

The main cast is a mix of conservative and radical.

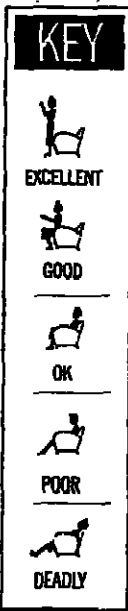
At Birmingham NEC (0121-780 4133) on Monday and at Newcastle Arena (0191-401 8000) on Monday.

our view

Outstanding. The best Coward revival in years. Book immediately for the same cast in *Flirting*. Osmonds' *Flesh and Blood* and *Jude the Obscure*.

From the stable that brought you *Top Gun* and *Crash*, the expert looks of the same.

As far as Vain's concerned, it's definitely one-up from quelling with Cliff Richard but then...



صباحنا من الامم

Essay, essay, essay again

What has become of the once-glorious art of the essay? And why aren't the British any good at it? By Robert Winder

The essay, as everyone knows, is a dying art. The grand old days of Hazlitt, Lamb, Coleridge, Emerson, Chesterton, Shaw, Virginia Woolf *et al* - happy times when we could dip at will into the best thoughts of the best minds and draw out maxims for life, pausing only to restoke an aromatic pipe - have long since passed. Even the moralising Victorian tub-thumpers (Mill, Ruskin, Arnold, Bagehot) play to empty houses. These days, we rely on self-help manuals and astrology for that sort of thing. Essays? We don't really trust 'em; they too closely resemble sermons or lectures; they make us want to fidget or giggle. Essays are what we slog through at university, what we have crises over. They are preachy and didactic, forcing us to put ticks in the margin or shake our heads, or think twice about something - not popular activities. Essays can hardly avoid an over-confident sit-down-while-I'm-talking tone that we find, perhaps, hard to take, in short, the form seems out-of-date: in an age of fractured authority and multiple points of view, it is literature as whole-class teaching. Worse, it seems smug: Ben Jonson said an essay was "a few loose sentences, and that's all", and whoever referred to it as "taking a line for a walk" conjured up, in that breezy and modest notion, the suggestion of something tame and bourgeois, something that would obediently leap into the boot of the Volvo with a wag of its tail.

In fact it is precisely the opposite that makes essays so engaging: the sense of risk. In medieval times an essay had a tournamental feel - knights essayed single combat - and the whiff of danger lingers on. A lightly-armed writer enters the lists with nothing but his (or her) wit to rely on. The theme can be resonant (truth, beauty, justice, etc) or winsome: Chesterton could write charmingly about the pleasures of chasing a bat down a windy street, or subtly about the colour of a piece of chalk, in both cases making teasing inferences about the nature of human life.

In a way, an essay is just a grown-up version of the tie-breakers in supermarket quizzes: Complete the line "I think history is bunk because..." in not more than 10,000 words. Essayists are preachers, but also the stand-up comedians of literature: there are no props to fall back on. Neither is there a plot. Novelists require their readers to sign an invisible contract promising to indulge their clever lies. But essayists tell the truth. They just say what they think, as nicely or as brutally as they can.

Or do we? As it happens, volumes of essays are tumbling from the presses in spectacular numbers. This summer sees the publication of collections by Nicholson Baker, JM Coetzee, Gary Indiana, Barbara Kingsolver, Mario Vargas Llosa, Cynthia Ozick and Octavio Paz. Out soon: Andre Brink and Bruce Chatwin. Still in the bookshops: spacious ruminations on life and art, on nature and science, on love and death, by, amongst others, Barthes, Bellow, Calvino, Brodsky, Umberto Eco, Gordimer, Toni Morrison, Susan Sontag, Gore Vidal, Updike and Camille Paglia.

One thing you can't help noticing about this list, though: none of these writers is English. It is tempting to cite immediately our famous lack of regard for authors, especially authors with the cheek to write outside their "fields" - what the heck has a poet to tell us about politics; what can a novelist know about science? But this doesn't quite wash. Many of our top writers - Rushdie, Amis, Barnes, Byatt, Steiner - have published collections of essays in recent years, and if most of them began life as book reviews, well, so what? Nearly all essays start out as something else: lectures, acceptance speeches, introductions, travelogues, memoirs, magazine features or newspaper columns. There have been some attempts recently to revive the pamphlet - assorted blasts and counterblasts on everything from the future of the family to the meaning of fairy tales. And at least one new magazine (*Prosper*) is dedicated to an essay renaissance. As a stand-alone form, essays have been partially invaded and absorbed by the novel. Writers such as Milan Kundera, Nicholson Baker and Julian Barnes write novels that impersonate non-fiction. The all-seeing "I" of the essayist can easily become the unreliable narrator of a first-person novel.

One of the nicest things about essays is that



Quill power: 'Smug, preachy and didactic, essays too closely resemble sermons or lectures; they make us want to fidget or giggle'

Hulton Getty

they have a point to make, and this polemical edge sharpens an aphoristic tendency. Pope's essays on Criticism and Man are famously productive of one-liners - "Hope springs eternal... A little learning is a dangerous thing... What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed... To err is human, to forgive divine." Essays use rhetoric in an old-fashioned way: to persuade us, to give their arguments the crunch of a knockout blow. Here are some examples from the crop of new titles:

Barbara Kingsolver: "Plenty of psychologists have studied the effects of parents' behavior on the mental health of their children, but few have done the reverse."

Mario Vargas Llosa: "Roger Scruton is that

rare avis of our time: an intelligent conservative without an inferiority complex."

JM Coetzee: "Jane Austen finds sex as demonic as Sade does. She finds it demonic and therefore locks it out."

Cynthia Ozick: "In the long run, fiction

bruises character."

Gary Indiana: "You know you are in

trouble when the lyrics of popular songs start

making you cry before breakfast."

Well, not everyone can be Pope. Apart from

their shared desire to give us the benefit of their wisdom, there isn't much to connect these writers. Cynthia Ozick is a literary critic of terrific refinement: she writes of Henry James and TS Eliot as if they had just been staying for the weekend, and ponders the significance of such related matters as memory, envy, ethics, language and sloth with energetic delicacy.

Gary Indiana, meanwhile, is a reporter from the front line of the sexual-political playground of American life. His essays are trips to Disneyland, tours of the porn industry or jolly put-downs on class enemies. Coetzee takes a less larkish, more theoretical interest in the mazy issues of censorship and liberty and, of course, majestically long-sighted; leaving Mario Vargas Llosa to skip earnestly from Che Guevara and Andre Breton to Maradona and the John Wayne Bobbitt affair. Barbara Kingsolver writes lovely flowing letters about her house and family, while Octavio Paz ransacks the library for historic references to the philosophy of love.

I didn't include one of his *bon mots* in the above list, because quips are not really his line. He prefers to filter lofty abstractions into a

grand-sounding lyric: "In the face of the logical and ontological impossibility of deducing being from nothing, Plato posited a demiurge who mixed together pre-existing elements to create, or more exactly, recreate the world." Paz is a great and distinguished writer with great and distinguished interests - love, for instance. He has won the Nobel Prize and heaven knows what else. But at times he can seem merely stuffy, out to impress us with long words. It's not my cup of tea; but you have to give him credit for essaying.

'Making Waves' by Mario Vargas Llosa,

Faber £15.99

'Giving Offense' by JM Coetzee, Chicago

'The Double Flame' by Octavio Paz,

Harvill £14.99

'High Tide in Tucson' by Barbara Kingsolver,

Faber £9.99

'Let it Bleed' by Gary Indiana,

Serpent's Tail £11.00

'Anatomy of Restlessness' by Bruce Chatwin,

Cape £15.99

'Portrait of the Artist as a Bad Character'

by Cynthia Ozick, Pimlico £12.50

(pub. 19 July)

Schmoozing the spirits

Euan Cameron journeys to the dark fictional heart of Peru

Death in the Andes by Mario Vargas Llosa

Translated by Edith Grossman

Faber £15.99

The tutelary spirits that have dwelt among the bleak mountain peaks and valleys of the Peruvian Andes since pre-Colombian times, and which man has traditionally placated with blood offerings and sacrifice, inform every page of Mario Vargas Llosa's disturbing but compelling new novel. In the rarefied atmosphere of the high *cordillera*, where condors soar and *vicuñas* roam, where the lead-coloured rain sheets down and the winds howl, spirits sow panic and confusion, while *huaycos* cause landslides and diabolically possessed *pishuaros* are said to dry out and drain their victims' bodies, collect their fat and grind hypnotic powders from their bones.

As if the unseen presence of these evil spirits were not bad enough, the Quechuan-speaking Indians who inhabit the remote Andean communities, the descendants of the Incas who once held majestic but bloody sway here, are still in the grip of Sendero Luminoso (the "Shining Path"), the outlawed Maoist guerrilla organisation which, until his capture in 1993, was presided over by the sinister professor, Abimael Guzmán. His terrorist movement has been responsible for the worst violence and bloodshed in modern Peruvian history and, for a time, it succeeded in making the country virtually ungovernable.

Observing the bizarre antics that take place in the sierra village of Naccos are two Civil Guards, Lituma and Carreño - a sort of South American Rosencrantz and Guildenstern - both decent men of humour and goodwill, whose task it is to investigate a series of unexplained disappearances.

Lituma is a pragmatist, a man from Piura on the coastal plain, who is mystified by the strangeness of life in the mountains, while his adjutant Carreño can think of little else in their lonely outpost apart from his beloved Mercedes, the first woman he has ever slept with, whom he rescued from the hands of a rapist, lost and subsequently regains. The two men's brilliantly sustained comic dialogue is the thread that holds the various and complex strands of the novel together, while the drawn-out progress of Carreño's love affair serves as a fugue motif to the principal action.

All echelons of Peruvian society are represented in *Death in the Andes*. Particularly memorable is the philanthropic and fearless Señora d'Harcourt from Lima, whose main concern is the preservation of the environment. "She's an idealist like you," her friend, an engineer involved with a foreign-aided reforestation programme, explains to their terrorist captors. "She wants a better life for the *campesinos*." But it is to no avail: "This is war and you are a lackey of our class enemy... a tool of imperialism and the bourgeois state," replies a man with a cold stare, presumably meant to represent the fearful Guzmán.

Other victims of Sendero Luminoso include two eager young French tourists, typical of the sweetly innocent backpackers who troop up the heights of Machu Picchu in their herds, who are bludgeoned to death for no reason other than that they are gringos. "It isn't race that separates us, it's an entire culture," observes *la petite Michele* to her boyfriend before they are ruthlessly murdered.

But whether Sendero is also responsible for the three men who have disappeared is a question never resolved. The cruelty inflicted on one of them, the trusting, half-wit, mute shepherd Pedrito Tinoco, who is forced to witness the slaughter of the *vicuña* he tends so lovingly, and whose silence is assumed by the police to indicate that he himself is a terrorist, could equally well be something to do with the curious local bar-owner and his witch-like wife, Doña Adriana, who are said to lead troupes of wild revellers over the valleys, performing strange Dionysian rituals. "In the old days," Adriana reflects, "people had the courage to face great troubles by making sacrifices. That's how they maintained the balance. Life and death like a scale with two equal weights, like two rams of equal strength that lock horns and neither one can advance or retreat."

Vargas Llosa's vision of modern Peru as seen from the perspective of an otherwise insignificant mountain community is built up kaleidoscopically and with technical mastery through a variety of viewpoints, voices and sudden shifts of narration.

No single theme emerges: Vargas Llosa's novels are never neatly resolved and neither is anything else in a country like Peru, with its authoritarian traditions and class divisions, ever a prey to the machinations of political ideologies and the destruction of its ecology for commercial greed.

"I wonder," a character in *Death in the Andes* asks himself, "if what is going on in Peru isn't a resurrection of all that buried violence." The blood that the Incas and their predecessors once sacrificed is still being shed in the 1990s, Vargas Llosa seems to suggest.

The world they inhabited before the ravages of the Hispanic conquest has still not been entirely tamed, and the spirits their ancient civilisation conjured up are unlikely to be placated.

Daddy, I hardly liked you

He was a handsome, saintly Jew. He was a toothless anti-Semite... another writer's father gets the treatment. By Raffaella Barker

The Shadow Man by Mary Gordon, Bloomsbury, £16.99

Mary Gordon's new book is a departure from her usual territory of fiction. *The Shadow Man* is an autobiographical account of a daughter's search for her father, her emotions on finding him to be a very different man from the one she lost, and her subsequent actions.

Gordon's father died of heart failure when she was seven. She mourns the man she knew and enshrines him in her memory, likening him to a saint at the beginning of the book. "It is at this point that the story of my father's life conforms most closely to the pattern of the saint's life: the colourful, sinful past, the proud defier knocked off his horse by the whispered sentence."

For Gordon, who was later to smash her idol and then painstakingly rebuild him, her father as she remembered him was perfect - "The handsomest man in the world" - but with one startling flaw: he had no teeth and rarely wore his false set. We never discover why Gordon's father had no teeth, but we do discover that he was born Jewish and converted to Catholicism

in the Thirties. He married a Catholic after the war and Gordon was their only child; and something of a miracle as her mother was crippled from polio. Gordon charts the changing perspective of memory and the different versions of the past she uncovers by seeking her father through documentation. Her task is difficult, there are no relatives with memories to offer. Even her mother has become senile. The census office and the New York library are her biggest sources for research.

None the less, she presents the reader with immutable facts. Her father was a writer, so there is evidence of his views in archives. He was anti-semitic. In an article he wrote in 1943 he states that the concentration camps were not the worst crimes against humanity. Gordon writes of this evidence, "More important than Jews being murdered by the millions is that Jews are poisoning the world he is trying to save." He espoused McCarthyism; he ran a soft porn magazine. To a left wing, liberal feminist such as

Gordon, the man she finds is monstrous. Her attempts to come to terms with him makes for intense and often moving reading.

Gordon makes only passing reference to her mother until the final pages of the book when she is given a section of her own entitled "My mother speaks from the desert." And it is paradoxical that Gordon's portrayal of her mother is the most poignant and compelling element in this quest for her father. Gordon's mother is ancient and has no memories. "If she doesn't remember my father as a husband, then another part of him is lost. The history of them as a couple."

The book is divided into five sections, not chapters exactly, but different ways of looking at the same material. The sections have significant titles: "Knowing my father"; "Tracking my Father: in the archives"; "Transactions made among the Living". The titles enhance the impression of the book as a kind of therapy for Gordon. And the therapy was successful. By the

end Gordon has come to terms with her father and is able to say, "Love is stronger than death."

Gordon has set out to take the reader on a voyage round her father. The journey is exhaustive but not always satisfactory as she offers too little context for either her father or herself. For the first part of the book these central characters are shrouded and struggle to support the density of the prose, but gradually a sympathetic, more colourful picture emerges. Of her childhood she says, "We behaved more like people in the movies than like the people we knew. My mother and I sang, my father and I danced to the radio. We all did imitations and told jokes."

The latter part of the book benefits from her decision to bring in her children and other relations, and even one or two friends. There is mention of a school play and a man who keeps falling into graves. By raising a smile here, Gordon underlines the solemnity and importance of her laying her father to rest at last.

books

Finding a rat in the foundations

A new biography of Jung reveals him as a resentful teacher and an assembly-line seducer. Edward Pearce reports

Jung: A Biography

by Frank McLynn

Bantam Press, £25

Psychiatry not being an exact science, its heroes resemble political prophets. Freud, Jung and Adler stand before us like Lenin, Trotsky and, I suppose, Eduard Bernstein, (the hesitant, commonsensical one who committed treason against mystique). Adler believed that the driving force in the psyche was rooted in the desire to dominate others. In Humpty Dumpty's terms, "The question is, which is to be master? That's all".

Reading Frank McLynn's perfectly superb biography of Jung, one begins to see just how Adlerian the great psychiatric conflict between 1910 and 1913 actually was. How Adlerian and how Soviet! There were the successive conferences at which a purified Freudian line was established, while opponents – Fliess, Stekel and Adler himself – were eliminated and anathematised. The question "Is he one of us?" was central. But as McLynn points out, compared with Carl Gustav Jung, Freud was an easy man to get along with.

Freud remained friendly with Karl Abraham, A.A. Brill, Max Elitig and, importantly, since race came (subconsciously) into the conflict, the Swiss gentiles, Pfister and Bleuler. "Jung, by contrast," says McLynn, "quarrelled with all his important male friends and associates, so that his 'court' came to be composed solely of admiring females." Jungians will likely respond to such a judgment like football supporters outraged by a referee awarding penalties against this Millwall of Psychiatry. In fact, McLynn's painfully accumulated evidence is handled scrupulously. Jung has the benefit of all doubts. Take the case of Johann Jakob Honegger, the outstanding protegee whom Jung exalted to the royal line, calling him "son", as he called Freud "father", and then abruptly pushed into exile and an insulting minor post, a degradation which led Honegger to suicide.

McLynn calls upon all the supporters of Jung who argue, as he did, that Honegger killed himself to escape a foreseen psychosis. He acknowledges that Honegger's fine mind undoubtedly rested on a frailty. He also quotes Freud, who valued Honegger highly and grieved for him, but attributed to Jung extenuating motives – he saw his own weaknesses in Honegger hence his harshness towards him.

McLynn also quotes the other side, Hans Waser's view that Jung would sooner have the young man dead than failed. That is charitable. One might stress his resentment at a brilliant and challenging pupil who had engaged Freud's affection, the financial meanness of a very rich man begrudging an assistant's salary and the little matter of Honegger's fiancée, Helene Widmer, who became Jung's secretary after the young man was banished to the sticks.

Papers are missing here (and Mr McLynn has had, overall, a ferocious time with the guardians of the flame over access and use). But at this time, Jung was running five mistresses. We know for sure of the cruel humiliation of a gifted competitor of known mental vulnerability. The possibility exists that Jung coveted his neighbour's wife.



Jung: 'He seemed to use human beings as tessellation for his royal road'

The distinction of Jung's intellect and the huge culture on which he would draw for his finest perceptions, as well as his later eccentricities, are not in doubt and McLynn pays full credit. But there is no escaping the man himself. Jung seems to have used human beings as tessellation for his royal road. He married Emma Rauschenbach, as he flatly said, for money.

Around that lifelong relationship, central to which were his infidelities and her unhappiness, he built a theory functioning as alibi. He was doomed to promiscuity because there must needs be conflict between a complex personality – "the container" – and a simple personality, "the contained". He was, said Jung about himself in a moment of jargonistic exaltation, a "many-faceted gem", Emma, "a simple cube". She was also the heiress to a thumping fortune and, not to be over-theoretical, he was a greedy, aggrandizing scoundrel.

Once married to Emma, the pinched son of a needy pastor could take a honeymoon in Madeira, build a handsome house and, in the austere Burghoelzi hospital, instal his personal chef. The pursuit of happiness would always be important to Jung. And yards of incantatory professional patter would justify every act of selfishness.

When Emma died, Jung wept, called her "a Queen", and had an inscription carved on a pillar: "She was the foundation of my house". She was such a foundation that though she had brought him a fortune, he could berate her for letting a cauliflower go bad. He had a senior mistress, Toni Wolf, whom he had imposed upon the foundation of his house as lover-in-residence. Toni and Emma, said Jung after Emma's death, had been "mystic sisters".

Toni had been more than a mistress. An analyst herself, she had inspired vital shifts in his thinking in the key period 1913-16. But long afterwards, when Toni was older and had lost her looks, visits from her were unwelcome and Jung would read a book in her presence. To call Jung flawed is to speak of the Grand Canyon as a crack; he deserves the hell of a feminist conference in eternal session.

But the love affairs had their comic undercurrents. The chaste and fastidious Freud put the sexual impulse at the centre of the unconscious mind; Jung, the assembly-line seducer, reckoned that the old man overestimated it.

Jung's politics were just as attractive – close collaboration with Professor Goering, the Marshall's cousin, persuading the International Society for Psychiatry to acquiesce in the expulsion of Jews from the German Society and the appearance, "through error, incompetence or design", of a Nazi manifesto in the society's *Zentralblatt*. Jung was not an honest Nazi, if he was ever an honest anything. He had the Jung model to push in Germany. Thomas Mann, despising him as a commonplace conformist courting power, made Humpty Dumpty's point; though Jung's anti-Semitism also counted. He would vest Nazism with the verbiage of his late mystical, occultist and flying saucer-fancying phase. The key late Jungian buzz-word is "archetype". So the Nazis were "Wotan archetypes" of the unconscious; the Jews, the imposers of a Jewish world view as a universal history.

Jung spent much of the Thirties talking like this. The best excuse is that this intestinal politician of theory made the Freudian slip of saying "Jew" when he meant "Freud".

Travelling into Chaos

Lachlan Mackinnon is outraged by foggy prose and incoherence in a new study of Milton.

Milton was born in 1608. As A.N. Wilson pointed out in his *Life of the poet*, no audience had yet seen *The Winter's Tale* or *The Tempest*. It is just conceivable that from his nursery window the child might have seen Shakespeare and Ben Jonson on their way to the Mermaid Tavern, though he would never have known. Born to a professional family, Milton was educated at St Paul's, which had been at the forefront of the humanist revolution in education; whether he ran across the then-Dean of St Paul's, John Donne, is also unknown. He went to Christ's College, Cambridge, already a fledgling versifier. There followed five years of private study, said by Milton to have been spent in Horton, and travels, especially to Italy, where he probably met Galileo, and was certainly acclaimed as a Latin and Italian poet.

On hearing that the Civil War had broken out, Milton returned to England in 1639. He was made Secretary for the Foreign Tongues, responsible for

diplomatic correspondence, under Cromwell in 1649. He was allowed help in this job after he became completely blind in early 1652.

After the Restoration, he was briefly in hiding, but then lived his days out peacefully, dying in 1674. He had been an energetic controversialist; among other things, he was the first Englishman to argue for divorce on the grounds of incompatibility. He had also, by common consent, been the greatest poet of his age. His crowning work, *Paradise Lost*, was the finest literary fruit of the Restoration.

I spell the story out like this because the uninitiated reader might well find it difficult to fillet it out of Peter Levi's book. As a poet, a critic, a professional classicist and man of letters, Peter Levi might seem the obvious choice to write Milton's biography. We expect the sensitivity of his marvellous critical essay *The Noise Made by Poems* (1977) to be married to exceptional learning. No such luck. Levi is snuffy about

Eden Renewed: The Public and Private Life of John Milton

by Peter Levi, Macmillan £20

Milton's learning, though as he provides no evidence of the poet's ignorance and his study is graced by neither notes nor bibliography, we must take this on trust. He is equally unawed by Milton as a poet. At one point he takes it upon himself to correct two lines of *Paradise Lost* where he finds "metrical nonsense", thereby wrecking what looks to me like a characteristically subtle and deliberate effect.

These are only details, though. More worrying is the incoherence of much of the writing. Paragraph after paragraph goes by in a jumble of fact and assertion with, often, little relevance to the subject. The conjunctions "so" and "since" are sadly abused, as in the dictum that "Since they are naked, Adam

has shoulder-length hair, and Eve's is long enough to veil her beauties, but only down to the waist: it is important that they are unashamed." The sequence of ideas here is simply askew.

The reader is treated just as cavalierly. Of a piece of Milton's prose, Levi writes that "The argument is arcane if only because it touches on the even queerer opinions of Lancelot Andrews, and those of Ussher on the Seven Churches of Asia." Levi explains absolutely none of this: the next sentence reads, "The Civil War was starting". A passage in ecclesiastical history has been "treated honestly only by A.L. Rowse", Levi tells us, and at that moment we recognise the model for this blustering and foggy prose.

Like Dr Rowse, Levi is sceptical of authority. He acknowledges Alastair Fowler's commentary on *Paradise Lost* as "standard" but observes that it "does, however, exhibit some alarming eccentricities". Levi points to none of these, which is a pity, because a proper read-

ing of Fowler would have saved him from some egregious nonsense about the poetry. To take one instance: when Satan leaves Hell to seek revenge in *Paradise Lost*, he travels through Chaos until he sees heaven "And fast by hanging in a golden chain/This pendant world." "The earth", Levi explains, erring; it is, as Fowler notes, "the whole created universe" as opposed to the possibly uncreated Chaos and the rejected Hell. A schoolchild might make this blunder, but it would not pass unrebuked.

For reasons which are not entirely clear, 53 pages of appendix contain Cowper's 18th century translations of Milton's Latin and Italian poems. It is pleasing to have them. Otherwise, the book is a disgrace. I cannot imagine a reader who could gain anything of value from this farrago, and am concerned that it might fall into the hands of the young and uninformed, to whom it could only do harm and from whom it should be kept by all means.

Elizabeth, Edward and the Protection racket

Sexual, verbal and mental abuse, poisoning, beatings, jealousy and paranoia. It was no fun being Henry VIII's children. By Amanda Foreman

"God Deliver us from the Physicians," exclaimed William Cecil after hearing how they treated the dying teenage King Edward VI. Edward was not the only one of Henry VIII's heirs who suffered at the hands of his carers. Mary and Elizabeth, his sisters, and Lady Jane Grey, his cousin, had such wretched childhoods that Cecil could have said with equal justice "God Deliver us from the Parents, Step-Parents and Lord Protectors."

The physical and mental abuse of children, and its consequences on young lives, is the chilling theme which runs through Alison Weir's study of the relationship between the four heirs. Scholars have recently claimed that early portraits of Elizabeth I show the text-book signs of a sexually-abused child. A still, watchful girl stares back at her onlookers in a provocative yet strangely disembodied pose, as if her emotions and her body had long since separated. Historians attribute the dis-

tress in her eyes to Edward Seymour, who became Elizabeth's stepfather when he married Katherine Parr, Henry VIII's sixth wife and widow. The Privy Council's subsequent interrogations of Elizabeth's governess reveal that within weeks of the charming but ruthless Seymour marrying Parr he turned his attentions from his wife to his stepdaughter. What began as playful romps in Elizabeth's bedroom became more serious and unchecked until the pregnant Katherine Parr caught them in a clinch. Seymour's attempt to use Elizabeth as a pawn in his bid for the Protectorship was merely the last act in a series of betrayals.

Almost all the adults who had any power over the four children exploited it in unspeakable ways. Seymour apart, it is hard to decide which of them committed the greatest crimes. The Duke and Duchess of Suffolk, for instance, the mother and father of Lady Jane, were parents too horrible to invent. The

Children of England: The Heirs of King Henry VIII 1547-1558

by Alison Weir, Cape £18.99

poor girl once confessed to a friend that every moment spent in their presence was torture: "whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand or go...I must do it...as perfectly as God made the world or else I am so sharply taunted...yea presented with pinches, nips, slaps and other ways which I will not name...that I think myself in hell." The Suffolk starved and beat Jane until she agreed to marry Guildford Dudley, and then forced her at knife-point to accept the crown. Once imprisoned, her usefulness was over; neither parent tried to communicate with her or plead for her life.

Death was a happy release for Jane from her "woeful days," as it was for her cousin Edward. The boy's Lord Pro-

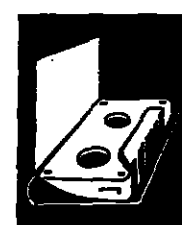
tector until he came of age was the Duke of Northumberland, who made a mockery of the word "protector". When Edward was dying of consumption, Northumberland prolonged his life by feeding him arsenic, causing the boy unimaginable agony, while he plotted to seize the crown for his son, Dudley. Unfortunately for his calculations, Edward died too soon. Northumberland hid the body until its stench threatened discovery, then buried the corpse in a field, substituting at the right time a freshly killed look-alike in its place.

He also inflicted irreparable damage on the relationship between the three siblings, poisoning Edward's mind as well as his body, persuading him to disinherit his sisters. It was not difficult to stir up jealousy and paranoia among the three. During their father's lifetime the sisters had lived in poverty while their brother basked in glory as the favoured child. Anne Boleyn's relentless bullying of Mary ensured that her stepdaughter

would resent Elizabeth forever. Elizabeth's relationship with her brother was no doubt coloured by their father's preference for boys. They were united against Mary's Catholicism yet, goaded by Northumberland, deeply suspicious of each other.

Alison Weir makes the point that child victims become adult oppressors, and her subjects' mistreatment forms an important backdrop to historical events. But beyond this she refuses to speculate. It would be interesting to know whether she considers the children's experiences made them more vulnerable to manipulation in later life. (Why, for example, did Elizabeth's favourites always have a touch of Edward Seymour about them?) But this is a small grumble compared to the immense satisfaction provided by Weir. She writes in a pacy, vivid style, engaging the heart as well as the mind. This, her fourth book on the Tudors, affirms her pre-eminence in the field.

Audiobooks



Ted Hughes
reading his poetry
My World and Welcome to It
read by Kerry Shale

Like steel in velvet, Ted Hughes's earthy Yorkshire voice enriches both the strength and the tenderness of his poetry. This collection (HarperCollins, c. 90 mins, £7.99) from the first 20 years of his writing includes much of the defiant, doomed *Crow*, the savagely resilient "Thistle" and the haunting "Kreutzer Sonata".

Listening to the great New Yorker humourist James Thurber makes one wonder why women ever thought they need liberating. *My World and Welcome to It* (Read Audio, three hours, £7.99) includes such memorable classics as "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty" and the "Macbeth Murder Mystery", all read with preppy zip and much oral versatility by Kerry Shale.

Christina Hardyment



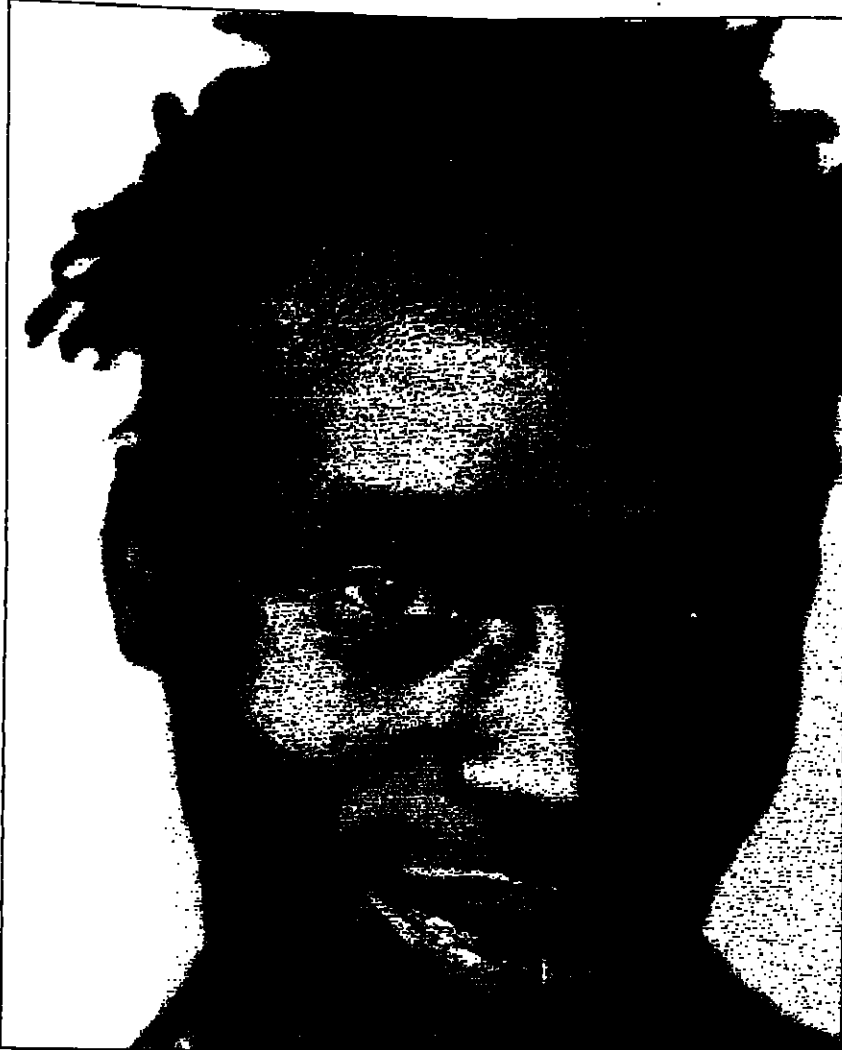
Who's reading whom
Victoria Glendinning

I'm reading Kate O'Brien's novel, *Without My Cloak*, the first book of hers I've read since *That Lady*. It's really a Catholic Irish middle-class version of *Upstairs Downstairs* or *The Forsyte Saga*.

I've also got a proof copy of Hermione Lee's 700-page new biography of Virginia Woolf. I firmly believed that I would never want to read a single page or hear another word about that woman, but Hermione has changed my mind. And I've just finished a very good novel by Pearl Abraham called *The Romance Reader*, which really does tell you about a world you know nothing of – going mad in a Hassidic Jewish household.

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Adebayo: working his way through the female populations of Oxford and London

Dissing the brothers

Cathy Newman learns the fate of a black figurehead

At the beginning of *Some Kind of Black*, Dele and his friend Concrete – so named because of his talent for head-butting – play a game of blackjack. Having not been able to agree on the rules of the game, the two decide to play by the Queensberry rules in north London and by Concrete's ("Concrete madness") in the south. In the course of the game, Dele discovers that Concrete has "slipped in some new piece of slyness", symbolic of the divisions in the black community. It's these divisions which are explored in this accomplished first novel, winner of the Saga prize for unpublished black British authors. Diran Adebayo draws on his experiences as a black Oxford graduate, born and bred in London but of Nigerian descent. Dele, Adebayo's fictional alter ego, indulges in a summer of sex, smokes and substances of an increasingly potent order – first in Oxford and then in London.

Dele "clocks" and "scopes" the female populations of Oxford and London, working his way through Helena (white and horsey), Cheryl ("this side of coffee-coloured"), and Andria, a white girl with a Jamaican accent who deals in "GBH" and

Some Kind Of Black
by Diran Adebayo, Virago, £9.99

animal tranquilisers. But another woman, Dele's sister Dapo, is the catalyst for the novel's main action. Suffering from sickle cell anaemia, Dapo collapses in police custody, and sinks into a coma.

Dapo's fate propels Dele into the uneasy role of black figurehead, presiding over a feuding community. Adebayo has said that, now the "Afrocentric phase" is past, there is a need for self-critique. So Dele exposes the differences between blacks and the sometimes fatal consequences of black Londoners' "bogus brotherhood".

By dissing his contemporaries Dele finds himself a social and cultural pariah, equally ill at ease at university, when tittering students force him to take part in a slave auction, and in London, where, at a rally protesting at police brutality, Dele "got lost in a great sight of blackness". Although at first Dele plays up to a white stereotype of black culture – allowing whites to "indulge their romance of the real nigger" – he eventually dismisses this as

play-acting. In an epiphanic moment, he dubs himself the titular "some kind of black", a phrase suggesting shame at not living up to black expectations, and confusion about his identity.

Some Kind of Black is an individual and thought-provoking debut, but it does have its longeurs. Although touted as a coming-of-age novel, along the lines of Hanif Kureishi's *The Buddha of Suburbia*, it fails to trace Dele's growing stature or understanding, despite his "troublesome summer", and we are left at the end of the novel with the problems confronted by the card-players at the beginning. But if at times the book resembles a lecture, it is accompanied by some interesting slides: vignettes of London and Oxford life played out on Holywell Street, Broad Street, Effra Road and Tulse Hill.

Some Kind of Black breaks out of the generic ghetto implied in the words "black writing". Just as Dele resists Helena's inclination to "respond to him on the level of pity or sympathy, the way contrary black critics said that white people got off on Toni Morrison books", Adebayo's novel challenges his readers – both black and white – not to "get off" on his writing, but to think about the issues it raises.

All you need to know about the books you meant to read



HERZOG
by Saul Bellow (1964)

Plot: Moses Herzog, a twice divorced professor of literature, reviews the mess of his life. As the novel opens, Herzog has just returned from a five-day trip of self knowledge. While travelling, he aborts a visit to friends, tries to evade his mistress, witnesses a seedy court hearing and hares off to Chicago with a gun. His intention is to kill either his mad, second wife Madeleine or her lover, Gersbach: in doing so, he hopes to rescue his daughter Junie. Instead Herzog takes Junie to an aquarium, but is arrested for carrying a weapon. Bailed by his brother, Herzog returns home.

Theme: Herzog must re-learn the truth of Blake's apothegm: "Opposition is true friendship."

Style: The prose ranges from academic to comic, to achieve moments of transcendence.

Chief strengths: Bellow faces the "moronic inferno" of contemporary life. Here is an ironic intellectual novel about a learned individual who uses his mind to confront experience.

Chief weakness: At times, the gap between Herzog and Bellow appears exceedingly narrow. The novel could be interpreted as maudlin pseudo-fiction.

What they thought of it: Critical opinion was divided. *Newsweek* praised the book's "intensity and imaginative fulness"; *The New York Times* complained that too much was "confused and pretentious."

What we think of it now: Herzog helped Bellow towards his Nobel Prize (1976) and sealed his position as leading American novelist.

Responsible for: Showing that the Great American Novel remains a worthwhile ideal.

Randy penguins and revolutionary crows

Helen Stevenson follows the aftermath of a zoo rebellion in a striking political satire

Animal Planet is such a weird novel that the thought occurs that a whole anarchic web has been embroidered around a single one-liner which Scott Bradfield thought up earlier, and promised himself to work into a novel one day. The joke appears on page 84, and involves a penguin who is trying to stop a pair of eager female hands from ripping off his vest: "Take off your white vest before I tear it off. Jesus, that's not my vest. That's my me!"

It's the novel as charades. You take a wacky one liner, extrapolate a crazy scenario and from there the delirium flows. How about a novel starring a libidinous but touching penguin, side-

kick to a revolutionary crow called Charlie? The revolutionary crow could incite an animal revolution. The revolution could start in London zoo, then spread all over the world, then get hijacked by a Wildebeest called Scaramagus (Scary for short), who is dumb but populist, and sells out in the end, so that the animals finish up securing the kind of equality with humans that lets them become sales reps and production managers. The only power they acquire is purchasing power. All of a sudden this isn't just a crazy animal joke. It's a political satire.

Whatever it might look and sound like, *Animal Planet* is not a novel about

Animal Planet
by Scott Bradfield
Picador, £14.99

animal rights. After the abortive London Zoo break-out the animals are auctioned off to local businessmen and community leaders: "You can't expect the public to keep on paying your bills forever, can you?" Scaramagus is shipped off to become a living corporate logo for an insurance company. Wanda the Gorilla goes to clean for a media couple on the Upper East side. The animals in this

book are not really animals, they are a new underclass eager to participate in global society. They talk and wear clothes and drive cars and clean apartments. This is a long way from Charlie the Crow's original dream of the animals living in a "self-sustaining, self governing, self determining community."

Animal Planet is full of set-pieces of satirical brilliance, strung onto a thread of high quality, hyper-alert writing that never lets up for a moment: "Before civilisation we never had time to realise how much we didn't have. Now we have all the time in the world to worry about what we'll never keep." "History began to blur. It stopped being something that

happened and turned into something they couldn't quite remember."

You could care about some of the characters, who are never muffled under the weight of all they represent, but I can't help feeling there's always something static about satire. However fantastic, it is dealing with problems which have already arisen, and the terms of whose solution are not the subject of invention so much as of the novelist's weary identification. We know what kind of world we have made, and we know the cynic who lays it before us is never going to do much more than tell us how dumb we are to have got into this mess.

Paperbacks

Reviewed by Emma Hagestadt and Christopher Hirst

Dear George by Helen Simpson (Minerva, £5.99) Helen Simpson's second collection of short stories is every bit as exuberant as her first. Bucking the trend of short stories as brief illuminatory interludes, Simpson likes her tales to close with a dramatic ending or unexpected twist. In the title story a young girl's erotic fantasies are horrifyingly broadcast to an outside world, while in *Caput*, April a family takes Roald Dahl-like revenge on a bullying father. Funniest are her stories about relationships under stress: *To Her Unsteady Boyfriend* will be appreciated by broody women everywhere.

Gorleston by Henry Sutton (Sceptre, £5.99) The East Anglian town of Gorleston (along with its pink bungalows, plastic rockeries and municipal carparks) is gradually crumbling into the North sea. But not so its population of lively old folk who pass their days in a sherry-soused whirl of social activity. Newly widowed Percy invests in a new Marks and Spencer and joins the fray. Comic and poignant in equal measure, Henry Sutton's first novel pulls off the stunning feat of humanizing an out-of-season seaside resort.

The Great Divorce by Valerie Martin (Black Swan, £6.99) Valerie Martin's latest novel jumps dramatically (almost comically) between past and present: moving between the

lives of Ellen and Camille, who tend to the great cats at New Orleans Zoo, and Elisabeth, "Catwoman of St. Francisville", hanged in 1845 for leaving out her husband's throat. Double narratives are all the rage among novelists at the moment, but at least in Martin's case the two texts (both of which feature uncivilized men and feral sex) are equally compelling. A pleasant dose of gothic horror.

Brian Johnston by Tim Heald (Mandarin, £5.99) The biggest shock in this enjoyable biography occurs on page 228 when the widow of the gaiter-obsessed commentator reveals: "He didn't like cake" and never ate it at home. Heald speculates that he considered enough at work. In many respects, Johnston appeared a real-life *Heinie Wooster*, with an infuriating loss of practical jokes – but he was also "ruthlessly self-disciplined", failing to fit it off with the bibulous *Advent*. The fact that only a couple of dozen pages are devoted to cricket reveals his spread of interests. While reflecting Johnston's love of fun, Heald probes beneath the breezy facade.

Mister Sandman by Barbara Gowdy (Fleming, £8.99) Being a Canadian writer, Barbara Gowdy has inevitably been compared to Margaret Atwood and Carol Shields, and indeed she is like them, only on double speed. Her second novel introduces the Canary family: baby Joan (a brain-damaged toddler who lives in a closet), sister Marcy (who fancies her babysitter), Sonja (mother to baby Joan, though no-one knows this), and their parents Doris and Gordon (both in the throes of homosexual affairs). Sixties Canada as you never knew it.

Oblivion by Josephine Hart (Vintage, £5.99) From the author of *Damage* and *Sh* comes

another glitzy-titled novel. But light entertainment it isn't. Examining an interesting idea – how the living kill off the dead through forgetfulness – the book tells how a young woman's death impacts on the lives of those leaves behind (sic) (particularly significant in the case of her husband and his newly rejuvenated sex life). Turgid stuff, especially the novel's middle section which consists of a series of ghostly monologues from the "other side".

Britons by Linda Colley (Vintage, £8.99) A brilliant, gripping account of 18th and early 19th centuries, when modern Britain came into being. Exploiting the era with impressive erudition and a sharp eye for detail, Colley reveals that many fashions underlying our current mores can be traced back to this period. Yet it would be a mistake to buy this book – or at least this edition. For another £15.1, you can buy the larger *Penguin* paperback edition, which contains illustrations of the many pictures which Colley discusses at length. It is also printed on decent paper rather than material which appears to be a by-product of the porridge industry.

The Red King's Dream by Jo Ebrun Jones & J. Francis Gladstone (Pimlico, £10) An engaging addition to the burgeoning library of Carrolliana. Its paradoxical title (did the King dream of Alice or vice-versa?) hints at the speculative discoveries of the authorial duo. They see the Alice stories as coded assaults on the Victorian hierarchy, with the Mouse's tale/tail providing a vital key. A major target was Dean Liddell (Alice's father) but Tennison, Ruskin and

Darwin are other big players in Wonderland. Like Jonathan Miller's hallucinatory film – also inspired by the real-life originals of Carroll's creations – this book is a stimulating reading of these quirky masterpieces.

Cyril Connolly by Clive Fifer (Penguin, £12) In his *Obituary* of this seminal man of letters, Philip Toynbee described him as "one of the funniest men... for all his constant mourning". In this long, excellent biography, Connolly provides a splendid, if occasionally teasing, companion. As Elizabeth David of the literary world, he devoted himself to informing the insular British about the wider world. Despite his unforgiving appearance, he was an indefatigable womaniser. His final affair (set 67) was discovered when his wife found two postage tickets in his pocket – though this anecdote was possibly surpassed by his passion for the pleasures of the table.

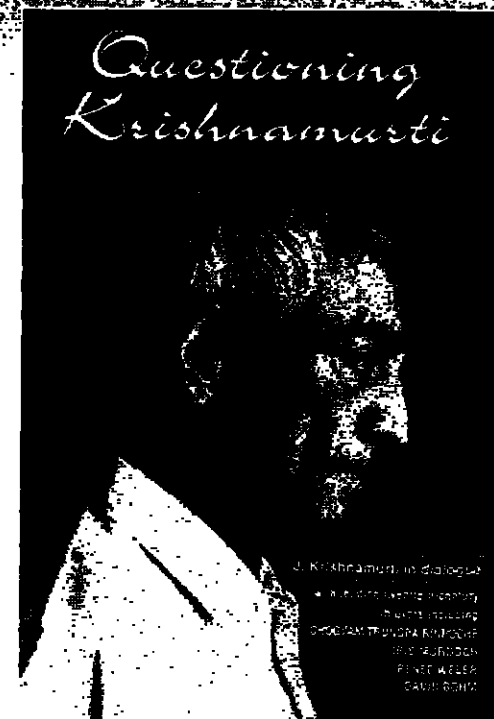
Lost Cowboys by Hank Wagarford (Indigo, £5.99) Famous as a yodelling gymnastologist – his backing band has the same name as this book – Dr W proves himself no slouch as a scribe in his account of the overlooked cowpokes of South America, which weaves together travelogue and history from Bernardo O'Higgins to Dulce and Sundance) with the drawing humour of a born-bronco. On the long trail from Patagonia to Texas, he was fortified by a prodigious intake of beef culminating in spiced-cord soup in Mexico. Despite Hank's qualms ("No backbone, that's my trouble"), it's a dish one would sooner eat there than here.

Krishnamurti in dialogue with

David Bohm, Bernard Levin,

Iris Murdoch, Chogyam Trungpa,

Jonas Salk and others



'I feel the meaning of Krishnamurti for our time is that one has to think for oneself and not be swayed by any outside religions or spiritual authorities'

Van Morrison

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Mr Parker is chairman of Unijet, one of Britain's leading tour operators. Mr Ovenden is managing director of its in-house airline, Leisure International. With a little help from some colleagues, they are deciding what you and I are going to eat on our charter flights this summer. And I think we will enjoy the results.

British cuisine may not be the most celebrated in the world, but the food served on our airlines is better than most offer – given the choice between lunch courtesy of most continental scheduled airlines or a British charter carrier, I would choose the charter every time for quality and quantity. To show how seriously they take the business of feeding their army of passengers, Unijet's management had moved

Circumnavigating the globe with barely more food than a boiled sweet and a packet of peanuts is relatively easy, particularly if you rely on American or Russian airlines for most of your travel. Start from Gatwick with the new no-frills airline AB Shannon to the west of Ireland, where you connect to the

For decades, most Aeroflot transatlantic flights have refueled at Shannon, taking on kerosene and large quantities of duty-free whiskey. Meals are sometimes left out of the equation. The last such flight I took equipped barely a sandwich for the onward leg to Gander

"We'd love to serve smoked salmon to all our passengers, but the economics of charter operations just don't allow it," says Mr Parker. If you are leaving from Gatwick to Orlando today, you will probably have paid around £240 return for the 4,500-mile flight – the same as the return fare between Glasgow and London. In order to make a living on such modest revenues, tour operators have to watch every element of costs. Most aim to provide something acceptable to the majority of passengers at a cost, per main course, of under £1 – though the accompaniments, labour and uplift costs multiply this four- or five-fold.

The other big constraint, of course, is taste. We charter passengers are a conservative lot, which is why Shepherd's Pie is preferred to the more nutritious Mexican turkey, and why there was a near-mutiny when Dutch sausages were temporarily substituted for British bangers on the breakfast tray. "We're trying to please as many people as we can for the duration of the flight," explains Philip Ovenden between nibbles.

in the geometric sense. Space is at a premium on charter flights, as those with long legs will testify. The economic pressure to squeeze in as many paying passengers as possible means dishes must be rectangular to make for easier stacking and serving.

Whichever charter flight you take this summer, your meal may well have had a longer journey than you. The days when everything was freshly prepared by an on-board chef disappeared with the flying boats. On Leisure International, your charter flight main course will have been prepared some days earlier at a catering kitchen in Holland. It was chilled, and shipped over to the departure airport to joins forces with the locally assembled accessories from puddings to plastic plates.

Everything is loaded on board in what Mr Ovenden describes as an operation of military complexity. His next sentence is drowned out by the Cubana DC-10 lifting off noisily on its return trip to Havana, carrying goodness-knows-what delights to feed its passengers. Gastronomically, if not geographically, I would rather be on a Leisure International flight to Helsinki.

in Newfoundland, because a proper dinner was waiting to be picked up at the Canadian gateway. Sadly, a snowstorm meant we landed at an airport several hundred miles from Gander. There was no hope of feeding an Aeroflot Jumboski full of passengers. So we went hungry.

American carriers have cut back so much on food that it is entirely possible to cross from coast to coast on a diet of peanuts. A tangle of arcane rules are employed by airlines to determine if you are to be served a meal on a particular flight or not. It involves a complex calculation about the proportion of the jour-

ney that crosses specified "meal zones". Most of the time the answer is "no".

So you can reach Seattle without fear of food poisoning from infight meals, because there won't be any.

On the US West Coast, Aeroflot picks up the catering batoon once again; upon arrival in Vladivostok, you find yourself flying the next leg on Domodedovo Airlines, an Aeroflot splinter with an even keener streak of economy on the meal front. The haul across Siberia to Moscow is unlikely to be enlivened by too much dinner. Then off to Shannon, and back to Gatwick the way you came —

From left: Qantas, Austral, Viva air, Garuda, Britannia, Monarch

صبرنا من الراحل

with a hot meal. You're in luck

feed or fast your way around the world. Your motion-sickness bag is at the bottom of the page



Flying tonight

what six airlines will be serving today on the Heathrow-New York run



Air India
Selection of aperitifs, beers, wines, cocktails, spirits and liqueurs

Mixed salad with dressing
Supreme of Chicken Provencal (Breast of chicken in garlic flavoured tomato sauce) served with small roast potatoes and buttered vegetables

or
Mutton Korma Asafahi (Succulent morsels of mutton in rich gravy with exotic spices)

Pea Pulao (Basmati rice pulao cooked with green peas)
Spiced Vegetables
Yoghurt Pickle
Kesari Phirni with Pistachio
Tea or Coffee

or
British Airways
Smoked Trout
Roasted chicken with lemon and herb stuffing

served with stir-fried vegetables and potatoes

or
Spinach and ricotta cheese tortellini with tomato and basil cream sauce
Fruit jelly
Cheese
Coffee and tea

or
Continental Airlines
Salad: cucumbers, radish, cherry tomatoes, lettuce
Lamb with parsley potatoes, broccoli and carrots

or
Chicken breast in a barbecue sauce with garden peas, Parisienne carrots and mashed potatoes
Dotted pear surprise

or
United Airlines
Green Garden Salad

With shrimp, Cucumber and Tomato, offered with Dressing of the day
Chicken Fillet
Complemented by Honey Mustard Sauce

presented with herbed Noodles and sliced Carrots
or
Fillet of Cod
Enhanced by a White Wine Sauce

flavoured with Red Peppers served with Green Beans, Carrots and herbed Rice Pilaff
Carrot Cake
Starbucks freshly brewed Coffee

or
Virgin Atlantic
Mixed leaf salad
served with balsamic vinaigrette dressing

Fillet of poached salmon with Julienne of courgettes and onion in a white wine sauce served with broccoli, carrots and new potatoes

or
Pizzeria Uno Chicago
four cheeses pizza
Chocolate Brownie
with maple syrup sauce and a strawberry decoration
Tea and coffee

or
American Airlines
Salad
Mixed seasonal greens
Fillet Mignon
in a mushroom sauce served with sugar snap peas and potato wedges seasoned with rosemary and thyme

or
Marinated Chicken Breast with vegetables and pesto pasta
or
Pizzeria Uno Chicago
four cheeses pizza
Chocolate Brownie
with maple syrup sauce and a strawberry decoration
Tea and coffee

Beef and mushroom pie with bacon carrots and buttered peas
Vanilla and toffee baccarois
or
Fresh ice-cream
Cheese & biscuits
Chocolates
Tea & coffee

or
American Airlines
Salad
Mixed seasonal greens
Fillet Mignon
in a mushroom sauce served with sugar snap peas and potato wedges seasoned with rosemary and thyme

or
Marinated Chicken Breast with vegetables and pesto pasta
or
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Chocolate Brownie
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Seasoned travellers' tales

When we asked recently for examples of lengthy waits between scheduled take-off and meal service, Independent readers responded famously, with a preponderance of tales involving flights to or from the United States.

"In April 1988 I was booked from Quito (Ecuador) to Miami on the late, unlamented Eastern Airlines, scheduled for take off at 8am. Meal service finally arrived over 10 hours later. "Between checking in at 6am and 2.30pm we were fed a diet of two dry sandwiches, a can of Sprite and a variety of lies about our TriStar's precise whereabouts. It landed at 2.35pm and took off 3.10pm for the half-hour flight to Guayaquil, where as our approach began we started to go round in circles. The captain duly informed us that he could not get the flaps down on one side. After 30 minutes of dumping kerosene into various Ecuadorean rice fields we did a "hot" (fast) landing pursued by a couple of geriatric fire engines travelling at some 200mph less than we were. Repairs were effected and we took off about 5.15pm. After 45 minutes I was given a packet of peanuts. I pointed out forcefully that after 12 hours in Eastern Airlines' tender care, with only two sandwiches, a can of Sprite, a load of lies and an emergency landing to keep me going, a large free Scotch would not go amiss - and what about a proper meal?

This was applauded by my neighbours and had two unexpected effects. First, the captain announced apologetically that whatever the delays and traumas had been on any flight, it was not Eastern Airlines' policy to serve "complimentary beverages". Second, my dinner - an excellent plate of prawn stew - was served 20 minutes before anyone else's. Despite, or perhaps because

of, their reluctance ever to serve free drinks, Eastern Airlines went bankrupt shortly afterwards." - Warwick Hillman, Middlessex.

"Take-off time 5pm, JFK to Heathrow. Delay due to fault, estimated time 20 minutes, reality 90 minutes. Meanwhile, storm approaching. Once fault is remedied, delay due to slot congestion on runway, roughly two hours. plus storm delay of 20 minutes. No food, fags or films - just fear. Take off 9pm, in the middle of a terrifying storm. For the first time ever, every passenger's eye was glued to the air hostesses' safety instructions as the plane shook, rattled and rolled its way off the runway. Following an extremely mild apology from the pilot, the stewards recovered enough to attempt to feed the now appetiteless passengers two hours after take-off, ie at 11pm" - Tizzle Knowles, East Sussex.

"My own airline experience prompts me to suggest that all passengers should be advised to carry survival nourishment. On a recent Newark/Heathrow flight when there was severe turbulence all along the coast and dinner could not be served until we were well over the Atlantic. And then, of course, breakfast followed almost immediately. Of course, if one arrives at one's hub off an American domestic flight that succeeds in serving nothing, then one boards the next flight in a state of starvation. Furthermore, if one is travelling alone with even a minimum of cabin luggage, it is difficult to grab a bite at the airport. I sometimes think the airlines could sell from the drinks trolley cans of liquid foods. Some people might even prefer it to average airline food" - Mrs E D Friedlander, London.

ad a longer journey than you have



Photo: Glynn Griffiths

Gluttons who choose their carriers with care can truly feast their way around the world. The place to start is the British Airways lounge at Heathrow Terminal 4. Here you can munch your way through free crisps and sandwiches. (First Class passengers, meanwhile, are enjoying dinner at the gate before boarding; then they can go straight to sleep after take-off, though there is nothing to stop them having a second dinner).

Club World passengers get the usual on-board meal service, followed by unlimited top-ups. The airline encourages them to "raid the larder" - visit the galley to pick up chocolate and cakes at

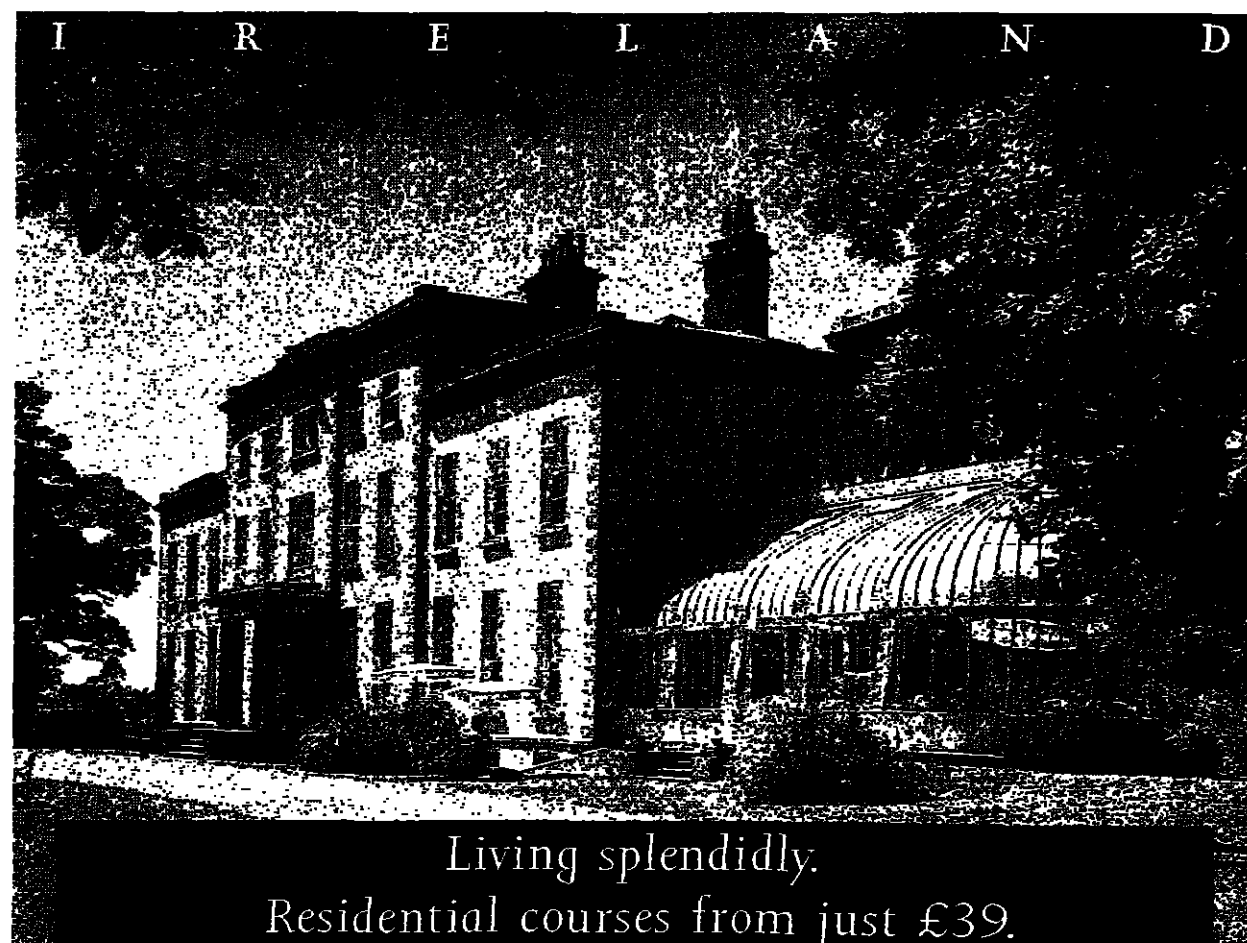
any time during the flight. Transfer at Hong Kong to Cathay Pacific whatever your class of travel, the airline specifies that extra sandwiches are available at any time, a promise I have yet to find wanting. So you lose a day but gain a few pounds crossing the International Date Line to the United States.

Make sure your US domestic flights are on Midwest Express, the Milwaukee-based airline that keeps winning awards for the excellence of its catering. One good reason is that it insists all passengers get a decent meal.

Bidding a bloated goodbye at

Boston, you step aboard Icelandair for the trip home. This has two benefits. One is double helpings: you change planes in Reykjavik airport, and get a meal on both legs. The other is the unlimited free sampling of smoked salmon at the duty-free shop during your stopover.

Route yourself back to London via Glasgow, and you can benefit from the intense competition between British Airways and British Midland on flights to Heathrow. All passengers are given a hearty Club class meal, ending with just one more wafer-thin mint... You may never get off the ground again.



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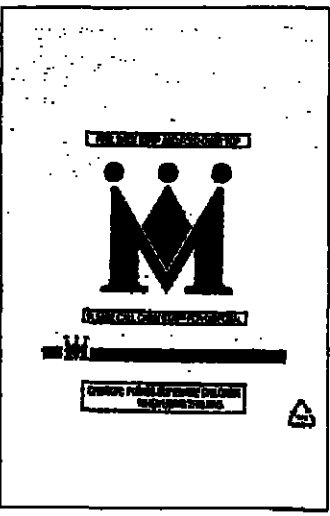
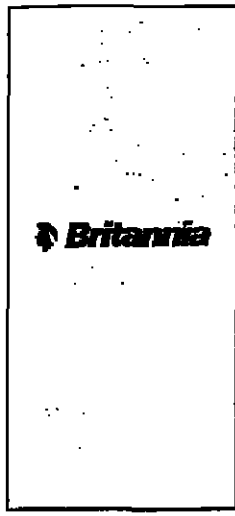
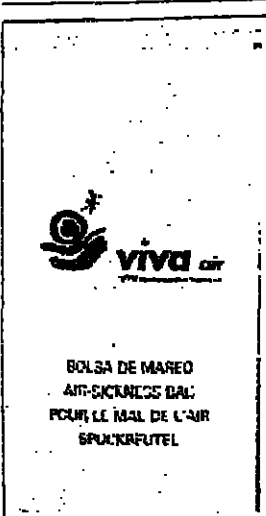
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travel food

Unpretentious and utterly absorbing: a taste of Rome

By Andrew Gumbel

Food is not just an idle pleasure in Rome. It is an obsession. Meal-times, far more than work or religious obligations, dictate the pace at which life is lived, and the unpretentious, slightly slapdash but utterly absorbing local cuisine nicely sum up the character of the city itself.

In fact, as you look at your tourist map, you could easily forget about all the familiar landmarks and look at the city, with its bulging belly formed by the bend in the Tiber, as a giant cartographic hog. The steaks, chops and prime ribs belong in the ornate Baroque palaces of the centre; cured hams, sausages and *stracetti* (delicious thin strips of meat seasoned with rocket and lemon) satisfy the appetites of the endless public servants and merchant lower-middle classes; while the heart, brains, stomach and intestines form the staple diet of the local proletariat.

Curiously, it is at the working-class end of the culinary spectrum that you will find Rome's soul. Rest assured, offal is not the only option: indeed so good are the simple meats, pastas and unusual seasonal salads traditionally eaten in the lowliest of trattorias that they are often the chosen fare of aristocrats and cardinals too. Even the names of the local dishes speak volumes about the Roman low-lives who have always dominated the city's kitchens: gayboy's pasta (*alla checca*, with fresh tomato and mozzarella), whore's spaghetti (*alla puttanesca*, with capers and olives), coal-carrier's pasta (*alla carbonara*, with salt pork and eggs).

As a visitor, you should seriously consider structuring your days in reverse, as it were, making the food the highlight and letting the art serve as an agreeable interlude between meals. Why storm from the Palazzo Doria to the Pantheon to Piazza Navona, when you can dawdle on the way to eat *suppli* (mozzarella-filled rice balls) at the takeaway pizzeria on Via Pie di Marmo, sample the unforgettable ice-creams near the Parliament, and drink the best *granita di caffè* in town at the Tazza d'Oro on Via degli Orfani?

The temptation grows all the greater when you realise how bad the eating is on most of the major tourist trails. In theory, the Vatican should be promising territory, since priests and seminarians are among the city's great *bon vivants*, but clearly they do their serious eating elsewhere. The only bright spot in this part of town is around Borgo Pio: try the inventive fish and seafood pastas at Taverna Angelica.

The Forum and Colosseum are almost as desolate, unless you fancy a stiff uphill walk into the heart of the Monti district; one slightly tired old favourite to cling on to is Ulderico, on Via San Giovanni in Laterano, where the standard *amatriciana* and veal chops are wholesome and very cheap.

The area around the Spanish Steps, home to Rome's top fashion boutiques, is a little brighter but only if you have plenty of cash to burn. The perfect spot, with one of the best panoramic views in the city, would be the roof terrace restaurant of the five-star Hotel Hassler Villa Medici; if you're on a more modest budget, try the distinctly rustic atmosphere of Beltrame, down at the bottom of the Steps, where you can stuff yourself merrily on calamari in wine sauce and chargrilled chicken with peppers.

The real gastronome would dump all of the above and head instead for the heart of old Rome. The trattorias around Campo de' Fiori pick up their produce fresh from the square's fruit and vegetable market, letting you relish it while watching the traders still at work before you. The Grappolo d'Oro, for example, is a Campo institution, with excellent basic Roman fare and a few surprises, such as risotto cooked in cuttlefish ink and, subject to availability, *zuppa di aralla*, a delicious broth soup flavoured with stingray, broccoli and thin strips of pasta.

Further east you come to the old Jewish Ghetto, and one of the real finds of Roman cuisine. It was the Italian Jews who first worked out how to use subterfuge and fenel after the Arabs brought them over to Sicily. They also learnt how to do wonders to artichokes, stuffing them with herbs and

garlic and roasting them in olive oil (*alla romana*), or alternatively deep-frying them until their leaves become crisp and melt on the tongue, *alla giudia*). Other specialties include offal pastas and the delicious Roman salad *puntarelle* - curled chicory tips dressed with baby anchovies and lemon juice.

The most picturesque spot to enjoy these delicacies is the Via del Portico d'Ottavia, where the pavement restaurants seat you among the truncated columns of the Theatre of Marcellus. The best culinary experience, though, is to be had at Evangelista, a gastronomic treasure trove hidden in an unpromising cellar near Ponte Sisto.

The truly brave should continue south to Testaccio, site of Rome's original slaughterhouse and one of the world's great offal centres. At Perrilli on Via Marmorata, you can join a Fellini-esque cast of working-class Romans and indulge in mountains of tripe, calf's stomach and oxtail. If you're vegetarian or squeamish, don't make the trip.

Taverna Angelica, Piazza delle Vaschette 14a (6874514) open lunch Mon-Fri, dinner Mon-Sat, about £20 a head; Ulderico, Via San Giovanni in Laterano (near Colosseum), no phone, open Wed-Mon, about £12 per head; Beltrame, Via della Croce 39, no phone, open Mon-Sat, about £12 per head; Grappolo d'Oro, Piazza della Cancellaria 80, (6864118), open Mon-Sat, £12-15 per head; Evangelista, Via delle Zoccollette 11a (6875810), open Sun-Fri, about £25 per head; Perrilli, Via Marmorata 39, (5742145), open Mon-Tues, Thurs-Sun, £15-20 per head.

Flight File (0171-323 1515) is currently offering charters from Gatwick to Rome (Ciampino) for £200 including tax. Scheduled flights on British Airways (0345 222111) from Heathrow to Fiumicino cost £300 including tax for travel in July.



Rome: for the best food, avoid the obvious tourist spots.

Photograph: Brian Harris

Where to get the best Punjabi ice-cream in Britain

Muthena Paul Alkazraj takes a culinary tour of Bradford

On the steps leading down to the basement of The Kashmir Restaurant, Khadim Hussain refuses - with a wry smile - to tell me what spices he puts in his Vegetable Madras. The only insights I can glean from this resident chef of 19 years, is that one of the dishes on the menu is an effective aphrodisiac, and another would be good for my elbow joints.

Three minutes' walk from the Alhambra Theatre, The Kash, as it is affectionately nick-named by Bradfordians, is the city's oldest Asian restaurant. It began serving up its Kormas, Masalas and Vindaloos in the early Fifties to the swelling numbers of young Pakistani men, who emigrated here to work in the region's textile and manufacturing industries. Joined eventually by their relatives and friends, Pakistanis now form the majority of the 60,000-strong Asian community currently living in the city.

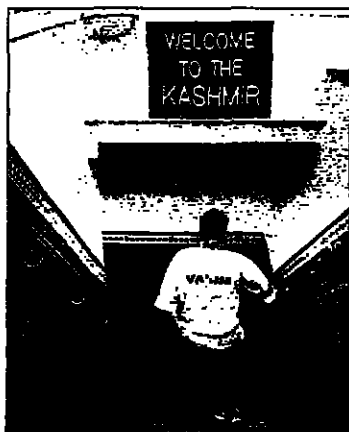
"The first generation of English students began eating here in the Sixties, when a curry was half a crown. They now return regularly with their grandchildren," says Mr Latif, the restaurant's owner, with an endearing glow of pride. A sit-down meal is still

within the range of the most severely cash-strapped undergraduate. Zafar Iqbal, known to staff as The Papa, tells me a typical story of devotion: "One man comes regularly from Edinburgh, loads up 20 curries for himself in a fridge in the back of his van, and then drives back."

Among The Kashmir's accolades is that of having produced the world's longest vegetable kebab. A certificate - signed by Norris McWhirter - validating its 2889 length, is proudly displayed in the window.

Across town at the ambitiously named Bradford Superstore, an Asian mini-market off Barkerend Road, I discover a trove of supplies of essential ingredients for the likes of The Kashmir. Mung and black-eyed beans; green, red, yellow and brown lentils; fresh dill, coriander, fennel, mangoes, okra and chillies; as well as cumin seeds, garam masala and a range of spices: all sold at prices which make me vow never to buy a Schwartz refill pack again.

The shop is presided over by two brothers, originally from Kashmir. Their father, Abid Shah, came to Bradford in the mid-Sixties as a 12-



Glasgow, Birmingham and London.

The shop assistant, Shiraz Hussain, is strangely coy of revealing their sweet-chef's name. Apparently, rival manufacturers might attempt to snaffle him. "We call him *saag*, which means the master: he has been making sweets for 35 years," he says. "Not a lot of English people know about Asian sweets; those that do come back for more," he adds. And with a mild grin, he gives me a Punjabi ice-cream screw-ball.

The Kashmir Restaurant: 27 Morley St, Bradford, West Yorkshire (01274 726513)
Bradford Superstore: 2 Gilpin Street, Bradford (01274 722896)
Punjab Sweet House, 122/124 Listerhills Road, Bradford (01274 720308)

The Mela (bazaar) Festival takes place at Lister Park, Bradford on 6 and 7 July, with Asian dance and food. Admission free. The Bradford Festival takes place 28 June-13 July. Festival Office 01274 309199.

EUROPEAN DEPARTURES

When our spy checked out the Clarence Hotel in Dublin three weeks ago, the builders were still firmly ensconced in refurbishing the place. A brief look at the interior suggested that many of the pleasing features, such as extensive use of light-grained wood and an abundance of natural light, had been retained. Paying customers will be able to decide from Monday, when the hotel on Wellington Quay re-opens.

Bookings can be made on 0800 181535. Those who are unwilling to pay £130 per night for a superior room at the Clarence, plus 15 per cent service and an additional £10 for

continental breakfast, can opt for a snack in the Tea Room or a drink in the Octagon Bar.

At 4pm yesterday, Monaco went its own way - at least telephonically. Previously, the principality had shared an international access code with France. Most numbers within Monaco are staying the same, but now you must prefix them with 00 377. So to call the Monte Carlo tourist office, dial 00 377 92 16 61 16. France is to introduce regional dialling codes next year.

British Airways last flew to Belgrade when the city was capital of a united

Yugoslavia ruled by Marshal Tito. After a 15-year gap, during which the Federation has disintegrated, the airline (0345 222111) is to start three services between Gatwick and Belgrade from 15 July, with fares from £280.

You can visit London, Paris and Brussels in a single day by train, on an outing organised by Hertfordshire Railtours (01438 715050). On 28 September, the company intends to run a special triangular journey from London Waterloo through the Channel Tunnel to Paris, then along the new high-speed line to Brussels and back to London. The price is around £100.

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One of the most important reasons for visiting Aswan is to stay in the Cataract Hotel, surely one of the world's most delightful grand period-style hotels. Standing on a promontory the hotel has wonderful views over the Nile. After perhaps a morning's excursion to the many archaeological points of interest, the green oasis offered by the hotel's lovely gardens is just perfect for recharging the batteries. We are offering accommodation at either the Old or New Cataract hotels.

There will be an optional excursion programme to the Temple of Philae, Abu Simbel, Kom Ombo and Edfu (£120) bookable in advance.

The Old and New Cataract hotels

The large and airy guest bedrooms of the Old Cataract are fully air-conditioned, with private bathrooms, television, radio, mini-bar and room service. Other facilities include restaurant, bar, shop, and swimming pool shared with the adjacent New Cataract Hotel where the accommodation is in a modern building. Besides its own



with optional visits to Abu Simbel, Kom Ombo & Edfu and the Temple of Philae

facilities. It also shares those of its sister hotel. All rooms have ensuite facilities and air-conditioning.

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Dec 2, 9, 16, £295 - Dec 23, 30, £435
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THAT SUMMER

The diary of a wide-eyed boy in France, 1947

In the first of a new series reclaiming summers past, the broadcaster Frank Bough recalls his brief celebrity status when, two years after the war, he was selected to join the World Scout Jamboree in France

I couldn't believe my luck, Sydney Darriott couldn't go. His mum and dad wouldn't let him. He'd been chosen from the 3rd Oswestry Scout Troop of the Shropshire and Herefordshire contingent to join the World Scout Jamboree in Moisson in France. So I went instead. Today it's no big deal going to France. But in 1947, how different it was. People hadn't travelled. The odd eccentric, perhaps, the very rich. The nobility did the European Tour, but the great mass of people went, as we did, to Southport, Colwyn Bay or Aberystwyth for their week's summer holiday.

Sydney's mum and dad couldn't cope with the enormity of their 15 year old going to France. It simply didn't happen. Heavens, we'd been fighting a war there only two years previously. It was alien, foreign.

The plum fell into my lap. I wasn't quite old enough, to be honest, only 14 and a half. I was supposed to be 15 at least, but my scout master conveniently ignored the problem and my mum and dad were terrifically pleased I'd been chosen. People in my small Shropshire town came up to me and said "I hear you're going to France then, well well."

Just short of 50 years later, I'm quite pleased with the diary I kept of the trip. My young handwriting is much better than now, and grammatically my English is reasonably sound.

We might bitch about public transport in 1996 but looking through my diary, I am reminded that in 1947 the train journey from Shropshire to London (about 180 miles) took nine hours, and even in France trains rarely managed more than 15 miles an hour. Now we have Concorde, and motorways, and 180mph trains, and we all go where we like, and as far as we like. What 14 year old of today is writing about that?

There's a lot in my diary about food. I seem to have made the startling discovery that "The meals are Anglo Saxon and are in the following order - Breakfast, Lunch, Dinner and Supper". And there was never enough. "We had pears and peaches for dessert at lunch. They were very sweet and juicy. Being the days' cooks we had a couple extra." These were probably my first peaches.

Food, too, was very much on my mind during our scout's outing to Paris. This was how I recorded the trip in that summer of 1947...

Today we were to go to Paris. To most people it was like a dream. Paris seemed a long way away in our minds. Again the sun tore down when we got up. Although it was only 6.30 it was hot and an even hotter day seemed likely. We started off at about 7.15 and marched to the big camp bus station. The bus was on time and soon we were rolling through the French countryside to the station.

The trains of France are either good or bad. This one was good. It was a train the like of which I have never seen before and bore a tremendous engine. It was a special train and was full of scouts all bound either to Paris or beyond.

After about an hour's journey we arrived on the outskirts of Paris. The first thing that caught the eye, of course, was Eiffel Tower, the tallest of its kind in the world.

Our first impression of Paris was that it was just as we had expected it to be. Huge buildings and wide, tree-lined streets, with their cafés and chairs and tables outside. It was a wonderful sight. After we had a hunt round we contacted a French scout bus, which took us to the Scout Jamboree Canteen. (The Jamboree has a bus service and as this was an excursion organised by the authorities we could use these buses as we pleased).

At this Jamboree Canteen we were given a grand dinner. The only snag was that we had been expected to bring our own tools and we hadn't known this and the result was that we had to make do with scout knives and such like.

First on the menu was tomatoes and vinegar, with mint sauce. This was followed by corned beef and water to drink. After this came baked beans. With all these we had as much bread as we could demolish in the time given. It was a grand meal and what counted most was that there was plenty of it.

We filed outside. By this time the heat was killing. The sun beat down mercilessly and we were glad to get some of the draught offered us in the bus which was waiting outside.

Our next destination was the famous Eiffel Tower. All wondered if it would be possible to get to the top of the tower. As we grew nearer everyone was impressed by the tremendous height of the tower and its massive scale. The road ran underneath the four feet of the tower and on each side were ornamental gardens. It was like a picture from a story book.

Then inquiries showed that it was possible to get to the top of the tower. Lifts went up every quarter of an hour for 70 centimes. This was quite a reasonable price and most people went to the booking office to receive their tickets. Then a few minutes later we were rising in the big lift which was one of four which worked from the four feet at the bottom. We rose higher and higher until the whole of Paris was spread like a map beneath us. It was breathtaking.

Words can hardly describe the scene. The Seine lay below and like a blue ribbon with all its bridges. Many famous buildings came into our view. The tomb of the unknown soldier was seen, the great two-spired cathedral of Notre-Dame. We stayed up there for half an hour viewing the marvellous scenery and drinking iced lemonade. It was a wonderful experience.

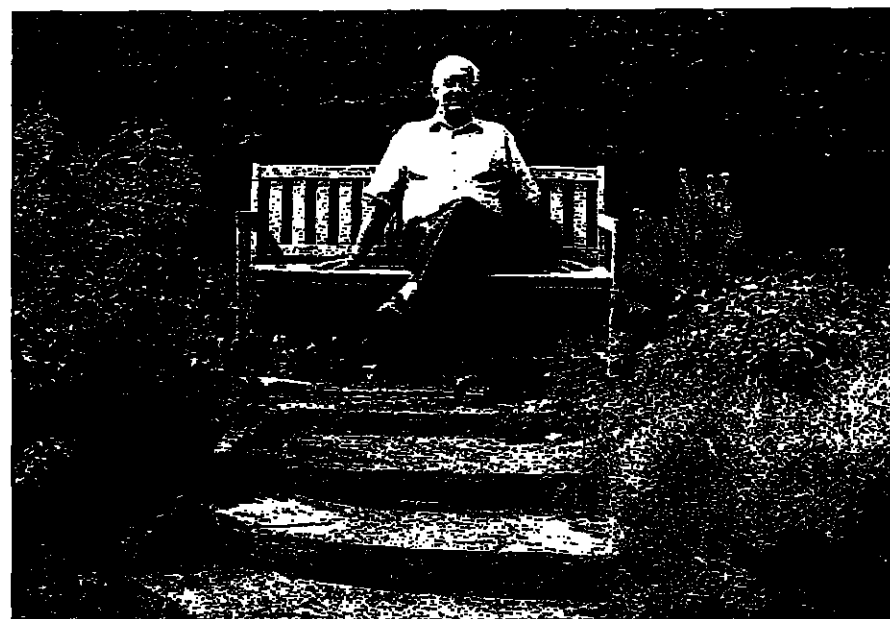
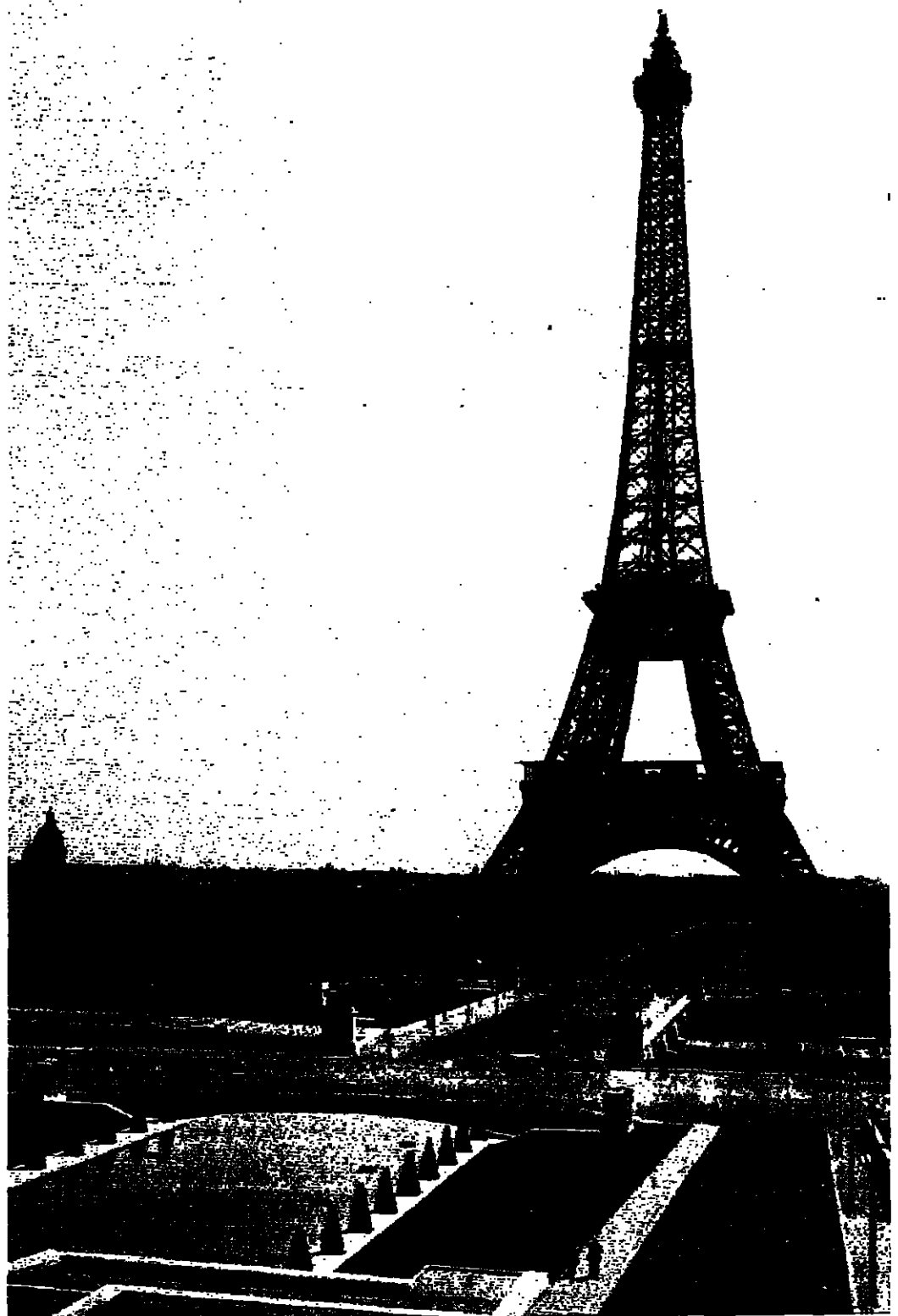
We descended after this and went to the Louvre. Here we were unlucky, for the famous gallery was closed. After this we sat in a café and had more drinks. Most of everybody's money was spent on either ice cream or lemonade. Another favourite drink was cider which was 12 centimes a glass. When we had finished cooling ourselves off we got on to the tube, or metro as it is called, and took a train for Notre-Dame.

Here a funny incident happened. Dan Wright came running along the platform to us and as the train before ours went out his hat blew off and the train went over it. After an official had retrieved it the hat was burnt and almost cut in two. Everyone roared with laughter. When order had been restored again, we climbed into our train and were whisked off to Cité, a station near to Notre Dame.

We looked over the latter then returned to the tube. We visited many more places including the Champs-Élysées and Arc de Triomphe and then at 8.30 boarded the same train that we had come on, back to camp.

In 1947 the cheapest train journey from London to Paris was from Victoria via Newhaven and Dieppe. This took 7 3/4 hours during the day, 9 hours at night.

In 1996 the Eurostar train journey from Waterloo to Gare du Nord takes 3 hours. A standard return ticket is currently £69. Call Eurostar on 0345 881 881 for more details. Frank Bough presents Travel Live on Travel, the cable television station.



In 1947, Frank Bough (left) and his scout companions climbed the Eiffel Tower. "We stayed up there half an hour, viewing the marvellous scenery and drinking iced lemonade," he wrote, aged 14 and a half, in his immaculately kept diary

Photographs: Top Hilton Deutsch; Left John Lawrence



something to declare

A likely story

"Aircraft doors close 10 minutes before departure" - notice at Virgin Atlantic check-in, Gatwick

Richard Branson's airline wants to reduce the delays that result from passengers dilly-dallying in the duty-free when they should be stowing away their hand luggage. So the company warns: "Even if you are checked in, if you are not on board 10 minutes before departure, your luggage will be unloaded and the aircraft will depart without you."

So last Saturday, I tested this threat. The door of the 11am service to Athens was still wide open at 11.05, as the last remaining passengers climbed aboard. No sign of any offloaded luggage on the Tarmac there. "To offer the most reliable and punctual service in the air, we will be closing

the aircraft doors 10 minutes before departure," insists the airline.

I was travelling to Miami at 11.15am, and hung around with the smokers who were reluctantly stubbing out their cigarettes in advance of the nine-hour non-smoking flight. We stragglers boarded five minutes before scheduled departure time, and the plane left about five minutes late. Just like any other flight at Gatwick, in fact. The warning seems to be an empty threat - a high-risk game for Virgin Atlantic to be playing. If there is no evidence of penalising tardy passengers, some may be persuaded to flout other, more serious rules.

Trouble spots

Advice from our woman in the Foreign Office

Afghanistan: We advise against travel to Afghanistan. Continuing tension between different Afghan groups has led to recurrent outbreaks of fighting throughout Afghanistan. Those who nevertheless propose to travel to Afghanistan are strongly urged to check the situation before setting out. The British High Commission in Islamabad (tel 00 92 51 822131) can supply limited advice, but visitors should be aware that there is no British mission in Afghanistan to provide consular help.

Angola: British tourists are advised not to visit Angola. Banditry and armed hold-ups, including car-jackings, are common with expatriates as the main targets.

Bargain of the week

July is not the perfect month to visit most places in India, which helps to explain why there are plenty of bargains around to the sub-continent. For independent travellers, the best value is probably with Lufthansa from

Western Sahara: The area south of Tan Tan (Morocco) is under military jurisdiction. Travel is restricted, and while organised groups are generally permitted, independent overland travellers may be turned back at Dakhla. Consular services are not available, and we cannot assist in obtaining transit permits. We advise against travel in the area and that to transit the territory, vehicles should be shipped from Casablanca to Mauritania or Senegal and passengers should travel by air.

Travel advice for many other destinations is available from the Foreign Office on 0171-238 4503, <http://www.fco.gov.uk> on the Internet, and on BBC-2 Ceefax page 564 onwards.

Birmingham, London or Manchester, changing planes at Frankfurt. Booking through STA Travel (0171-361 6262), and travelling out before 30 June and back before 31 July, you pay £367 return including tax.



SIMON CALDER

For budget travellers from Britain, Air India is a boon; not just for its flights to the sub-continent, but for its cut-price tickets to North America and Europe. The airline sells off the empty seats on its onward services from Britain at bargain prices. If you want a cheap flight from Heathrow to New York or Manchester to Rome, the best value is often to be found on Air India. So I use the carrier frequently.

The downside is that flights are subject to all manner of delays. I have yet to travel on an on-time Air India flight to New York, always because of some unspecified problem in the airline's home country. But delays of a few hours are nothing compared with the dismal experience of Maureen Cunningham of Liverpool.

She was travelling from Manchester to Rome with her daughter and grand-daughter,

and had paid £187 for each of them (no child discount was allowed for four-year-old Stephanie). Air India's flight 178 was first postponed by three hours from its 12.40pm departure time, then cancelled altogether.

By now, time for arranging alternative flights was running out, so Air India's management laid on coaches to Heathrow, which finally arrived shortly before 10pm. The airline refused, however, to provide any accommodation. Since young Stephanie was (a) aged four and (b) exhausted, the Cunninghams decided they would have to find a hotel rather than stay up all night at Heathrow, which was the option offered by Air India.

The next morning there was no direct flight to Rome, so the family had to travel via Zurich. They finally arrived 25 hours after they should have left Manchester. Mrs Cunningham's son,

Colin, who was waiting for the family at Rome airport, was as unamused as them. Air India has refused to pay for the Heathrow hotel or make any other compensation.

Two sides of the same travel coin. You ask a reservations agent at Jersey European Airways about flights from Southampton or Heathrow to Jersey. She says her company doesn't fly from those airports - and immediately offers the telephone numbers for Air UK and British Airways, which do serve those routes.

Later, in the office of a leading car rental company which is temporarily out of autos you ask for suggestions about other firms which might have a spare car available to rent, and are told "That's for you to find out." One organisation is evidently trying harder than the other to help the customer.

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There's never been a better time to live under straw

A huge expansion in thatching services has driven roofing costs down. The only problem is telling the difference between a craftsman and a cowboy

PENNY JACKSON



Just about everyone who lives in a thatched cottage will have been asked at some time what it's like to live under a wildlife park. How can you sleep with all those rats and mice running about? That's nothing, replies the owner, what you really have to watch out for are the spiders. Exaggeration and myth seem as much a part of thatch as the cottages themselves are part of the English countryside.

A roof in bad shape is likely to be alive with bats, mice and birds, but good maintenance and protective netting will make it vulnerable only to the tiniest and most inoffensive of creatures like the wren. Cottages can be damp and cold, but only if the roof is leaking and collapsing around the windows. And the cost of upkeep? The business of thatching has never been as competitive.

There is always a demand for thatched cottages. And the one thing the 50,000 owners of listed properties are not short of is advice. Conservation officers, thatchers, surveyors and restorers of ancient buildings are all there for the consulting. The biggest problem is whose advice to take.

Ten years ago, when Dr Juan Mason bought his 16th-century cottage in Chidham, West Sussex – once the village poorhouse – he was told by a thatching company that the roof needed replacing completely, and until then he could not be properly insured. Luckily, he met a thatcher who contradicted that opinion. And this week, a decade later, the job was finally started by Stephen Cleeve, one of the men who saved him from that unnecessary expense.

"If I had not come into contact with Stephen, I would have spent money that I could ill-afford at the time. He has been patching the roof ever since, and it is only in the last six to 12 months



Stephen Cleeve working on a cottage in Chidham.

Photograph: Andrew Hasson

that it has really deteriorated," says Dr Mason. "And 10 years for a long straw roof is about 30 per cent of its expected life. It is a big expense anyway, about £14,000 every 25 years."

The wear on Dr Mason's roof has been accelerating recently. "Our biggest problem has been the destruction by squirrels. It doesn't take much of a gap for them to get under the wire."

Dr Mason did not set out with a thatched cottage in mind, so how does he rate the first 10 years? "Thatch is cool in the summer, but ours is not especially warm in winter – although the new roof should make a difference. There is a

certain anxiety about fires and bonfires. We chose the house because of its situation and its atmosphere. But of course it does look lovely."

Dr Mason's experience is not so unusual. The property boom years saw a huge expansion in thatching services. A rural craft industry was flooded with apprentices who now compete furiously for business. According to Paul Arthur, secretary of Kent, Surrey and Sussex Master Thatchers Association, during the Eighties people had roofs done when they really didn't need to.

"Our industry has indifferent craftsmen like any other and there is an unfortunate excess of

tradesmen around, some of whom have had a training of less than a year." He believes the customer benefits if the man who looks at the roof is the one who does the thatch.

Stephen Cleeve, fifth generation of the family firm in Soberton Heath in Hampshire, would agree. He won the best thatched house in Britain award in 1992 and learnt his craft over five years.

"You have to work on old buildings to understand how they were constructed," he says. "Nothing can replace that experience. But competition for work is enormous. I have lost a job for the sake of £50." So has this competition

Where to go for advice

Most of the thatched houses in Britain are in the West Country, East Anglia and around the South Downs, and each has a distinctive style. Since the 1950s long straw thatch has mostly been replaced by combed straw.

A local trade organisation should be the first port of call. A reputable thatcher will have a portfolio with pictures of his work and references. Go and see one of his roofs for yourself if you can. There are no paper qualifications as yet, although anyone who has trained recently with the Rural

Development Commission will have done an intensive course combined with two years' work in a small rural thatching company and have taken a City and Guilds exam at the end.

National Council of Master Thatchers Associations: 07000 781909; National Society of Master Thatchers: 01494 443198; Thatching Information Service: 01920 438710; Independent Thatching Consultants: 01823 433567; S W Cleeve, master thatcher, 01329 834072.

been beneficial to the owners of thatched cottages? The answer seems to be a resounding yes, providing the work is of a high standard. The price of thatching has hardly changed in 10 years. Many of the drawbacks to thatched properties, such as high insurance premiums and a shortage of thatchers are things of the past.

Specialist insurance companies once had a monopoly but now offer more competitive premiums. Indeed, CGA Select has been involved in two years of research into the cause of fires in thatched houses, and intends to cut premiums for those following the advice of their findings.

A couple of years ago, a thatcher was quoted as saying that when it came to decisions about a roof the owner had the last say. The National Society of Thatched Property Owners, launched last week, intends to address that. But if owners should start to get too uppity, Stephen Cleeve will have the last word. As a variant on the tradition that thatchers leave a time capsule in a roof for the next thatcher to find, he might leave a note about difficult customers. "You never know, it may not be the first time," he adds.

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صكتا من الامل

While Jim Slater's financial publications are first class, I remain less convinced about the merits of his particular technique for finding growth stocks

What is one to make of the Jim Slater phenomenon? It is more than 20 years since the one-time Leyland executive crashed out of the City as a self-confessed "minus millionaire", his go-go financial conglomerate Slater Walker brought to its knees by the great bear market of the mid-1970s. There followed several years of relative obscurity, during which Mr Slater wrote children's books, dabbled in shares and other business ventures, and worked on his bridge game. But now, at an age when most men are happy to be pottering around the garden, he is back on the road as an investment pundit, writing, lecturing and columnising about the stock market and his favoured methods of picking shares. The week before last, he was the star turn at the launch in London of a new unit trust, the Johnson Fry Slater Growth Fund. His 27-year-old son Mark is the investment adviser to the fund. Its objective is to pick stocks on the basis, in the main, of a technique devised by his

father. The method, which revolves around finding growth stocks with relatively low price/earnings ratios, is one that Mr Slater has popularised in his recent investment books. There is no doubt that the Slater name is again showing real pulling power, particularly among private investors. Given Slater Walker's colourful history, albeit a long time ago, it is not surprising that some soothsayers are muttering. The "real question", declared the *Financial Times* last week, is "whether the promotion of such a personality-based trust signals some sort of bull market excess". Of course it may do. We are well into the second decade of one of the longest and most enduring bull markets of this century. One day it will come to an end, and when it does there will be no shortage of "told you so's". But I don't think we need to take quite such a sniffy approach to Jim Slater's return to investment guru status. The man himself, on the handful of occasions I have talked to him, has lost none of his charm,



JONATHAN DAVIS INVESTMENTS

and has had plenty of time to reflect on past events. His books are, in my view, outstandingly good - highly accessible and full of sound, practical advice. *The Zulu Principle* is probably the pick of the bunch. As an introduction to the principles of investment for the average investor, it admirably fills a gap in the market. Nobody who reads it need fear losing their shirt. Just as good, though much more expensive, is the monthly statistical

publication, *Really Essential Financial Statistics*, or *Refs* for short, which Mr Slater has devised in conjunction with the City publishers, Hemmington Scott. This provides a wealth of price and analytical data on each of the 1,800 or so quoted companies in the UK, together with rankings based on different investment criteria - return on capital, relative strength, p/e ratios, dividend yield and so on. It includes summaries of recent directors' dealings in their company's shares and of stockbrokers' earnings forecasts. Given its size (three volumes, 2,000 pages a month), expense (£675 a year for a monthly subscription, £275 for a quarterly one) and sophistication, *Refs* is only really going to be of practical use to those with relatively large portfolios who make their own investment decisions and have an above-average grasp of investment terms and principles. But for anyone who does do his or her own investing today, and enjoys the process of studying the markets, or for the growing number of investment clubs now sprouting

up around the place, *Refs* is a potential goldmine, a kind of *Wisden* for stock market enthusiasts. While Mr Slater's financial publications are first class, I remain less convinced about the merits of his particular technique for finding growth stocks. The basic technique is simplicity itself. You look for shares where the ratio between the company's prospective price/earnings ratio and its forecast earnings growth (by brokers' analysts) is low. Essentially, he is looking for companies where you can buy expected growth relatively cheaply. This method would have given you a good number of winners in the last couple of years. But they will have mostly been smaller growth companies. Few Footsie companies pass the Slater criteria (though one which did a year ago was Forte, since taken over by Granada). The risks of buying such companies are higher than average. Some will burn out quickly, and liquidity - how easy it is to buy and sell the shares - may be poor. In addition,

analysts' earnings forecasts are a shaky foundation on which to build any investment choice. My view is that Mr Slater's method is one which all but the most experienced investor should approach with caution. You have to be nimble and know what you are doing to hope to profit from it consistently. Since he first pioneered his method, he has suggested it can be refined into a more sophisticated technique by adding other filters which reduce the risk - for example, the requirement that a company's cash flow also exceeds its earnings; and that the shares have shown positive "relative strength" (outperformed the market as a whole) in the previous month and year. Back-testing a portfolio selected on this basis a year ago shows it would have outperformed the market comfortably (20 per cent against 9 per cent). But I remain prejudiced against it, partly because it is not my own favoured style of investing, and partly because I dislike rule-based investment methods.

Should the credit card firm pay for your faulty goods?

Watchdogs say people with compensation claims are being fobbed off. Clifford German reports

We all know by now, thanks to Barclaycard's funny-man Rowan Atkinson, that credit card companies will refund your money if the Touareg carpet you bought with a card goes up in flames or the wedding present gets sat upon in church. But the National Consumer Council, the official consumer watchdog, is not happy about the way credit card companies behave if the goods and services we routinely buy turn out to be defective, shoddy, unsuitable or simply do not arrive. In its submission to the DTI, published this week, it claims that credit card companies routinely fob off claims for compensation for defective goods and services bought with cards. Customers are given the impression that their first recourse is against the supplier. Consumers who do not know their rights and do not have access to professional advice usually retire defeated. At best they have to resort to a tortuous and sometimes expensive case against the supplier. At worst they give up and fail to get any redress at all. The NCC says it has collected numerous examples, mainly from local trading standards officers and Citizens Advice Bureaux, of customers being told to seek redress from the supplier. In fact Section 75 of the Consumer Credit Act of 1974 gives consumers equal recourse against the supplier and/or the credit card company, who are jointly and severally liable in law to provide compensation if goods and services costing over £100 and bought with a card are faulty or fail to arrive. When challenged, the Credit Cards Research Group, which represents leading Visa and Mastercard companies in the UK, says its members meet an average of over 20,000 claims a year and pay out over £20m. But it says the overwhelming majority of claims involve cases where goods and services have been paid for in advance and have not been supplied at all, usually because the supplier has gone bust. This could include things like holi-

days, furniture, freezers, fridges, TV and video equipment, computers and big-ticket items bought from mail-order catalogues. There is clearly a gap between the two sides on both fact and interpretation. Because there are no official statistics on the number of claims lodged each year there is no certain means of knowing whether enquiries which may be routinely turned away are therefore not recorded. But the two sides are clearly wide apart. Credit card companies claim that faulty goods are properly treated under the Sale of Goods Act. Compensation and cover available to UK credit card companies are substantially better than in most countries. It is logical for customers to claim first on the actual suppliers rather than on the credit company, who cannot be expected to know the facts of the case. They say the director-general of the Office of Fair Trading accepts the logic of this argument. They also claim that every monthly statement contains a telephone helpline for card users to call. The NCC, meanwhile, argues that there is a strong case for extending Section 75 to allow claims against credit card companies for goods and services costing less than £100. The aim would be to include items like kettles and kitchen equipment, which can go wrong either because of faults or misuse.

They would also like to see the law changed to apply cover to the total bill instead of individual items. For example many travel agents sell holidays and insurance as a package but card companies can treat them as separate items in the event of a claim. Likewise the motor trade routinely identifies parts and labour as separate items, which allows card companies to reject individual claims under the £100 rule. Finally, the NCC wants to see credit card companies admit liability to claims on goods and services worth £100 or more which were bought abroad. Card companies say they are not liable because they cannot be expected to take responsibility for suppliers they cannot possibly know. Consumers claim these are just the cases where they need protection because it is usually impossible to return the goods or complain in person to the supplier once they have returned to the UK. The companies are in practice accepting claims where the amounts are more than £100, but only on the credit element, not the full price where that is different. But this is part of a voluntary code of practice which expires at the end of the year. It had been assumed that the Government would have proposed new legislation by then. This is now thought to be unlikely, ensuring that the long-running spat between consumer groups and card companies is set to continue.

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MORTGAGES					
Fixed rates					
Scarborough BS	0800 590547	0.05 for 1 year	70	0.75%	—
FirstMortgage	0800 080088	3.75 to 1/7/98	75	£275	1st 5 yrs: 7.19% of sum repaid
Northern Rock BS	0800 591500	7.49 to 1/8/01	95	£295	1st 1/7/01: 5% of advance
Variable rates					
Hinckley & Rugby BS	0800 774499	0.00 for 9 months	70	£250	Free valuation
Halifax BS	0800 101110	4.33 to 30/9/99	90	—	Free valuation
Bradford & Bingley BS	0800 252993	5.54 for 5 years	85	—	6 mths free ASU
First time buyers fixed rates					
Bristol & West BS	0800 100117	0.95 to 30/6/97	90	£275	—
Skipton BS	01756 700511	7.65 to 30.6.01	95	£295	Free U&M free B+C
Lambeth BS	0800 225221	4.19 to 1/9/98	95	£295	0.5% of adv. rebated
First time buyers variable rates					
Principality BS	01222 344188	1.00 to 1/7/97	90	—	—
Greenwich BS	0181 858 8212	3.39 for 2 years	95	—	—
Halifax BS	0800 101110	5.43 to 30/9/01	90	—	£300 & free valn

PERSONAL LOANS

Telephone	APR	Fixed monthly payments (£3,000 over 3 years)
Unsecured		
Direct Line	0141 248 9966	13.90%
Yorkshire Bank	0345 181920	14.80
Midland Bank	0800 180180	14.90
Secured (second charge)		
Clydesdale Bank	0800 240024	7.40
Royal Bank of Scotland	0131 523 7023	8.70
Barclays Bank	0800 000929	9.3/9.6 wmt 1.8/9.6

OVERDRAFTS

Telephone	Account	Authorised % pm	Unauthorised % pm	APR
Woolwich BS	0800 400900	Current	0.75	9.5
Alliance & Leicester	0500 959595	Current	0.75	9.5
Abbey National	0500 200500	Current	0.94	11.9

CREDIT CARDS

Telephone	Card	Min %	Rate %	APR	Annual period	Int. free
Standard						
Robert Fleming/S&P	0800 829024	MasterCard/Visa	—	0.8958	11.20	nil
NatWest Bank	0800 200400	Access	—	0.95N	12.00N	nil
Robert Fleming/S&P	0800 829024	MasterCard/Visa	—	1.00	14.00	£12
Gold cards						
Co-operative Bank	0345 212121	Visa	£20,000	0.4792	10.32	£120
Royal Bank of Scotland	01702 362890	Visa	£20,000	1.05N	14.50N	£35
NatWest Bank	0800 200400	Visa	£20,000	1.14	15.90	£35

STORE CARDS

Telephone	Payment by direct debit	Payment by other methods
John Lewis	In store	—
Marks & Spencer	01244 681681	1.87
Sears	In store	1.94

APR Annualised percentage rate. B+C Buildings and Contents Insurance LTV Loan to value. ASU Accident, sickness and unemployment. E Available to comprehensive motor insurance policyholders aged over 22 years. H Introductory rate for a limited period.

All rates subject to change without notice.

Source: MONEYFACTS 01892 500677

20 June 1996

Best savings rates

Telephone number	Account	Notice or term	Deposit	Rate %	Interest interval
Instant Access					
Portland BS	01202 292444	Instant Access	Instant	£100	4.80
Direct Line	0181 667 1121	Instant Savings	Instant	£50,000	5.75
Sun Banking Corp	01438 744509	Liquidity	Instant	£25,000	5.25
Skipton BS	01756 700511	High Street	Instant	£30,000	5.50
First Class Access					
Yorkshire BS	0800 378836	First Class Access	Postal	£1,000	4.90
Alliance & Leicester BS	0645 645660	Instant Direct	Postal	£5,000	5.40
Bristol & West BS	0800 901109	Instant Access Postal	Postal	£10,000	5.75
Northern Rock BS	0500 505000	Great North Postal	Postal	£25,000	6.50 A
Fixed Rate					
Coventry BS	0345 665522	Postal 50	50 day P	£2,000	5.45
Coventry BS	0345 665522	Postal 50	50 day P	£10,000	6.10
First National BS	0800 558844	90 Day Notice	90 day P	£10,000	6.20
Scarborough BS	0800 590578	Scarborough 100	100 day	£1,000	6.50
Fixed Rate					
Kleinwort Benson	01202 502404	HICA	Instant	£2,500	5.00
Halifax BS	01422 353533	Asset Reserve	Instant	£10,000	4.30
Chelshire BS	0800 717515	Classic Postal	Instant	£10,000	4.75
Chelshire BS	0800 717515	Classic Postal	Instant	£25,000	5.00
Fixed Rate					
Bristol & West BS	0800 202121	Year Plus Fixed Bond	5/1/97	£5,000	6.50F
Universal BS	0800 281496	Fixed Rate Bond	2 Year	£5,000	7.00F
Northern Rock BS	0500 505000	Postal Deposit Bond	30/6/99	£2,500	7.50F
Britannia BS	0800 132304	High Income Bond	1/10/2001	£50,000	7.75F
Fixed Rate					
NatWest Bank	0800 200400	5 years	£5,000	7.45F	Year
Sun Banking Corp	01438 744505	5 years	£8,575	7.50F	Year
Birmingham Midshires	0645 720721	5 years	£1,000	7.25	Year
Principality BS	01222 344188	5 years	£500	7.00	Year
Fixed Rate					
Sun Banking Corp	01438 744505	5 years	£9,000	7.50F	Year
Northern Rock BS	0500 505000	5 years	£9,000	7.50	Year
NatWest Bank	0800 200400	5 years	£5,000	7.45F	Year
Birmingham Midshires	0645 720721	5 years	£1,000	7.25	Year
Fixed Rate					
AG Life	0181 680 7172	1 year	£10,000	4.70FN	Year
Pinnacle Assurance	0181 207 9007	2 years	£3,000	5.70FN	Year
Pinnacle Assurance	0181 207 9007	3 years	£3,000	6.10FN	Year
Pinnacle Assurance	0181 270 9007	4 years	£3,000	6.40FN	Year
Pinnacle Assurance	0181 207 9007	5 years	£3,000	6.65FN	Year
Fixed Rate					
Northern Rock, Guern	01481 714600	Offshore Instant	Instant	£10,000	6.30
Northern Rock, Guern	01481 714600	Offshore Instant	Instant	£50,000	6.60
Britannia International	01624 628512	2 Year Bond	31/7/98	£5,000	7.00F
Skipton, Guern	01481 727374	3 Year Bond	31/5/99	£10,000	7.40F
Fixed Rate					
Investment Accounts		1 month	£20	5.00	Year
			£500	5.50	Year
			£25,000	5.75	Year
Income Bonds		3 months	£2,000	6.25	Month
			£25,000	6.50	Month
Capital Bond	Series J	5 years	£100	6.65F	Maturity
First Option Bonds		12 months	£1,000	6.25F	Year
			£20,000	6.50F	Year
Pensioners' Guaranteed Income Bond	Series 3	5 year	£500	7.00F	Month
NS Certificates (tax-free)	43rd Issue	5 year	£100	5.35F	Maturity
	9th Index linked	5 year	£100	2.50-4pi	Maturity
Children's Bond	Issue H	5 year	£25	6.75F	Maturity

P paid only F fixed rate
N not rate A All withdrawals subject to 30 day loss of interest
All rates are shown gross and are subject to change without notice.

Source: MONEYFACTS 01892 500677

20 June 1996

FEAR OF FINANCE

Nic Ciccotti



What are we to make of a housing market which finally appears to be moving upwards, as it is at the moment?

The advice, to potential sellers at least, must be that unless you are happy to stay in your present home for some time, you should take immediate advantage of the situation.

The logic for doing so is simple. In the past six months or so, the rise in house prices has been inexorable, particularly in the South-east and London. Both Halifax and Nationwide building societies, which compile monthly statistics on the subject, say prices are on the up.

Is this a situation that is likely to be maintained? Crystal ball-gazing is an invidious task. Ask all those pundits who forecast increases last year — and got it wrong. This year, they forecast a relatively flat market and still appear to have got it wrong — so far.

But it is worth looking in a little detail at what experts say is happening right now. Demand, according to Black Horse Estate Agencies, appears to be heavy among those who were owners once but have been sitting out the downturn before deciding to join in again. There is a limited number of people like that.

Secondly, according to the Royal Institution of Chartered Surveyors, whose members include many estate agents, the price increases are partly determined by the relative non-availability of suitable properties.

The fact is, there are plenty of properties, but many owners are not yet ready to put them up for sale, perhaps because they are still in negative equity. As prices move further up, more and more people will shift out of negative equity and may be prepared to release their homes for sale. Once a flood of homes for

sale hits the market, buyers will be able to pick and choose again, ending the gazumping we have been seeing again in recent months. Prices will stabilise.

What should buyers do? At the risk of sticking my head out and getting it chopped off as prices soar in the autumn, my advice is to wait a while and see how the market pans out.

True, there is marginally greater job security than a year ago. Tax cuts are almost certainly on their way in the next Budget — though only reversing previous years' increases.

Low interest rates make obtaining a mortgage a cheaper proposition than for 30 years or more.

Even so, it is unlikely that the next few months will make a huge difference in terms of the price anyone will be asked to pay for most properties. If they do go up, waiting a while might help in obtaining a discount off the asking price.

As for mortgages, it is possible that rates will rise. Fears of a Labour government plus a rise in world bond prices make it likely. Certainly, longer-term fixed mortgages cost more today than a few months ago.

But good deals will still be available, either through pre-mutual building societies or new telephone lenders such as Direct Line and Bradford & Bingley Mortgages Direct.

It should therefore pay to sit out the current house hype for a while.

Of course, it could be argued that if every home-owner in Britain obeyed this column, any anticipated glut would come sooner rather than later. Perhaps this is because, despite appearances to the contrary, we are still in a buyers' market.

So, contradictory advice? Maybe. But then, who ever claimed that predicting the future is anything more than a load of glass balls?

INVESTORS CHRONICLE

THE CITY INSIDE OUT

BRITISH ENERGY SHARES UNEARTHED

British Energy is likely to be the last chance private investors will get to profit from privatisation. Or maybe not.

In this week's issue of Investors Chronicle we'll give you the facts on this latest share offer.

We will examine the business's financial prospects in detail and closely analyse the risks involved. Will British Energy be able to sell electricity at sufficient margins to sustain long-term growth? And what effect will the cost of decommissioning power stations have on profits?

You'll also get our verdict on whether or not the shares are worth buying and if it's an appropriate investment for private investors. And we will indicate what dividend yield investors can expect.

If you do decide to buy these shares or any other, you might like further advice. You need look no further than the Investors Chronicle STOCKBROKER SURVEY, also in this week's issue. It will provide essential information to help you choose a stock-broker to meet your needs. It looks closely at fees and charges, the importance of good service, the issues surrounding nominee names, and customer protection and compensation.

Investors Chronicle complete with British Energy feature and Stockbroker Survey is on sale Friday 21st June. From your newsagent, price £2.20.



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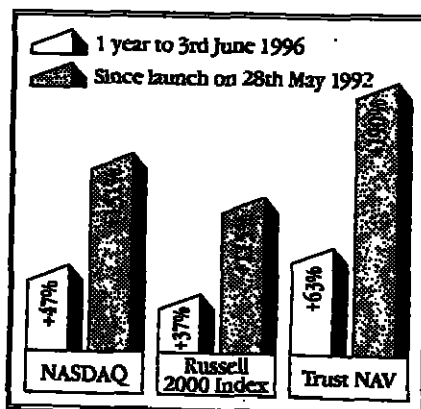
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صندوق الاستثمار

Not such a golden opportunity

Offers of 'authentic antique' gold sovereigns are not what they seem, warns John Andrew

The adverts are as ubiquitous as those *Innovations* catalogues that always seem to drop out of the middle of our weekend papers. "Rising gold price on world markets triggers release of Victorian antique gold bullion...", reads the enticing prospect to potential punters.

The "article" which follows reveals that less than 400 gold sovereigns have been released by a Swiss bank in Zurich for distribution in Great Britain.

The conclusion reached is that "authentic antique gold from the Victorian era will make a nice addition to the family's golden nest-egg", provided "you are one of the lucky ones whose application has succeeded".

The Gold and Silver Bureau, which places the advertorial, is offering examples at "only £109.50 each" and claims this represents "outstanding value for money".

Tempting though the offer may seem, buyers should beware. Leaving aside the gyrations seen in the bullion market over the past few years, culminating in a further drop in gold prices in the aftermath of the Sumitomo copper scandal last week, there are additional reasons why it makes sense to steer clear of this outstanding opportunity.

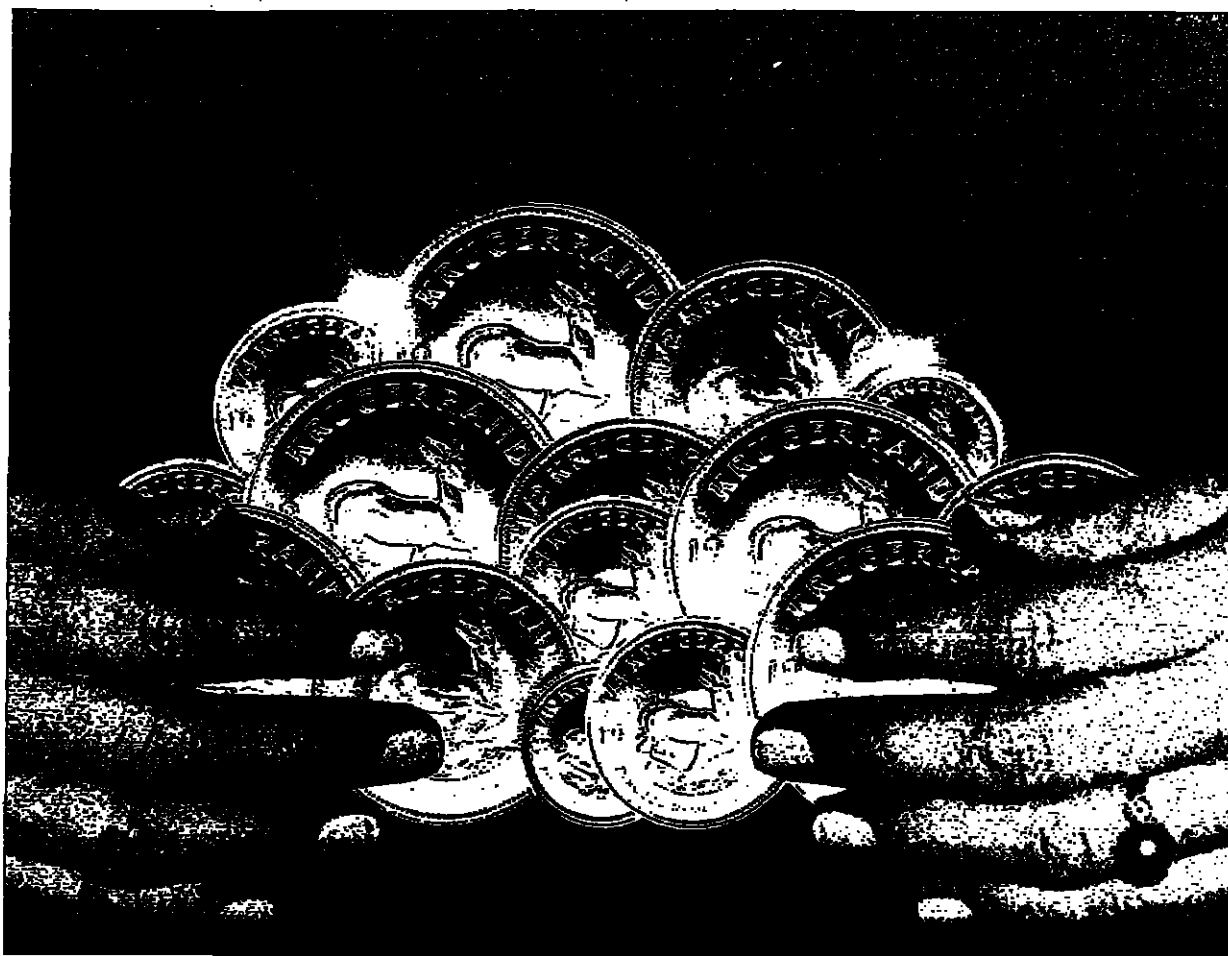
To be sure, the advertisers are offering genuine gold sovereigns, but at a considerable premium to the going market rate. Ordinary antique Victorian gold sovereigns, which are bullion coins as opposed to collectors' pieces, are available in abundance at around £68 each.

The advertisers reach their conclusion by claiming that coin dealers charge up to £135 for a run-of-the-mill sovereign and that the Royal Mint sells modern ones for £149. One of the basics of comparative advertising, however, is that like has to be compared to like.

The Royal Mint does indeed sell brand new sovereigns for £149 each. But they are special proof examples, which means that they have been struck from highly polished dies. Unlike the ordinary currency coins, they have a mirror-like surface. Only 7,500, bearing the date 1996, will be issued to collectors.

On the other hand, millions of ordinary currency sovereigns lie in bank vaults throughout the world and they may be purchased for just a small margin over their bullion value.

From 1838 through to 1887, sovereigns all featured the 'Young Head' of Queen Victoria. Bullion dealers, such as Spink,



Gold coins like these krugerrands are worth slightly more than their bullion value. Beware of exaggerated claims about 'antique' coins

currently sell samples of these for £68 each, less for buyers who purchase in bulk. Later sovereigns of Queen Victoria and those of Edward VII, George V and the currency sovereigns of the present Queen, retail for around £64 each.

Nor is this the first time that the same company has taken a liberty with the comparisons it makes.

Last month, the Advertising Standards Authority (ASA) upheld a complaint against a similar advertorial by the Gold and Silver Bureau in which it offered Edward VII sovereigns for £99.50 each.

These sovereigns had also been found in Switzerland and again it was held that they were a bargain against the Royal Mint's price of £149 for new ones.

The ASA considered that the comparison was misleading and expressed

concern "that the advertisers claimed the coins had investment value and noted that they had [previously] been advised against this approach" by the Authority.

The fact that the Gold and Silver Bureau was selling the coins at a substantial premium did not concern the ASA. However, it did feel "their potential monetary value to the consumer had been exaggerated".

Its report concluded: "The advertisers were asked to delete the implication that the coins had value as investments and to use fair pricing comparisons in future." However, the advertorials continue to appear.

Last year the same company advertised Maria Theresa thalers bearing the date 1780. The copy implied that the coins were scarce. The fact is that since 1780,

an estimated 800 million thalers bearing the date 1780 have been struck and are still produced today in Austria. UK coin dealers retail them at £4.50-£7 each.

Unless you are an expert collector, buying gold coins in the hope that they will appreciate substantially in value is a difficult task. It makes sense to be guided by a reputable dealer. If you want to buy for sentimental reasons, say because a coin was minted in a particular year dear to you, it still makes sense to go to an expert.

A list of the members of the British Numismatic Trade Association is available on 0181 398 4290. The current price for sovereigns is available from Spink's bullion department on 0171 930 7888.

It's twins. Twice the joy but twice the expense

Insurance may be the answer, says Clifford German

History does not relate whether Denis and Margaret bothered to insure against the risk of having Mark as well as Carol, but the odds back in 1955, when the Thatcher twins were born, would have been 100 to one against.

Ten years ago the odds against multiple births were still much the same, but they began shrinking in 1985 and by 1995 the odds had fallen to only 75-1 and are still declining.

No one quite knows why. From a position of complete scientific ignorance I blame the hormones in battery chickens.

More prosaically, the Twins and Multiple Births Association (Tamba) thinks it might be partly due to infertility treatments. A trend towards older mothers may also play a part because the "risk" of twins peaks in the mother's late thirties and recedes again after 40.

Whatever the reason, in 1994 there were 745,000 maternities in the UK, of which 9,518 produced twins, 282 triplets and nine quads.

The incidence was 13.17 per 1,000 maternities in the UK as a whole and 13.22 in England and Wales, compared with 10.10 in 1984. There are marginally more multiple births in England and Wales than Scotland and Northern Ireland.

"On the whole parents don't plan to have twins. The arrival of an instant family means instant expense - double the joys, but double the cost too," says Tamba.

There was a time when quads and even triplets would be showered with manufacturers' gifts, from baby milk to prams, but that also seems to have gone out of fashion.

The increase in the number of multiple births, partly a consequence of infertility treatment, is the most likely cause. It certainly seems as if the public's interest in the subject has waned. Perhaps octuplets or nonuplets would help to revive it.

Insuring against multiple births is not new, but the growing pos-



Carol and Mark Thatcher with their proud mother. The odds against twins in 1955 were 100-1

sibility of having a multiple birth might well revive interest in insuring against the event. Eagle Star has brought back a policy to meet demand.

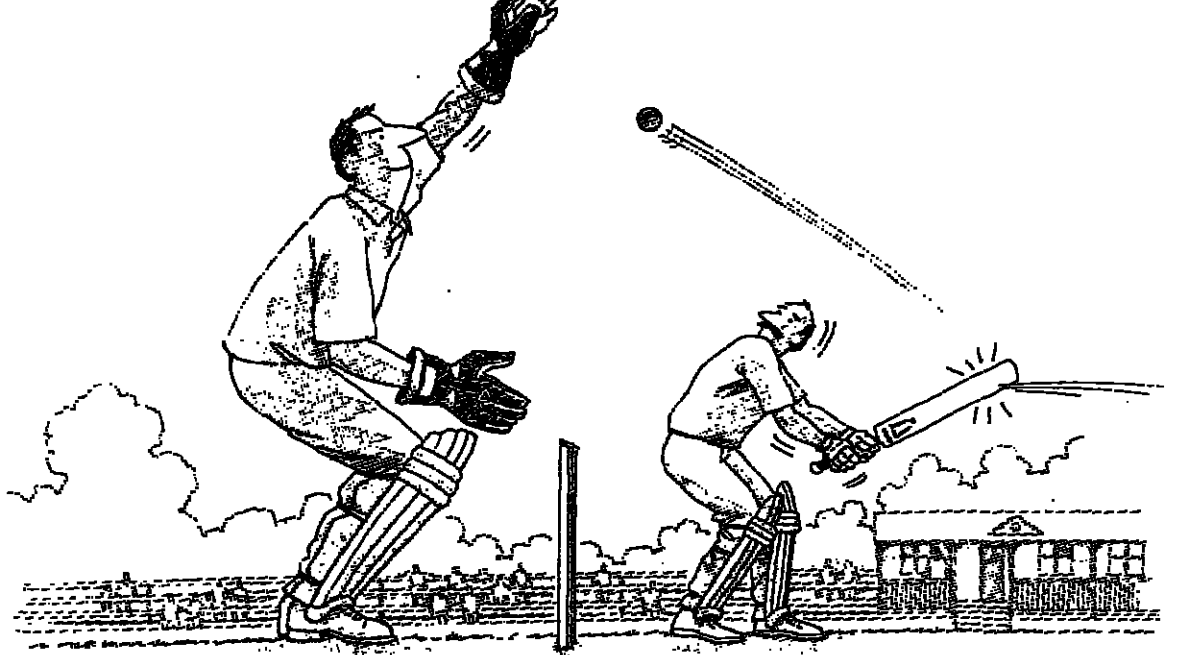
A typical premium for a mother aged 24 to 29 with no twins in the family would be a one-off £41 for a pay-out of £1,000. If there is a history of twins in the mother's family the premium rises to £58 and with twins even on the father's side it is £51.

If the mother is 30 the basic premium with no history of multiple births rises to £45. At 35 it rises to £57 and at 40 it dips to £50. The maximum benefit is £3,000. The policy has to be in place by the 11th week of pregnancy and before any scan is done.

Parents subject to fertility treatment are excluded. Payouts are doubled if triplets or quads are born, although it does not take an Einstein to work out that the extra money will be swallowed up just as quickly by the extra cost of nappies, clothes and baby foods.

As for the amount paid out, it is hardly likely to make anything but the smallest dent in the cost of bringing up a single child, never mind twins or triplets.

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* Source: HTR Investor Services, based on a mid-market to mid-market basis with net income reinvested and excluding transaction costs. Building Society figures are based on a Higher Rate Account. The figures for Henderson-Touche Remnant are based on those shown in the annual report as at 31 March 1995. Please note that past performance is not necessarily a guide to future performance. The value of an investment and the income from it can fall as well as rise as a result of market and currency fluctuations and you may not get back the amount originally invested. Henderson-Touche Remnant Investment Trusts are managed by Henderson-Touche Remnant Investment Trust Management, a division of Henderson Financial Management Limited, registered in England as a company limited by guarantee. The company is regulated by the Financial Services Authority and is authorised to accept deposits. Henderson-Touche Remnant Investment Trusts are managed by Henderson-Touche Remnant Investment Trust Management, a division of Henderson Financial Management Limited, registered in England as a company limited by guarantee. The company is regulated by the Financial Services Authority and is authorised to accept deposits.

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pick of the week



masters of music ticket offer



CINEMA

A Month by the Lake Vanessa Redgrave is fantastic as a middle-aged spinster, flirting with the priggish Edward Fox on Lake Como in a period drama, which boasts gorgeous cinematography.

How to Make an American Quilt (above) A lyrical slice of women's cinema from Proof Director Jocelyn Moorhouse. Winsome Watson Ryder gets life lessons from the likes of Anne Bancroft and Mayo Angelino.

Man of the Year The muscular and well-puffed body of Dirk Steyer was awarded this label by readers of *Playboy*. In this documentary, the gay film graduate reveals his double life.

THEATRE

Carmen Frawley The elongated ghosts of Pollock theatre group. Bruno Padbury's satirical, free, street, of the City, with their skilful, show, based on Bosnian war stories.

Patience (above) Alan Bennett directs his own stage version of the famous TV vignettes, drawing a sublime performance from Maggie Smith. *Minerva Studio, Chichester, tonight.*

The People Show Armed with the knowledge that he once sat on Einstein's knees, Mark Long (above) abhors his company for a solo scientific, travel-through-life, the universe and everything. *The Royal Court, London, Tue.*

EXHIBITIONS

Luckie Freud An artist who subverts the idea of portraiture should exhibit his work. Freud's satirical look at the human condition, the artist's all-vulnerable veins and loose teeth. This exhibition includes newly-completed pieces or shows for the first time. *Abraham & Co. Gallery, London, 8 Sep.*

Speaking (above) 50 portraits with recordings of their subjects' voices. *Scottish National Portrait Gallery, Edinburgh, to 30 Sept.*

Ken Armitage 80th birthday exhibition of the sculptor. In 1981-century parkland. *Worsley Sculpture Park, to 15 Sept.*

POP

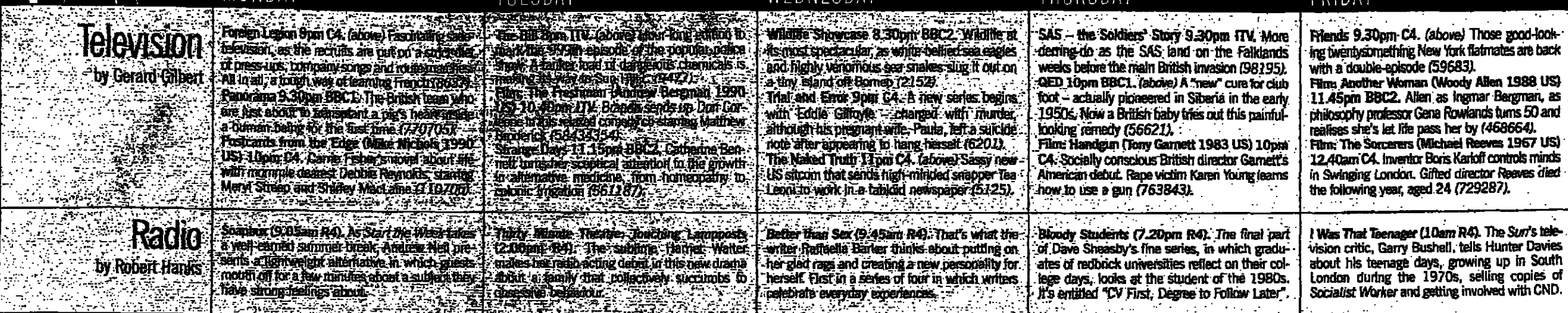
St. Francis God Save the Queen. The band's new album, *God Save the Queen*, is a collection of songs that range from the band's early days to their current sound. *Capitol Records, London, Sun.*

Phil Spector The Phil Spector Sound. The band's new album, *The Phil Spector Sound*, is a collection of songs that range from the band's early days to their current sound. *Capitol Records, London, Sun.*

FILM

WEST END

BEAUTIFUL THINGS (15) Gay love story adapted from a Jonathan Harpur play. *ABC Theatres, Court Road, 21.45, 23.15, 24.45, 26.15, 27.45, 29.15, 30.45, 32.15, 33.45, 35.15, 36.45, 38.15, 39.45, 41.15, 42.45, 44.15, 45.45, 47.15, 48.45, 50.15, 51.45, 52.45, 53.45, 54.45, 55.45, 56.45, 57.45, 58.45, 59.45, 60.45, 61.45, 62.45, 63.45, 64.45, 65.45, 66.45, 67.45, 68.45, 69.45, 70.45, 71.45, 72.45, 73.45, 74.45, 75.45, 76.45, 77.45, 78.45, 79.45, 80.45, 81.45, 82.45, 83.45, 84.45, 85.45, 86.45, 87.45, 88.45, 89.45, 90.45, 91.45, 92.45, 93.45, 94.45, 95.45, 96.45, 97.45, 98.45, 99.45, 100.45, 101.45, 102.45, 103.45, 104.45, 105.45, 106.45, 107.45, 108.45, 109.45, 110.45, 111.45, 112.45, 113.45, 114.45, 115.45, 116.45, 117.45, 118.45, 119.45, 120.45, 121.45, 122.45, 123.45, 124.45, 125.45, 126.45, 127.45, 128.45, 129.45, 130.45, 131.45, 132.45, 133.45, 134.45, 135.45, 136.45, 137.45, 138.45, 139.45, 140.45, 141.45, 142.45, 143.45, 144.45, 145.45, 146.45, 147.45, 148.45, 149.45, 150.45, 151.45, 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ITV/Regions

[illegible]

Perplexity

Mixed Doubles:

Poodle near cactus, flutes itch chap.

The above sentence hides three loosely connected answers. To find them, all you have to do is group the six words into three pairs, then rearrange the letters within each pair into a single word.

A Larousse *Desk Reference Encyclopedia* will be awarded to the first correct disentanglement opened on 3 July. Answers to: Saturday Pastimes, the *Independent*, 1 Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 5DL.

8 June answers: The number of dates, such as 9.6.96, which, with full stops removed, are the same upside down is 39.
Winner: Andrew Charters.

be over-ruffed if he attempted to trump two spades in dummy. South drew the outstanding trump with dummy's king. At this point, oddly enough, it would have been wrong to cash ♣ Q, for South has no good discard. Instead he led a low diamond and ruffed in the (successful) hope that this would eliminate diamonds from the West hand.

Then he exited with ♠ Q. West won with the king and had the chance of leading into declarer's choice in either black suit. Whichever he chose, South was able to ruff a losing spade in dummy and dispose of his remaining loser on the ♠ Q.



The big picture

The Shining
Sat 10pm C4

Jack Nicholson and understatement have never been on first-name terms, and he has it up to great effect in Kubrick's typically stylish adaptation of the Stephen King novel. Nicholson plays Jack Torrance, a would-be writer who goes with his wife (Shelley Long) and son to caretake a remote mountain hotel for the winter. His attempts at writing prove futile - he ends up repeatedly typing out the phrase "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" - as the eerie spirit of the place sends him murderously mad. High-class grand guignol.

Television preview

RECOMMENDED VIEWING THIS WEEKEND
by Gerard Gilbert



The Mountain Bike Tour of Britain Sat 10.30am C4
Dancing in the Street Sat 9pm BBC2
Bob Monkhouse on the Spot Sat 9.30pm BBC1
The Big Picture Sat 10pm BBC2
Saturday Live Sat 10.15pm ITV

port, sport, sport and sport. If your idea of fun isn't sitting around in an armchair and watching grown men hitting various sized balls around various shaped pieces of turf, I should just give the telly a miss this weekend. Go shopping instead. The nation's major precincts should be largely empty at 3pm today. And you never know, you might meet a kindred soul or two.

If sport is your thing, but the annual cycles of football, cricket, tennis and horse-racing are beginning to make you feel old, then Channel 4 has come up with a new one - **The Mountain Bike Tour of Britain** (Sat). Not so long ago, mountain bikes were a novel way of annoying rambblers in the countryside. Now they're an Olympic sport. What is it in the nature of man that has to turn every mildly enjoyable pursuit into a Serious Sport, complete with sponsorship, dour spectators in anoraks and proto-Murray Walkers wittering on about how so-and-so is now ranked fourth in Canada? Maybe what we need are not new sports to televise, but new ways of televising sport.

Comedians like Frank Skinner and Lee Hurst are suggesting a way forward, although Hurst's Saturday

Live (Sat ITV) looks like two steps back. Does anyone want live stand-up anymore? Apparently not, and viewers are voting with their remote controls. The guest comedians this week are Caroline Quentin and Leslie Ash from *Men Behaving Badly*.

Apart from Euro 96, the best TV this weekend comes in the shape of **Dancing in the Street** (Sat BBC2), the second in Daniel McCabe and Vicky Bippar's judicious history of rock 'n' roll. Tonight's episode takes us, broadly speaking, from Elvis Presley to the Beatles, through that ill-remembered period when producers like Leiber & Stoller and Phil Spector guided the popular taste (Spector, by the way, called his so-called wall of sound "little symphonies for kids"), with doo-wop melodies and all-girl bands with names like The Chiffons, The Exciters and The Cookies. Spector inspired Brian Wilson - creative genius behind The Beach Boys - to turn the West Coast surf sound into classic mainstream pop, but Wilson admits to being floored by the arrival of The Beatles. "Suddenly I felt uphilly. We looked more like golf caddies than pop stars."

I wish I could say that I enjoyed **The Big Picture** (Sat BBC2) more than I did. This is a straight flitting of Bill Bryden's epic piece of theatre, following a group of young men from Gwynedd after they enthusiastically volunteer for the killing fields of the First World War. Filmed in a Harland and Wolff shed on the banks of the Clyde, this is the sort of theatre where the chap you have been peacefully sitting next to for half an hour suddenly turns out to be a planted actor, jumping up and shouting like a mad man. The audience seem remarkably tolerant of all this, and the problem is not the staging or the piece itself. It's the rather flat transition to television. Aim the camera and shoot.

Can anyone please explain the appeal of Bob Monkhouse as a stand-up comedian? Bob Monkhouse on the Spot (Sat BBC1) returns for a new series, the trailers stressing the risqué nature of the material. But Monkhouse is a man who jots down the gags he hears and keeps them in leather-bound volumes - not so much comic genius as an Olympic sport. But don't tell Channel 4.



The big match

England v Spain
Sat 2.30pm BBC1

From villains derided with over-the-top headlines before the tournament to heroes lauded with equally over-the-top headlines after the match against Holland, England's football players like David Seaman (above) must have run the gamut of emotions recently. The main danger for them in their quarter-final match against Spain is that they will overdo on the hype and play like headless chickens. Terry Venables, however, is a canny enough manager to have been damping down the bonfire of expectation that was lit with his team's incendiary performance on Tuesday.

Saturday television and radio

BBC1

7.25 News, Weather (5015613).
7.30 Children's BBC: Oscar's Orchestra, 7.55 Robinson Crusoe, 8.15 The Raccons, 8.45 Marvel Action Hour, 9.45 Orange Hill, 10.15 Sweet Valley High, 10.35 The O Zone.
10.42 Weather (3325464).
10.45 Grandstand: Introduced by Steve Rider. 10.50 Cricket - Second Test - Live coverage of the third day's play from Lord's. 1.05 News. 1.10 Football: Euro 96 quarter-final preview. 1.30 Tennis: coverage from Eastbourne.
2.30 Euro 96 - Live, England v Spain, live from Wembley (kick-off at 3.00pm). Extra-time/penalties will affect the schedules (S) (37739764). See the Big Match, above.
5.20 News, Weather (5227377).
5.30 Regional News and Weather (438025).
5.35 Dad's Army (Norman Cohen 1971 UK). A Nazi invasion of Warrington-on-Sea stretches both credulity and the comfortable confines of the TV sitcom. Stars Arthur Lowe, John Le Mesurier, John Laurie and all the rest (1131342).
7.05 Stop or My Mom Will Shoot (Roger Spottiswoode 1992 US). Uninspired comedy about a big tough Los Angeles cop (Sylvester Stallone) whose mum helps him to solve a murder and to reunite with his girlfriend. Co-stars Estelle Getty and JoBeth Williams (8625990).
8.30 Casualty: Grief for an air-taxi company in this selected repeat (287445).
9.20 The National Lottery Live. Liza Minnelli pushes the button (S) (154087).
9.35 Bob Monkhouse on the Spot. The recreation of Bob Monkhouse as a post-modern stand-up comedian continues apace - although your appreciation of "Uncle Bob" will depend largely on your reaction to his off-by-the-belted. This series contains more risqué material than you might expect if you only remember him from The Golden Shot. The guest singer is Jocelyn Brown. See Preview, above (693551).
10.05 News and Sports, Weather (Followed by National Lottery Update) (569700).
10.25 Euro 96 - Highlights. France v Holland from Arnhem, introduced by Gary Lineker (803174).
11.25 Live from Death Row (Patrick Duncan 1992 US). TV journalist Joanna Cassidy secures an exclusive interview with serial killer Bruce Davison - live from death row. But the nation tunes in to see her and her crew taken hostage by the murderer (S) (433367).
12.55 Running Cool (Ferd and Beverley Sebastian 1993 US). Low-budget exploitation movie has biker Andrew Divoff helping out chum and fellow biker James Garmmon, whose South Carolina habitat is being threatened by - you guessed it - property developers (199965).
2.40 Weather (5380588) to 2.45am.
REGIONS. Wales. 5.25pm Wales Today. 10.25 International Scrum 5. Nt. 5.25pm Newsline.

BBC2

6.00 Open University: Fundamentals of Computing: Sequences (6365735). 6.25 Transformations in Action (6271349). 6.50 Shooting Video History (4587919). 7.40 Darwin and Diversity (1718700). 8.05 Victorian Dissenting Chapels (6790938). 8.30 La Bonne Femme (2576349). 8.55 An Introduction to Psychology (3021434). 9.20 Race and Society: Artists and Photographers (1805938). 9.45 Images of Education (1017551). 10.10 Recycling in the Paper Industry (1924716). 10.35 Managing Schools (8185984). 11.00 Magnetic Fields in Space (5931006). 11.25 The Golden Thread (4243716). 11.50 Designer Rides (7079613).
12.15 Watch Out: Seagulls (S) (1424374).
12.30 Nothing Sacred (William Wellman 1937 US). Wonderfully acidic black comedy that reversed the contemporary sentimentalisation of "the little people". Fredric March plays a newly demoted big city newspaper reporter who hears that smalltown girl Carole Lombard is dying of radium poisoning, and hopes to exploit her situation for his own ends (9096174).
1.40 Grandstand Royal Ascot 1996: Continued coverage, featuring the 2.00, 2.30, 3.00 and 3.35 races. Cricket - Second Test: Further coverage from Lord's of the Second Test between England and India. Tennis: the singles final of the Direct Line Women's Championship (49269667).
7.00 What the Papers Say. Janine di Giovanni of the Mail on Sunday (S) (363667).
7.15 News and Sports, Weather (351822).
7.30 Young Musicians 96 Workshops. Sarah Walker presents a workshop session involving the 25 members of the Five Youth Jazz Orchestra on the day before they will play with renowned New York based saxophonist, Joe Temperley. Musical director Richard Michael and Temperley himself put them through their paces (522209).
8.20 Golf - The Curtis Cup. Highlights of the women's team competition as Great Britain and Ireland take on the USA in Killarney (S) (493315).
9.00 Dancing in the Street. A Rock and Roll History. See Preview, above (S) (5377).
10.00 The Big Picture. See Preview, above (S) (8358).
10.10 Cricket - Second Test. Richie Benaud introduces highlights of the third day's play (S) (2913743).
12.40 Island (Paul Cox 1989 Aust). Heard the one about the female Greek artist in retreat from patriarchy, the Czech-Australian woman recovering from a drug habit, and the Sri Lankan political refugee? What do you mean, you'd rather watch Euro 96? One of Cox's least successful films suffers from ill-thought-out allegorisation and actors who don't seem quite sure why they're there. With Irene Papas, Eva Sitta and Anja Weisinger (Then Westview) (178472).
2.20 Young Musicians 96: Encore. Percussionist Colin Currie, performs music by Beethoven and Richard Michael (S) (5533830). To 2.40am.

ITV/London

6.00 GMTV News, Weather, Re-Win. 6.30 Bananas in Pyjamas. 6.40 Eat Your Words. 7.10 Barney and Friends. 7.40 Disney's Wake Up in the Wild Room. 8.55 Mighty Morphin Power Rangers (7614193).
9.25 Scratchy & Co. Guests include Matthew Corbett and Scooby (81739532).
11.30 The Chart Show (81938).
12.30 The Basement (35629).
1.00 News & Weather (83649880).
1.05 London Today (84099321).
1.10 Euro 96 Special. Preview of today's quarter-finals (2491261).
2.00 Movies, Games and Videos (4551).
2.30 I Shrink the Kids (Joe Johnston 1989 US). Fun special-effects adventure about four children who are accidentally shrunk to the size of a thumbtack by their eccentric father's experimental device, and then get lost in the wilderness of the back garden. Starring Rick Moranis (S) (96605174).
4.15 RoboCop. Larne TV series inspired by the violent satire of the same name (S) (623629).
5.15 News & Weather (2309416).
5.30 Local News, Weather (227445).
5.45 Euro 96 - Live. Live coverage of France v Holland from Arnhem, in the European Championship quarter-finals. Can Holland pop back from their punnelling at the hands of England? Bob Wilson anchors, with analysis from Kevin Keegan, Alex Ferguson and John Barnes (17811174).
8.30 You've Been Framed! Jeremy Beadle and viewers' home-video funnies (R) (S) (3822).
9.00 News & Weather (889261).
9.15 It'll Be Bright on the Night 4. Denis Norden presents his fourth collection of television outtakes. Among the stars embarrassed in this edition are Ronald Reagan, Elizabeth Taylor, Judi Dench and Jimmy Tarbuck (R) (812071).
10.15 Saturday Live. Lee Hurst's guests in the underperforming stand-up comedy show are Caroline Quentin and Leslie Ash from Men Behaving Badly, and Gayle Tuesday. Music from Ray Charles (S). See Preview, above (905511).
11.15 Jagged Edge (Richard Mansur 1985 US). Joe Eszterhas-scripted courtroom drama and a big box-office hit. Brian Close is the lawyer who falls in love with the man she is defending for murder - Jeff Bridges' San Francisco newspaper editor. Co-stars Peter Coyote, Robert Loggia and Leigh Taylor-Young (S) (371209).
1.15 Euro 96 Replayed. The whole of one of today's quarter-final matches, plus highlights of the other (43864955).
3.55 Tropical Heat. Nick receives a dose of rare poison, and must race to find the antidote (S) (455502).
4.45 Cool Vibes (S) (20918507).
4.55 TV Sport Classics II (18773878).
5.25 Night Shift (R) (3328743).
5.30 News (93491). To 6.00am.

Channel 4

6.05 Sesame Street (R) (8546938).
7.00 Little Dracula (R) (29919).
7.30 World League Football (R) (31754).
8.00 Gaelic Games. Defending champions Clare meet Limerick in the Munster Hurling Championship, and Latics play Kildare in the Leinster Football Championships (38087).
9.00 The Morning Line (S) (30358).
10.00 High Five. People go down a ski slope on mountain bikes. Silly them (S) (18533).
10.30 The Mountain Bike Tour of Britain. See Preview, above (14648).
11.00 Trans World Sport (17174).
12.00 Calcutta Chronicles (S) (25700).
12.30 The Great Muppet Caper (4743193).
12.55 It's Love I'm After (Archie Mayo 1937 US). Gentle farce with a certain hammy charm as Leslie Howard and Bette Davis spar as a vanity-riden matinee idol and his hot-tempered leading lady. Also stirred into the mixture are millionaires, butlers and silly harem, Olivia de Havilland (96683822).
2.35 Do It Yourself Cartoon Kit. Michael Bentine extols the virtues of DIY cartooning (5575156).
2.45 The Story of Three Loves (Gottfried Reinhardt/Vincent Minnelli 1953 US). These days when an all-star cast gathers on an ocean liner one expects the ship to capsize. Back in the 1950s, it was a peg for a trio of love stories. The starry passenger list includes Moira Shearer, James Mason, Kirk Douglas, Ethel Barrymore, Leslie Caron and Pier Angeli (91565613).
5.05 Brookside Omnibus. Followed by News Summary and Weather (R) (S) (9663822).
6.35 Oldham! (Fred Zinnermann 1955 US). "Oh, what a beautiful morning" and all that, in Zinnermann's respectful, if a little bland, filming of the great Rodgers and Hammerstein musical. Gordon MacRae is the cowboy who finds Rod Steiger coming between him and happiness with Shirley Jones (39428919).
9.15 The Gaby Roslin Show. Gaby's last guests are Bob Hoskins, and Men Behaving Badly's Martin Clunes and Neil Morrisey (S) (530902).
10.00 The Shining (Stanley Kubrick 1980 UK/US). See the Big Picture, above (17154445).
12.15 2001: A Space Odyssey (Stanley Kubrick 1968 UK). The reputation of Kubrick's seminal piece of sci-fi has come in for an undeserved hammering in recent years. In case you've never seen it, it involves the discovery of a mysterious black monolith on the moon, and a treacherous computer called HAL. And, yes, that is Leonard Rossiter as a Soviet astronaut (96603149).
2.50 My Hustler (Andy Warhol 1965 US). An unusual Warhol movie in that it has some sort of plot (the arrival of a hustler at a Fire Island retreat), and no Joe DeLaSandro, Paul America, Ed Hood and Joseph Campbell help out instead (3732014). To 4.00am.

ITV/Regions

ASLON. As London except: 12.30pm Movies, Games & Videos (35629). 1.05 Anglia News & Weather (84099321). 2.00 World Cup Bloopers (4551). 3.00 Anglia News, Sport & Weather (227445). 3.55am Coach (6755287). 4.20am ITV Sport Classics (5473830). 5.00-5.30am Summer of Sailing (25946).

TIME TEEVORKSHIRE. As London except: 12.30pm Movies, Games & Videos (35629). 1.05 Regional News, Weather (84099321). 2.00 World Cup Bloopers (4551). 4.15 Cartoon Time (454716). 4.20 Anvil (1877342). 5.30 Regional News, Weather (227445). 5.40 Yorks: Scoreline (414445). 3.25am The War of the Worlds (8553520). 4.20am Cue the Music (6349859). 5.15-5.30am Profile (5284859).

CESTRON. As London except: 12.30pm Movies, Games & Videos (35629). 1.05 Central News & Weather (84099321). 2.00 World Cup Bloopers (4551). 4.15 Anvil (623629). 5.30 Central News, Weather (227445). 4.45 Jodrell (6414948). 5.20-5.30am Asian Eye (8264675).

WYV. As London except: 12.30pm West Movies, Games & Videos (35629). Wales: Tides (35629). 1.05 Regional News, Weather (84099321). 2.00 House (4551). 4.15 Baywatch (623629). Wales: ITN News, Weekend Weather (2309416). 5.30 Regional News, Weather (227445). 5.40 Wales: Let's Go (414445). 3.55am Coach (6755287). 4.20am ITV Sport Classics (5473830). 5.00-5.30am Summer of Sailing (25946).

WESMONT. As London except: 12.30pm Movies, Games & Videos (35629). 1.05 Westcountry News (84099321). 2.00 World Cup Bloopers (4551). 4.15 Anvil (623629). 5.30 Westcountry News (227445). 5.55am Coach (6755287). 4.20am ITV Sport Classics (5473830). 5.00-5.30am Summer of Sailing (25946).

SAC. As C4 except: 8.00am Gaelic Football (38087). 1.05 Meridian News Tour of Britain (14648). 1.10 The Avengers (17174). 12.00 Boy Meets World (25700). 12.30 Rock's Modern Life (4743193). 2.35 Do It Yourself Cartoon (5575156). 5.05 Brookside (59428919). 6.30 Hollyoaks (919). 10.00 Newsworld News (558735). 7.15 Cahn Gwlad (663087). 7.45 Meryl a Glenda (662358). 8.15-9.15pm Cutting Edge (994629).

Radio

Radio 1

6.30-9.30am: 7.00am Kevin Greening. 10.00 Dave Pearce. 12.30 Danny Baker. 2.30 to 3.00 John Peel. 7.00 Loveline. 9.00am Live on Tour. 10.00am Live on Tour. 11.00am Live on Tour. 12.00 The Radio 1 Reggae Dancehall. 2.00am Euro 96. 3.00am Brothers in Rhythm. 4.00 Charlie Jordan.

Radio 2

6.00am Mo Dutt. 8.05 Brian Matthew. 10.00am Steve Wright. 1.00am The Jasper Carrott. 2.00am The Jasper Carrott. 3.00am The Jasper Carrott. 4.00am The Jasper Carrott. 5.00am The Jasper Carrott. 6.00am The Jasper Carrott. 7.00am The Jasper Carrott. 8.00am The Jasper Carrott. 9.00am The Jasper Carrott. 10.00am The Jasper Carrott. 11.00am The Jasper Carrott. 12.00am The Jasper Carrott. 1.00am The Jasper Carrott. 2.00am The Jasper Carrott. 3.00am The Jasper Carrott. 4.00am The Jasper Carrott. 5.00am The Jasper Carrott. 6.00am The Jasper Carrott. 7.00am The Jasper Carrott. 8.00am The Jasper Carrott. 9.00am The Jasper Carrott. 10.00am The Jasper Carrott. 11.00am The Jasper Carrott. 12.00am The Jasper Carrott. 1.00am The Jasper Carrott. 2.00am The Jasper Carrott. 3.00am The Jasper Carrott. 4.00am The Jasper Carrott. 5.00am The Jasper Carrott. 6.00am The Jasper Carrott. 7.00am The Jasper Carrott. 8.00am The Jasper Carrott. 9.00am The Jasper Carrott. 10.00am The Jasper Carrott. 11.00am The 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